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LIVES OF THE LAST FOUR PRINCESSES OF
THE ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.





PRINCESS MARY.

AFTER A PAINTING BY HONTHORST

L I V E S

OF THE

LAST FOUR PRINCESSES OF THE

ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.

By AGNES STRICKLAND,

HISTORIAN OF "THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND," "THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND AND
PRINCESSES CONNECTED WITH THE REGAL SUCCESSION OF GREAT BRITAIN,"
"THE BACHELOR KINGS OF ENGLAND," AND "LIVES OF THE
TUDOR PRINCESSES."

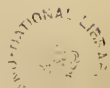


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P R E F A C E.

THIS volume, containing lives of the last four Princesses of the royal house of Stuart, forms an appropriate sequel to our *Lives of the Queens of England*, or rather we should say of the *Queens of Great Britain*, into which our chain of royal female biographies expanded, on the succession of James VI. to the sovereignty of the Britannic Empire.

The lives of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and her daughter Sophia, Electress of Hanover, on whose posterity the regal succession of these realms was settled by the last parliament of King William III., have already been given in the "*Lives of the Queens of Scotland and Princesses connected with the regal succession of Great Britain.*"

We have now the honour of introducing the mother of King William III. to the attention of our readers.

She was the eldest daughter of King Charles I. and his consort, Queen Henrietta Maria. She was the first lady who inherited the title of Princess-royal of Great Britain, at her birth, and this she never relinquished.

Her early marriage with the hereditary Prince of

Orange, the eldest son and successor of Frederick Henry, Stadtholder of Holland and the United States of the Netherlands, rendered it impossible to write her life correctly without a visit to the Hague. This I cheerfully undertook in the summer of 1869, and after some days' residence in the Hotel Paulez, I enjoyed the honour of a private presentation to her majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, who is without exception the most accomplished lady with whom I ever conversed. Her majesty showed me Vandyck's portraits of the Princess-royal and her consort, William II., and took me into her bedchamber, to see an exquisite miniature of the Princess ; but, however beautiful as a work of art, it was devoid of character, and I preferred for my frontispiece a delineation from her portrait by Honthurst, which though decidedly handsome, bears a strong resemblance to her son William III.

I received great kindness from Mr. Campbell, the royal librarian at the Hague, who placed at my disposal several works of unspeakable service to me in my important undertaking—works not to be obtained in the British Museum, nor I believe in any library in England. Nor must I forget to acknowledge the courtesy I experienced from Mr. Van Sypesteyn, the M.P. of the Hague and secretary of state, who favoured me with a copy of Frederick Henry's autograph rules for the regulation of the household of his royal daughter-in-law. Mr. Sypesteyn, who is engaged in writing the life of the Pensionary de Witt .

from original documents, assured me that statesman always kept a spy about the Princess-royal, to report her sayings and doings.

So also did Cromwell, as we find from Thurloe's state papers, and the only wonder is that nothing really bad has been reported of her by these worthies. Much new and curious history connected with the exiled royal family of England is, however, thus brought to light.

But while dwelling on the treasures elicited by researches in the archives of the Netherlands, I must not omit to acknowledge the rich stores in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and those in the noble library at Lambeth, nor the unwearied kindness of the Archbishop's friendly librarian, Kershaw Wayland, Esq., to whom I owe very much service and indulgence in the prosecution of the English portion of my task.

The life of the Princess-royal is succeeded by the tearful story of the long captivity and early death of her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, at Carisbrook Castle, where the regicides had the cruelty to send the unoffending orphan children of their King, having deprived the death-stricken Elizabeth of her faithful governess. She only survived eight days after reaching that doleful prison-house. The biography of the beautiful Henrietta, the youngest daughter of Charles and Henrietta Maria, follows, and the history of her ill-assorted marriage with Philip of France, brother of Louis XIV. She was the ancestress,

through the marriage of her second daughter, Anna Maria, with the Duke of Savoy, of the rightful King of France, Henry Cinque, and his consort; also of Victor Emmanuel, the present King of Italy, and his son Prince Amadeus, now King of Spain, all representatives of our Charles I.

We have ventured to include the youngest daughter of James II. among the Princesses of the royal house of Stuart; for although the king her father was deposed from the throne of Great Britain, she was no less royal than the daughters of Charles I. Her life has never before been written, and will probably be read with no less interest than that of the queen her mother, Mary Beatrice d'Este, the consort of James II.

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MARY, PRINCESS-ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.



CHAPTER I.

MARY, the eldest daughter of King Charles I. and his consort, Henrietta Maria of France, was the first Princess-royal of Great Britain who inherited that title at her birth.

She was born early in the morning of the 4th of November, 1631, at St. James's Palace, and appearing unlikely to live, the King her father ordered her to be immediately baptized, without any of the pompous ceremonials of state usual at the christenings of royal children. Bishop Williams was her godfather, and the Countess of Oxford and the Countess of Carlisle her godmothers. She received the name of Mary, in memory of her great-grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. Her indisposition presently passed away, and she became a healthy and vigorous babe, of a very precocious and loving disposition. Her nurse, Mrs. Griffin, continued in attendance on her person all through her life.

The births of James, Duke of York, the Princess Elizabeth, the Princess Anne, and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, quickly followed that of the Princess-royal. They were a most happy and united family, leading joyous

and pleasant lives, alternately at Whitehall, Hampton Court, Greenwich, and Oatlands.

Charles I., whose pleasures were naturally of a domestic character, occasionally amused himself by measuring the height of his children. A staff is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, whereon he caused the progressive inches each child attained from year to year, to be registered in silver, till more important events interrupted these trivial records of paternal affection. A venerable oak in the Home Park at Hampton Court Palace is still pointed out, by local tradition, as that where the young children of Charles I. used to play, climbing and sporting among the green boughs. They had an arbour seat in the crown of the trunk, and a convenient broad-stepped ladder was securely fixed, by which they could safely ascend and descend. Enormous staples and nails are still clenched in this tree, where the jocund little ones pursued their sports, unconscious of the woes impending over their royal parents, and the separation to which themselves would, ere long, be doomed.

The Princess-royal was early placed under the care of the Countess of Roxburgh, a most elegant and accomplished lady, who was, by the King and Queen, constituted state governess to the royal children, in which post she acquitted herself entirely to the satisfaction of their majesties.

A marriage between the Princess-royal and the heir of Spain, was early proposed, and long deceptively negotiated, by the father of the young Prince. The Queen, mother of the Princess-royal, eagerly encouraged the idea, and endeavoured to bias her young daughter to the faith, of which it was necessary she should become a member, if ever that marriage should take place.

Frederick Henry of Nassau, Prince of Orange, while matters were slowly proceeding, wrote to King Charles, by

Heenvliet, his ambassador in London, representing the unpopularity of the union, reminding him of the antipathy with which such an alliance would be regarded by the English, in remembrance of the ill effects to the reformed portion of his subjects, with which the marriage of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, had been attended. These observations, coupled with convincing proofs of the insincerity of the court of Spain, with regard to the marriage, roused the spirit of King Charles, and caused him to listen favourably to the overtures of Frederick Henry, for a marriage between his son and one of the young princesses of England. The Princess Elizabeth was first named for the wife of Prince William,* the only son of Frederick Henry. Charles agreed to give his daughter forty thousand pounds for her portion, and everything was satisfactorily arranged by the middle of July; but the tender age of Elizabeth, and her very delicate state of health, caused some demurs on the part of the Dutch commissioners for the treaty.

When the portrait of Prince William was shown to Elizabeth, she said "it was very handsome and noble, but she thought the prince would be more suitable to her elder sister, for a husband than to her."

The truth of this remark was felt and acknowledged by the Dutch envoys; for Elizabeth was scarcely seven years of age, and very sickly. They communicated with Frederick Henry, and the exchange of Mary for Elizabeth, was proposed, and, after six months of further negotiations, was finally agreed to by King Charles.† The portrait of Mary was then sent to the Prince. The Queen, her mother, at the same time informed the ambassadors "that her daughter, the Princess-royal, was prepared to receive the young Prince for her consort, that she professed herself his

* 'Archives de la Maison d'Orange,' vol. iii.

† Ibid.

servant," and when asked "if she loved him," frankly replied, "Yes, since the Queen, my mother, desires it; and I wish the Prince would come to England, that we might meet."

The commissioners for the marriage were admitted, March 28th, to an audience with the Queen, who had the Princess by her side. All and everything was then agreed, and the marriage was publicly announced. The Queen enquired when the Prince would arrive, and expressed her firm opinion "that God would bless the alliance, and her hope that it would prove a source of happiness to the Prince and his father."

A dower of forty thousand pounds was promised by King Charles. That night bonfires and illuminations took place all over London, in token of the popularity of the marriage with all degrees of the people.

The ambassadors were delighted with the frank, artless manner of the Princess, and her natural unaffected way of receiving the missions from the Prince and his father.

"Our fiancée," writes Sommelsdyck to the Stadtholder, his master, "has received her letters from your son, and has responded in the most charming manner. Their majesties tell me this is the first letter of the kind she has ever written."*

The arrangements for the arrival of the young Prince, for the celebration of his marriage to his juvenile bride, were carrying on at the melancholy period of the trial of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. The King, the Queen, and the Princess-royal occupied a temporary place prepared for them, screened from public observation, in the gallery over the throne. Young as she was, the Princess was so deeply interested in the cause, that she remained sitting in the private box, and listening to the

* 'Archives de la Maison d'Orange,' vol. iii. p. 143.

exciting proceedings, more than six hours. She took cold in consequence, and became seriously ill with a swelled face and violent bilious attack, attended with much fever, which confined her to her bed, just at the period when she was required to appear at the best advantage.*

The young Prince, her future husband, sailed from Helvoetsluys, with his governor and a pompous train of officers of state and nobles, his kinsmen and attendants, on the 26th of April. They encountered such rough weather that the mainmast of the admiral's ship, in which he was on board, was broken, and the Prince had to move into another ship.† The voyage was, however, with the exception of this disaster, safely performed, and the Prince arrived at Margate on the evening of the 27th. He and his company reached Gravesend on the 29th, and found the Dutch ambassadors for the marriage awaiting him there. He displayed to them the formal approval of the States to his matrimonial alliance, and they immediately wrote to Sir Henry Vane, the secretary of state, requesting an audience with King Charles, which his majesty was graciously pleased to allow.

The Earl of Lindsay, great chamberlain, arrived with the royal coaches at Gravesend in the evening, and conducted the Prince and his suite to London on the 30th.

After a pleasant journey, they arrived at Whitehall, where the Prince was most honourably received by the Prince of Wales, who preceded him into the presence of King Charles.

The Queen received the Prince most affectionately, taking him by both arms, as if to survey him from head to foot, and told him "he should find in her a

* 'Archives de la Maison d'Orange,' vol. iii.

† Leland's 'Collectanea.'

second mother." The Prince replied gratefully, and demanded to see the Princess. The King told him of her indisposition, "which had produced temporary depreciation, her face being much swollen, and her complexion yellow, therefore he feared his highness would think Vandyke had flattered her in her portrait; but he could still repent and decline her if disappointed." Then the Prince of Wales took him to walk in the garden; but after his return he reiterated his wish of seeing the Princess. She was not recovered from her cold and fever, but the Prince, persisting in his request, was permitted to approach her bed. "He gallantly offered her his homage. Neither his highness nor we were aware," pursues Sommelsdyck, "that the king and queen were concealed on the other side of the bed, to witness the first meeting between the young lovers unperceived."*

In spite of the swelled face, the Princess made a most favourable impression on her affianced, and he was so far from availing himself of the facetious hint of resigning her, that he expresses himself fully satisfied in his original letter to the Prince of Orange, his father, announcing his arrival in England.

"MONSEIGNEUR,

"The 26th I departed from Helvoetsluys; arrived at Margate, the 27th. In the evening of the 29th I arrived at Gravesend, where I found my lords the ambassadors, to whom I showed the commission of the deputies of the States, on which they wrote a letter to Mr. Vane, for him to pray the King to grant them an audience, public and particular (private). This the King was pleased to accord. The Earl of Lindsay, grand chamberlain of this country, came the same evening to Gravesend with many

* 'Archives de la Maison d'Orange,' vol. iii. p. 435.

coaches to conduct me to London. I left Gravesend on the 30th, in one of these royal coaches, which brought me straight to London to the court of the King, where I made my reverence to the King and Queen. The Prince of Wales went before me through the three ante-chambers.

“The King never put on his hat during the whole of my audience. I went with the King to the Queen-mother and to the Princess, whom I found much more beautiful than her portrait. The 1st of May I went, at half-past two, to the King and Queen, and presented the letters of your royal highness. The King told me ‘that your royal highness had never written a better letter than that.’ Then I was conducted by the Prince of Wales to the presence of the Princess, to whom I delivered my letters. I could not then deliver my letters to the Queen-mother, because she was at her devotions.”*

The Prince then enters into a long account of a quarrel, that had taken place between his kindred lords of the bedchamber, in his apartments, saying that they had set him at defiance, and that a box of the ears had been exchanged between them in the course of the scuffle; but at last they were induced to beg his highness’s pardon for having violated the etiquette of his chamber, and peace was restored.†

The young Prince was very much admired for his graceful manners in the English court. Sommelsdyck writes to the Prince of Orange, “that nothing could be more honourable than the reception of the Prince his son, who has fully satisfied their majesties, the nobility, and the people, who have all admired in him the gifts of nature and the perfection of his education.”

* ‘Archives de la Maison d’Orange,’ vol. iii. pp. 437, 438.

† Ibid.

“He has pronounced his little speeches with the best grace, and with so much courage and good-will, that he has acquired the love of every one who heard him. I will not say more, but it is not half the truth.”*

The young Orange prince was conducted by the Earl of Lindsay, lord chamberlain, to Arundel House, where suitable apartments had been prepared for his reception. Next day he visited the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who returned his visit on the morrow at Arundel House. He was presented with a key of the garden of Somerset House, so that he was able to come without ceremony to visit the King, Queen, the Princess-royal, and her brothers every day.

He attended the service of the Church of England there, all the time he stayed in England; but he intimated that his return must not be long delayed, however pleasant and familiar he felt himself with every member of the royal family.

King Charles having consulted with his bishops, the kings-of-arms, and the Dutch ambassadors, appointed the Sunday after Easter for the solemnization of the nuptials; and that, on account of the tender age of the bride, there should be no publishing of banns, and some other ceremonies omitted, which had been used at other royal marriages.

Dr. Wren, Bishop of Ely and Dean of the Chapel Royal, by his majesty's command, waited on the young foreign bridegroom-elect at Arundel House, and instructed him in the form and order of the marriage ceremony; what he was to do, and what to say. He then left copies of our liturgy, both in English and French, with Monsieur Marlot, his highness's governor, and Monsieur Rival, his tutor.

* ‘Archives de la Maison d’Orange,’ vol. iii. pp. 437, 438.

The chapel was elaborately decorated thus. The walls about the altar, or communion-table, were hung with rich cloth of gold called bawdekins, the rails were covered with the like, and the floor with a fair Turkey carpet. On the communion-table were laid the old English Bible printed in 1541, and the liturgy, or Common Prayer-book, both with silver gilt covers, together with a gilt basin, two chalices, a paten, and two candlesticks. A rich carpet of silk and gold, was spread from the door before the altar, and thereon two rich long cushions were laid, just without the rail, for the bride and bridegroom to kneel on. Two rich traverses, of gold bawdekins, were put up in the chapel, that for his majesty on the right side, hung with crimson taffeta, the floor covered with a demy carpet, whereon was placed a rich armed chair of state, with a cushion, and before the chair two cushions to kneel on. Opposite to this traverse, on the left side of the chapel, was the other traverse for the reception of the prince and Princess, if they should have occasion to repose. Outside the rails were four stools with cushions, for the ambassadors of the States-general to repose on. The King's privy-closet, wherein he usually sat to hear divine service in the chapel, his great closet, and the Queen's privy closet, were all hung with the richest sort of gold tissue, brought from his majesty's royal wardrobe in the Tower, being part of the ancient crown furniture. The great chamber was hung with tapestry of the overthrow of the Spanish Armada. This was regarded as a compliment by the Dutch and their Prince.

The great lords and ladies had warning the day before the marriage of the Princess-royal, by the King's command, to attend the bride at ten o'clock in the morning of Low Sunday, the 2nd of May, 1641. The noblemen having repaired to the King's privy gallery at Whitehall, his

majesty deputed the Earl of Holland and Lord Strange, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, with divers gentlemen of the privy chamber, to Arundel House, to summon the bridegroom and conduct him to Whitehall. No coaches save those of the King and Queen, were allowed to enter the palace gate.

His highness was attended by the four ambassadors from the United Provinces, Seigneur Brederode, Baron of Vienne ; Monsieur Francis D'Aersson, Seigneur de Sommelshdyck ; Monsieur Kirkhoven, Seigneur de Heenvliet ; and Monsieur Albert Joachime, Seigneur de Ostender.

The bridegroom having arrived at Whitehall, his highness was conducted by the Earl of Holland to his majesty, through the presence chamber into the privy gallery, the four ambassadors following him. He had ten pages and as many footmen, all habited in sky blue velvet trimmed with silver lace, and made up after the French fashion.

The King received the Prince in the privy gallery, and took him with him by a private way to the Queen's side of the palace, leaving the nobility in the gallery.

The lord chamberlain finding the gallery and presence chamber over much crowded, was compelled to send the most part of the Prince's followers into the chapel beforehand, in order to leave room for the procession.

The seats on the left hand were reserved for the English lords. The bridegroom's procession formed in the privy chamber about twelve o'clock. It was led by Monsieur de Dorp, his principal gentleman usher, between the heralds Somerset and Windsor. The young bridegroom was dressed in a suit and cloak of Utrecht velvet, richly embroidered with silver. A little before him went the lord chamberlain, on the left ; on the right were the two chief ambassadors. The other two followed. Then came the Prince de Talmon, the Count de Johns, the Count de

Nassau, Monsieur de Marlot, his governor, and about ten principal nobles who attended his highness from the Hague.

After a short pause came the bride's procession, preceded by her gentleman usher, between Clarencieux and Norroy kings-of-arms. The bride was led by her two brothers, Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York, the youngest a very beautiful boy only just eight years old, the eldest not quite twelve. The bride wore a rich white silk train, embroidered with silver; her hair tied up with silver ribbons, not dishevelled about her shoulders as in former times; her head adorned with a garland of pendant pearls, the great ends hanging down with a rope of large round pearls; about her neck a necklace of fine pearls, round her shoulders and breast a chain of pendant pearls, and on her breast a rose of six pendant pearls, the fairest in Christendom.

Six unmarried ladies of the highest rank, dressed in cloth of silver, acted as her bridesmaids, and bore her sweeping train. On her left hand, a little behind her, the Countess of Roxburgh walked. The other noble ladies were dressed in white satin.

The organ on the entrance of the procession played a voluntary and continued playing. The lord chamberlain having placed the bride, returned to the King, and arranged his majesty's procession.

The King being come to his chair of state, on the right hand of the bride, with the sword of state borne before him, the organ ceased, and a full anthem commenced. At its close the Queen, with her mother, Marie de Medicis, who was then staying at the English court, came to the window of the Queen's closet with the bride's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, the Prince-electors, and several ladies of the highest rank, to see the celebration of the marriage. The organ played another voluntary. The Bishop of Ely,

dean of the chapel, the clerk of the closet, and other dignitaries, wearing their rich copes, bearing the liturgy in their hands, came forward, and the Bishop of Ely began the service of matrimony plainly, as prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer.

The bridegroom said, "I, William, take thee, Mary;" and the bride, "I, Mary, take thee, William," etc.; for so the King had before directed.

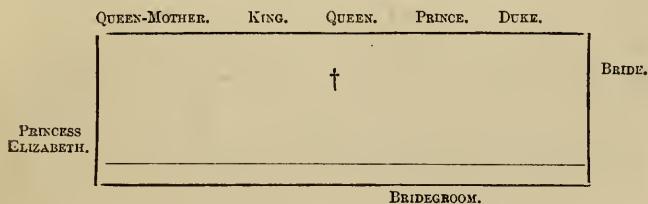
When the Bishop demanded, "Who gives this woman to be married to this man?" the King took the Princess by the right hand and gave her to the Bishop, who reverently received her, bending his knee, then rose and gave her to the bridegroom. The bridegroom laid a little ring of gold on the Prayer Book, which he put on the bride's finger.

After the blessing had been pronounced, the new married couple arose from kneeling, and the Queen, the Queen-mother, and their attendants, left the Queen's closet window, and returned into her majesty's bed-chamber. The King went up into his closet, followed by the bridegroom and bride, to hear the rest of the marriage service; the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York on either side the bridegroom, who was preceded by his gentleman usher between Somerset and Windsor heralds. The bride's gentleman usher was supported by Clarencieux and Norroy, immediately preceding her royal highness, who was led by the two principal ambassadors and followed by the two others. Her bridesmaids and the principal great married ladies of the court, remained with the King during the residue of the morning service. The sermon was preached by Dr. Warner, Bishop of Rochester, who had been warned by the lord chamberlain to be short.

It was past two o'clock before all was finished. They returned into the Queen's privy chamber, and from thence

into her drawing-room. The King having entered through his own apartments, was there already to receive the bride and bridegroom, with the Queen and the Queen-mother. The bride and bridegroom knelt and solicited their blessing, which was most affectionately given. Both the Queens kissed the youthful pair, and the four ambassadors kissed the hands of the bride; and having paid their compliments of congratulation, withdrew to partake of the dinner which had been prepared for them in the hall of the gate-house to the palace.

The King, Queen, Queen-mother, Prince Charles, the Duke of York, the Lady Elizabeth (the King's second daughter), the bride and bridegroom, about three of the clock, dined privately together at a table about ten feet long; their majesties seated on chairs, the rest on stools, in such manner as is represented by this figure.*



After dinner the Queen took the new-married pair, and all the assistants at the bridal, to walk in Hyde Park, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, which passed away the time till supper. Then their majesties returned to their presence chamber, and left the young people to amuse themselves till ten o'clock, "when," says the French continuator of the curious and circumstantial

* This being a dinner in private, their styles were not proclaimed at the second course. That same evening they all (save the Queen-mother) supped together in the like private manner.

† From the original view of the marriage.

record of the bridal, "I will not omit the description of the nuptial ceremonial of putting the little Princess, who was not yet ten years old, and the young Prince of Orange, in bed together.

"The Princess was disrobed in the Queen's chamber, and placed in the state bed of blue velvet, called the bed of parade, which was richly fringed with gold and silver, with buttons and embroidery of gold and silver, surmounted with four grand white plumes. The curtains were looped with cordons of gold and silver. The chamber was hung with costly tapestry and ornamented with vases of solid gold, and chandeliers of silver, in which large flambeaux of white wax were burning against the walls, and diffused a bright and glorious light. Here the little Princess lay awaiting the entrance of her juvenile spouse, Prince William of Orange. The Queen, her mother, was seated at the end of the alcove, surrounded by her great ladies-in-waiting and her bed-chamber women; at the head of the latter was the lady nurse. There were also those of the Princess, the Countess of Roxburgh, her governess, with the Lady Lilius, her niece, Mrs. Griffin, the Princess's nurse, two other ladies, and four maids-of-honour; there were seven countesses present, besides many ladies of high rank, who completely filled the chamber to see the coming-in of the bridegroom.

The King himself introduced the Prince, who was in his *robe de nuit* and *pantoufles*. His majesty had some difficulty in conducting him through the crowd to the side of the bed where the Princess was lying in state. The Prince kissed his two brothers-in-law, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and bade them both good-night before he entered the bed, which he did very gently. He then kissed the Princess three times, and lay beside her about three quarters of an hour, in the presence of all

the great lords and ladies of England, the four ambassadors of the United States, and the distinguished personages who had attended him to London.

“When the King intimated it was time for him to retire to another chamber, which had been prepared for his use, the Prince bade adieu to his little bride, kissing her thrice. But on leaving the bed one of his *pantoufles* was missing, which after a little search was found near the Princess.

“As soon as he had recovered his *pantoufle*, he knelt to the King and asked his blessing, and that of the Queen, and having received the benediction of both, he was conducted by his majesty to the chamber where he slept.”

The grave Dutch statesman, Baron Sommelsdyck, one of the two principal ambassadors for the marriage, informs his sovereign, the Prince of Orange, of a droll incident connected with the juvenile bridegroom losing one of his *pantoufles*, explaining the *costume de nuit* of the little bride, and the presence of the Queen’s dwarf (Geoffrey Hudson) in the state chamber.*

The Prince does not allude to the circumstance in the *naïve* letter in which, in compliance with his father’s desire, he gives the narrative of his marriage to the young Mary of England.

After the long elaborate account of the heralds and master of the ceremonies, it is really refreshing to read the princely bridegroom’s confidential and natural relation of his bridal.† He says:—

“Your highness has ordered me, to tell you all I saw with the Princess, with whom I am much in love, and therefore I will tell your highness all about it. At the beginning we have been a little serious, but now we are very free together. I think she is far more beautiful than her picture, and love

* ‘Archives de la Maison d’Orange,’ vol. iii.

† Ibid.

her very much, and I think she loves me also. Now I must tell you how I was married last Sunday, the 12th of May, and all that passed on that day. The ambassadors came that morning about eleven to me. The Earl of Holland put me into one of the King's coaches, and conducted me to *Vuhael* (Whitehall), on the King's side, where he was.

"The King took me into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the Queen-mother and the Princess were. After a little while I was conducted to the chapel, accompanied by the ambassadors. Then came the King, and soon after the Princess, who was led by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The Queen was in a chamber, whence she saw through a window all the ceremonies. Then the archbishop* began to read the articles of marriage, to which he made me respond in English, which responses I had learned by heart. When that was read the King joined our hands; after that I gave the Princess the ring. It was not a diamond ring, but a plain gold ring without enamel.

"When that was done, I was led out of the chapel by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and went to a chamber where I could hear the sermon. The Princess came into this chamber, led by M. Brederode and M. Sommelsdyck, and we were both placed in chairs, and were together there till the sermon was over. Then I went into the Queen's chamber, where the King was, and the Queen and the Queen-mother. The Princess came there also. Then M. Sommelsdyck made an harangue of thanks to the King, which being done, I, kneeling, asked of the King, the Queen-mother, and the Queen, their blessing on me as their son, which they bestowed.

"Then we dined—the ambassadors by themselves. At the King's table was the King, the Queen-mother, the Queen, the Princess, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of

* So called by the Prince.

York, and me and the little Princess Elizabeth. After dinner the Queen-mother retired to her lodgings, and the Queen went to walk in *Hey-parc* (Hyde park), accompanied by the Princess, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and me. The King remained in his apartment. After coming from our walk the King and Queen supped with the same party who had dined, save the Queen-mother and the Princess Elizabeth. After supper the King and Queen, retired to their presence-chamber, where they remained till ten o'clock. Then the Queen took the Princess to be undressed in her chamber. The King and all the lords conducted me into another chamber, where I was undressed. The King led me, after I was disrobed, into the chamber where the Princess was in bed. The Queen and all her ladies were about her. After I had been some time in the bed, I left it, and was led into another chamber, where I slept that night. The King and Queen came into that chamber to see me into that bed, and wish me good-night. *

"This is all that passed that day."*

The Prince tells his father "that he had made the Princess a present of three paintings, which were thought very fine."

The day after the splendid pageant of the espousals of Mary Princess-royal with the young William heir of the Prince of Orange, the mob broke into Westminster Abbey, pillaged it, and did much mischief, yelling all the time for the execution of the Earl of Strafford.

That tragedy was consummated only one week after the bridal of the young lovely pair, had been solemnized in the chapel-royal at Whitehall, and cast a fearful gloom over the rejoicings for the truly Protestant alliance that

* From London, May 17, 1641, N.S. 'Archives de la Maison d'Orange,' vol. iii. p. 462.

had taken place. The Queen wept incessantly, and the King suffered intensely at having been compelled to act against the dictates of his conscience, in signing the death-warrant of his faithful servant. The young Prince of Orange speaks of Strafford most feelingly, in his letter to his father. Perceiving the excited state of the revolutionary party, he earnestly entreated his royal father-in-law to permit his youthful bride to return with him to the Hague. This, on account of her tender age, King Charles steadily refused to allow. The Queen endeavoured to comfort the juvenile bridegroom, by promising to bring her daughter over to the Hague in the following spring.

The newly-wedded pair saw each other every day, and became fondly attached. The evening before his departure the King presented to his princely son-in-law a sword richly jewelled in the hilt and on the sheath.

The young Prince dined that day with their majesties and his beloved bride, whom he assured of his constant and increasing affection; and told the King her father, that if he did not send her to him at the time the Queen had promised, he should come over and fetch her himself, or live with her in England.

He took his leave of the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, that night, but reserved his farewell interview with the Princess till the next morning, when he repeated to her his determination to come over to fetch her, himself, if she were not sent to him. The Princess gave her spouse, as a farewell token and keepsake, a jewel from her bosom, which he kissed, and fixed to his own. She then gave favours of white and silver ribbon from her dress to the ambassadors, and one of her silver roses to Sir Alfred Joachim, the resident ambassador, and the other to the Count de Solms, which they placed in their hats.

At 9 A.M. of May 15th, the Earl of Holland attended

the Prince to the Tower, in one of the royal coaches, with three of the ambassadors and the Count de Solms. The Prince went into the Tower, but having no time to stop, only eat some fruit and comfits in the lodge of the watch, and immediately took barge for Gravesend, where they found thirty of the royal coaches waiting their arrival. They proceeded in one of the King's coaches to Rochester, and saw his Majesty's shipping at Chatham. The next day they went on to Canterbury, from thence to Deal, where the Prince wrote to his bride the Princess-royal, and gave the letter to the Earl of Holland to deliver to her. He embarked the same afternoon in the ship *Amelia*, Admiral Martin Trompe welcoming and congratulating his highness, and hoisting his flag when he came on board at four o'clock.

The Princess-royal had, mean time, sent Sir Peter Killigrew to present the Prince with an embroidered scarf, as a farewell gift of love, but he had already sailed. At six o'clock on the Sunday morning Sir Peter followed in another vessel, and duly delivered the token to the Prince, who received it with great pleasure. He landed soon after on the following Sunday at Goree, near Helvoetsluys. He only paused to write a lover-like acknowledgment to his bride, and then proceeded to meet his mother at Buren, and the next day joined the Prince of Orange, his father, who was with the army encamped in the fields near Genep.

CHAPTER II.

MARY pursued her education, after the departure of her young bridegroom, under the superintendence of her new *gouvernante*, Catherine, daughter of Lord Wootton of St. Mary's Cray, who had wedded Henry Lord Stanhope, eldest son of the first Earl of Chesterfield, by whom she was the mother of three infant children, two girls and a boy, scarcely a year old. The untimely death of her husband had left her a widow in the flower of her days. Her charms and graceful manners had made a deep impression on the heart of John Poliander Kirkhoven, Lord of Heenvliet and Grand Huntsman of Holland, one of the four ambassadors from the United States for the marriage of the hereditary Prince of Orange with the Princess-royal of Great Britain. When he proposed marriage to the young and lovely widow, his addresses were favourably received. After their union, Heenvliet was appointed by King Charles, as the husband of the state governess of her royal highness, Lady Stanhope, to the post of Grand Superintendent of the household of the Princess-royal in Holland.*

He was, by the instructions of King Charles, directed to live in the same house as her royal highness, and to

* Instructions to the Lord of Heenvliet and Lady Stanhope his wife, from King Charles I. Bodleian Library, Oxford.

exercise full authority over all the members of her household; Lady Stanhope was enjoined never to give up her place in the Princess-royal's coach, and always to present the napkin for her royal highness's lavation, before the maître d'hôtel, but the maître d'hôtel was to present it, in the dining-room. Lady Stanhope is empowered by these instructions to purchase robes and all requisites for the wardrobe of the Princess, as they may be needed, and provides that the old dresses when replaced with new ones shall be the perquisites of Lady Stanhope.*

Public affairs in England now assumed so stormy an aspect, that the Queen, aware of her great unpopularity, withdrew with her children from Whitehall, to the more remote and solitary palace of Oatlands. The Queen-dowager of France, her mother, terrified at the violence of the mob, hastily retreated to the continent.

The King, attributing the discontent in Scotland to the effects of the absenteeism of the court and the more loyal portion of the nobility, now resolved to revisit the ancient realm of the royal Stuarts, in the hopes of conciliating the disaffected portion of the people, but in vain.

On his return to London early in December, he made a state entrance with his sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, on horseback, followed by the Queen with her two eldest daughters, the youthful bride of Orange and the Princess Elizabeth, in an open carriage. They were greeted with enthusiastic shouts of welcome, "God save the King," and other loyal acclamations, the last they were ever again to hear in London. They all dined there in state. The current of popular animosity soon after set in so strongly against the Queen, that she deemed it prudent to retire to Hampton Court with her children.

* Instructions to the Lord of Heenvliet and Lady Stanhope his wife, from King Charles I. Bodleian Library, Oxford.

A family group of these was painted by Vandyke, who although the finest portrait-painter of chivalric men and courtly beauties, was not successful in his delineation of children.* In this picture the Princess-royal, who was only ten years old, is represented at least thirteen, the Princess Elizabeth is also three years older than she was at that period. The Princess Anne, who had then been dead at least a year, is introduced, posthumously, with the infant Duke of Gloucester in her arms, a smiling infant, whom she tenderly regards; but his attention appears wholly engrossed by the fine mastiff in the centre of the group, to whom he extends his hand, and is apparently addressing in the unknown dialect of babyhood. The elder prince has thrown his arm over the dog's neck. This is evidently the Duke of York, and is much older than the date of his birth would prove him to be, for his eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, was not then twelve years old.

The Princess was quite old enough to perceive the anxious uneasiness of her royal parents, and to feel the pain of parting with her beloved father and her brothers, the loved companions of her happy childhood. The King accompanied her and the Queen to Dover, with the Prince of Wales and the little Duke of York.

On the 23rd of February, the young bride of Orange exchanged her farewell embrace with her royal father, unconscious that it was to be their last, and embarked in the fine ship that was waiting for her, the Queen—her mother—and their suite. The Princess was attended by her governess, Lady Stanhope, the Lord of Heenvliet, her ladies-in-waiting, her maids-of-honour, and her faithful nurse, Mrs. Griffin. The three young children of Lady Stanhope were also of her party.

King Charles was loth to part with his beloved consort

* This painting is in her Majesty's collection at Windsor.

and his young daughter, and rode along the shore as long as their ship was in sight. The wind at first was favourable, and the sea calm, but soon changed, and a tempestuous voyage awaited the Queen, her young daughter, and their attendants. The Queen behaved with her usual courage and composure, and assured the Princess there was no peril, though she was aware it was a bad time of the year for the Dutch coast.

The ladies suffered much from sea sickness, before they landed at Helvoetsluys, where they all went to bed instead of proceeding to Rotterdam, as the Prince of Orange had directed. His highness had ordered that they should have a grand reception in that city. Having received intelligence that the Queen of England and his young daughter-in-law had arrived at Helvoetsluys, he sent the Prince, his son, with a suitable retinue, to meet her majesty and his youthful consort. But before the Prince arrived, the illustrious party had left Helvoetsluys, with determination to proceed *viâ* Brill.* At Brill the young Prince met and welcomed his future wife and her royal mother, but the Queen and all the party had suffered so much from sea sickness, that they had taken a firm resolution not to embark any more, but to travel by land to the Hague. They left Brill next morning early. They travelled by Maeslandsluys, and found the Stadtholder himself, with the Queen of Bohemia, her son, Prince Rupert, and two of her daughters, waiting to receive the Queen of Great Britain and her daughter, the young bride of William, the hereditary Prince of Orange.† Affectionate welcomes were offered to the illustrious voyagers, and after his little daughter-in-law had been duly presented and heartily embraced by the Stadtholder,

* 'Memoirs of Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange,' by Pisart.

† Ibid.

the party entered his state coach, a grand-looking vehicle, lined with crimson velvet, and calculated to accommodate without difficulty a company of eight. This coach, although elaborately carved, richly gilded and emblazoned, had neither springs nor glass windows, but clumsy doors opening between the high wheels; wheels so high that the coach had to be ascended by a flight of steps on either side, each door being furnished with a leathern convenience for covering and holding the steps, called a boot. These being supplied with cushions, furnished side seats, each of them large enough to accommodate two persons.

The good-natured Stadtholder, having ensconced the two Queens, Henrietta Maria of England and Elizabeth of Bohemia, in the seat of honour facing the horses, the young bridegroom and his little bride opposite to them, and settled Prince Rupert and Princess Henrietta of the Rhine in one boot, violated all German etiquette by placing himself and Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, in the other. Thus packed, the social kindred party drove merrily to Hounslardyck, where dinner was ordered for them, and the deputies of the States came to welcome and congratulate them on their arrival, from the States-general. After dinner they all set out together for the Hague, where they arrived towards evening. They were met by a great multitude of all sorts and conditions of people, who thronged to see them. All the burghesses of the town were in arms, and the guards of the Prince of Orange, in military order, marched before them, and conducted Mary and the queen her mother, to the palace of the Prince of Orange at the Hague, where they were to reside. The Princess of Orange, being in hourly expectation of her confinement, had not been able to meet them at Hounslardyck, but

came to receive and welcome the Queen of Great Britain, and to bless and embrace the Princess-royal as her daughter-in-law.* She conducted the Queen and the young Princess to their apartments, which were splendidly furnished and fitted up for their reception.

Brilliant fêtes and rejoicings took place at the Hague, to celebrate the arrival of the Queen and Princess-royal of Great Britain. The legend of the fairy Mergellina, among other pageants, was represented on the lake before the palace, in her car, 'drawn by swans. Queen Henrietta Maria delighted the Dutch populace by venturing into the car, and was drawn safely by the swans.†

For more than a month all was pleasure and merriment at the Hague. Queen Henrietta, after the Princess of Orange had recovered from her confinement, resigned the Princess-royal into her hands as the spouse of her son, and they pursued their education under the same roof.

Before she had been many weeks at the Hague, the Princess-royal was gladdened by the receipt of the following affectionate letter from her brother, the Prince of Wales. It was thus superscribed:

“TO THE HANDS OF THE LADY MARIE, PRINCESS OF
AURIANA, THESE PRESENTS.

“MOST ROYAL SISTER,

“Methinks, although I cannot enjoy that former happiness which I was wont in the fruition of your society, being barred those joys by the parting waves, yet I cannot so forget the kindness I owe unto so dear a sister as not to write; also expecting the like salutation from you, that although awhile dissevered, we may reciprocally under-

* ‘Memoirs of Frederic, Prince of Orange,’ by Bernard Pisart. Amsterdam edition, p. 306. ‘Holland News’ and ‘Gazette de France.’

† ‘News of Holland’ and ‘Gazette de France.’

stand each other's welfare. I could heartily and with a fervent devotion wish your return, were it not to lessen your delights in your royal spouse, the Prince of Orange, who, as I conceived by his last letter, was as joyful for your presence as we are sad and mourning for your absence.

"My father is very much disconsolate and troubled, partly for my royal mother's and your absence, and partly for the disturbances of this kingdom.

"Dear sister, we are as much as we may merry, and more than we would sad, in respect we cannot alter the present distempers of these troublesome times. My father's resolution is now for York, where he intends to reside, to see the event or sequel to these bad unpropitious beginnings; whither you direct your letter. Thus much desiring your comfortable answer to these my sad lines, I rest,

"Your loving Brother,

"CHARLES PRINCEPS.*

"Royston, 9th March, 1642."

How fond the Prince of Orange was of his young daughter-in-law, may be inferred from the fact of King Charles writing to her a request that she would borrow a ship from his highness her father-in-law, to convey parcels and expresses, to and from the Queen her mother between England and Holland.†

Every respect and kind consideration was shown to Queen Henrietta during her lengthened sojourn in Holland, by the Prince and Princess of Orange; but every despatch from England was fraught with distressing news, and showed only too clearly that the long

* 'Ellis's Letters,' vol. iv. p. 2.

† The original of this letter is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. 'Memoirs of Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange,' by Pisart.

threatening storm of civil war had commenced. Henrietta obtained large supplies of money and ammunition in the United States for the aid of her royal husband, and succeeded in pawning her pendant pearls, her large rubies, and other jewels, to the merchants and bankers of Rotterdam and the Hague, raising by her pledges and free loans upwards of two millions of money.

She had every reason to rejoice at the prospects of her young daughter, and the brilliant talents and happy disposition of the heir of Orange.

At length the time for her return to England was fixed, she having been absent nearly a year. She was attended to Scheveling,* where she was to embark, 29th of January, 1643, by the Prince and Princess of Orange, Prince William and his little bride—the Princess-royal—the Queen of Bohemia, and their respective trains. It was a fine day, the wind was fair, and the sky blue and serene when she bade farewell to her generous hosts, and her sister-in-law, the Queen of Bohemia. There was a passionate parting between the Princess-royal and her mother, floods of tears were shed by both, the Princess clung to the Queen, and could scarcely be drawn away when her majesty embarked on board the fine ship called *The Princess-royal*. The Queen was scarcely mid-seas over, when the wind changed, and a terrible storm arose. The ship was driven back on the Dutch coast, and after battling with adverse winds and waves for fourteen fearful days and nights, they effected a landing at Scheveling, the port from which they had sailed with such auspicious appearances for a calm, fair voyage. Queen Henrietta's courage had never failed, when every hour expecting to perish, and surrounded by terrified women, who kept assuring her "they were all going to

* Now called Schevening.

the bottom." "Courage, *mes chères*; Queens of England are never drowned!" was her undaunted reply; and the historic truth of this observation comforted and reassured the appalled courtiers in her train.

The Prince and Princess of Orange, aware of the approach of the shattered vessel, hastened with the Queen of Bohemia, Prince William and his little consort—Mary of England—to Scheveling, and were all there when Queen Henrietta and her forlorn ladies came on shore. Manifold were the welcomes and embraces which greeted her, and she was escorted back to the Hague with all honour and much joy.

The Princess-royal would not be separated from her mother while she remained at the Hague. It was not till the 10th of March that fair weather was restored, and a final parting was effected.

The following rules were drawn up by the Stadtholder for the regulation of the personal arrangements to be observed by the governess and superintendent of the household of the consort of his son, which are very minutely particular in all their details.*

"1. No one shall be allowed to enter the bedchamber of the Princess unless qualified to do so: above all, no men, unless the Princess shall permit their entrance.

"2. In the presence-chamber the maids-of-honour, or at least such of them as the equerry, *maître d'hôtel*, and gentlemen thereunto belonging, deem proper for receiving those who come there to see the Princess, and to entertain them till the Princess be informed in her bedchamber of their arrival.

"3. *Valets de chambre*, or pages, shall always be waiting

* I was favoured with a copy of this curious document while at the Hague, by Monsieur Van Sypestein.

in her antechamber, in readiness to admit those who are invited into her presence-chamber.

“4. Above all, an usher shall always wait at the door of the presence-chamber, to make a passage for her royal highness from her bedchamber.

“5. If any one wishes to speak to Lady Stanhope, they shall go through the hall to her apartments, without passing the bedroom of the Princess.

“6. When the Princess eats in public, she is to be served by her *maitre d'hôtel* and the gentlemen associated with him in the duty of waiting on her.

“7. When her royal highness eats in private, she is to be served by her bedchamber-women; and they are to be careful that no one be admitted to her table, unless privileged persons or invited guests.

“8. If the Princess comes as guest at a feast, no one is to be admitted to eat at her table but persons of rank and condition, except those who are in her service.

“9. When she goes out in her coach, there shall be care taken that no men nor any unprivileged persons are to be put therein; but if pertaining in any way to her, and she commands their attendance, they shall be put with her equerry in a coach before her highness's coach, and her maids-of-honour after hers.

“10. If she shall go in a chair (*or chaise*) through the town, her maids-of-honour shall follow her chair in their coach, and the equerry and gentlemen in attendance walk on foot before the chair; but no one shall be put into her coach that follows her chair, but it must follow empty for her use when she shall please.

“11. Those who have the honour to be in her royal highness's household must have especial regard that they live with the princess in all possible prudence and virtue, and the respect due to a princess of her quality and extraction.”

Then follows five rules of more importance than the foregoing points of mere trivial etiquette.*

“1. It will be necessary to determine the hours of the morning at which the Princess makes her prayers to God, and also is instructed in her religion, as well as those at which she reads, eats, dresses, and performs other duties.

“2. They should try to have her entertained by persons of judgment and mind, to make her understand, even in her amusements, the value of honour and virtue.

“3. That courtesy be strongly recommended to her, and that she may be instructed how she ought to behave to those who visit her, and to make distinction between persons of condition; and ought to be accustomed to caress those of this country, and make them good cheer as much as she possibly can.

“4. When she goes in public her lady-governess should be with her, or some other person qualified to keep guard that her actions are such as they ought to be, and that those who are near her treat her with all the marks of respect and honour that are her due; and that neither in their words or actions, in her presence, they show the slightest impropriety or indulge in light conversation.

“5. That her lady-governess take care of her, and make all others show her the respect that is her right; and that the Princess is not from negligence, inattention, or want of thought, guilty of any unseemly and uncivil actions.” †

The tender age of Mary must be borne in mind in reference to these regulations, to which her governess, Lady Stanhope, appears to have rigidly adhered. There

* Translated from the autograph of Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange. Drawn up by him, 1st of February, 1643.

† Ibid.

are many of the Princess's early letters in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; all very childish, but curious. In one of these she requests to have some black gloves to wear with her mourning. This was for her grandmother, Marie de Medicis, who died in this year, 1643. The princess also "requests to have some under petticoats," of which she says she is extremely in want, this 3rd of June, 1643. She writes again to Lady Stanhope, in July the same year, saying, "her gown does very well; but her *Pett*"—meaning her petticoat—is a little too long; but she needs no other, "because," continues her royal highness, "the *oner* ones does serve me well anofe."

Her bridal outfit must have been of the scantiest description, to judge from these trifling particulars and wants so soon after the Queen her mother's departure from the Hague.

On the 18th of July she says "she shall be at the Hague to-night, and hopes to dine with Lady Stanhope."

The ceremony of her marriage was solemnized at the Hague on her twelfth birthday, 4th of November, 1643.

The young Prince to whom her hand was pledged was six years her senior, born in 1626, singularly handsome, and in all respects formed and fitted to engage her affections. She continued to pursue her education at the Hague, under the care of his mother and her beloved English governess, Lady Stanhope, who faithfully devoted herself to the duties of her important charge.

She was not allowed to live with her consort till the autumn of 1646, though both were passionately attached to each other. In the spring of that year, while residing with the parents of her consort, she writes to Lady Stanhope in confidence, "that, although she spends her time well enough where she is, she took it very unkindly that the Prince and Princess of Orange went abroad on Sunday

and left her all alone.”* She was then in her fifteenth year, apparently somewhat of a spoiled child.

She had a dangerous illness in the October of 1647, and her husband, who was absent, sent a gentleman to Lady Stanhope, to inquire after the health of his beloved consort. “I entreat you,” he says, in his agitated letter, “to take the trouble to write me word in what state she is at present.” He writes anxiously many times about the Princess, during her dangerous illness and lingering convalescence. At last he had the satisfaction of receiving cheering intimation that her recovery, though slow, appeared hopeful, and that she was progressing towards health.†

The disastrous state of her royal father’s affairs pressed heavily on her mind and depressed her spirits. But the escape of her brother, the Duke of York, from St. James’s Palace, in female attire, cheered her and acted as a cordial, and completed her restoration to health.

The adventurous boy landed in Holland, and immediately proceeded to the Hague. He was received with rapture by the Princess his sister, who immediately bestowed a handsome present on the faithful friends who had assisted in his escape. He soon put off his petticoats, gladly exchanging his feminine habiliments for a suitable dress, which was speedily presented to him by the Princess, with ornaments, to enable him to appear as her brother.‡ His ardent desire to see the Queen his mother impelled him to depart for France, contrary to the wish of his loving sister, who would gladly have detained him longer, had she not preferred the gratification of the Queen their mother to her own.

* Letters of King Charles’s family, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

† Ibid.

‡ ‘Memoirs of Father Cyprian Gamache,’ of the household of Queen Henrietta Maria.

It was at this dark era of her royal father's fortunes that the fatal resolution was taken by him, of quitting his palace of Hampton Court, stealthily, on the stormy night of the 11th of September, leaving a letter for his gaoler, Colonel Whalley, mentioning the portraits of his consort and his eldest daughter, which he desires, as well as the portrait of Lady Stanhope, may be sent to their rightful owners. The original of Mary's portrait, which was hanging over the chimney-piece of the chamber he was then occupying, he requests Whalley might be sent to Lady Aubigny.*

The next intelligence of her beloved father, that reached the Hague, announced the sad news, that he was a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, the father of Mary's consort, at this ill-omened time, exhausted by his continuous hard struggles to fight the battle of life, and defend his country from the aggressions of the King of Spain, had early succumbed to the weakness of premature old age, and sunk into childlike imbecility, having become utterly incapable of transacting business or carrying on the arduous cares of government. His ambitious consort, Amelia of Solms, exercised the executive power of the state, and attempted to rule the United Provinces in his name. This was resisted by Prince William, their only son, who asserted his right, as the heir presumptive of the Stadtholder, to govern as regent during his father's incapacity.

The Princess-royal wrote kindly and respectfully to her father-in-law on the 21st of August that year; but he was too ill to answer her.†

She was then staying at the Brill, and she writes to

* Heath's Chronicle.

† Letters of King Charles's family, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Lady Stanhope, complaining of its dulness. "I am as weary of it," she says, "as ever I was of any place in my life."* She was then suffering from indigestion, "not having been so careful in her diet as she ought to have been." She expresses an anxious desire "to have a suitable lodging for her brother, the Prince of Wales, who was coming to the Hague, and fears that there was no house there fit for him."† Her generous consort made everything easy for the royal wanderer and his small train.

Mean time the English fleet in the narrow seas, had revolted from the Parliament, raised the cry of "God save King Charles," turned their Roundhead Admiral Rainsborough and all his officers into their boats, sent them back to Dover, and sailed for the Brill in quest of the Duke of York, who had just arrived from Paris, and invited him to take the command of the eight ships.‡

Though scarcely sixteen, the bold boy promptly obeyed the summons, and was received on board the fleet with loyal acclamations. But the Prince of Wales hearing of the revolt of the fleet, and that his brother, the Duke of York, was preparing to sail with it as lord admiral, hastened from Calais and arrived at Helvoetsluys, where he, Prince William of Orange, and the Princess-royal, the Duke of York's sister, prevailed on him to resign the command of the fleet to him, as it was not considered prudent to venture them both at one time, especially as the young Henry, Duke of Gloucester, was in the hands of the Parliament.

The Princess and her consort induced the young Duke to return with them to the Hague, where the death of the Stadtholder, Frederick Henry, occupied the

* Letters of King Charles's family, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

† Ibid.

‡ Clarendon, Whitelock, Rapin.

thoughts and attention of all parties for awhile, and placed Prince William in the seat of government.

The Prince of Wales boldly entered the Thames and took several rich prizes, and would have engaged the Earl of Warwick, who commanded the main body of the Parliament's navy, but the more prudent of his counsellors protesting against his rash design, he reluctantly sailed back to Holland, and accepted the invitation of the States-general to land and proceed to the Hague, where he was hospitably entertained by his generous brother-in-law, who kept open table for all the ruined Cavaliers.

The respectful manner of his reception is thus announced in a letter from Amsterdam. Prince Charles was brought to the Hague with thirty coaches, and solemnly feasted and entertained. He gave orders for the new rigging and fitting the revolted ships which had declared for the King, out of the prizes he had taken.*

The heart-rending tidings of the murder of their royal father, King Charles, reached his afflicted children, the Prince of Wales and the Princess-royal, in the following February, and overwhelmed them with grief and horror. Their only comfort was that they could weep together, and receive the heartfelt sympathy of the Prince of Orange; who, aware that his brother-in-law was destitute at that time of money to provide mourning for himself and his attendants, kindly supplied everything requisite for the melancholy occasion at his own expense.

The States-general and the ministers at the Hague waited on Charles and offered him their condolences. He took the style and title of Charles II., King of Great Britain, with a heavy heart. He had no funds to support his rank, or feed his starving household, and was indebted

* Clarendon.

to the kindness of his sister and her consort for the necessaries of life. The assassination of Dorislaus, one of the deputies of the Commonwealth of England, added to his troubles; for although he was perfectly innocent of any concern with that outrage, he was perfectly aware that the States would no longer tolerate his presence at the Hague. Indeed, the Prince of Orange informed him privately that he would be requested to withdraw. He accordingly retired with his brother, the Duke of York, to Jersey, the only portion of his dominions which still acknowledged his authority.*

The Prince of Orange lived on bad terms with his ambitious mother, Amelia of Solms; and she, who had great credit with the States, set up an open opposition to his measures, which both embarrassed and annoyed him. She was excessively jealous of his royally-born consort, to whom he was passionately attached, and who was accused of being accustomed to say that "she, who was the daughter of a King of Great Britain, and granddaughter of a King of France, considered it a degradation not to be a Queen."†

The Princess had been married many years, though now only entering her nineteenth year, without giving an heir to the house of Orange, when, in the year 1650, there was for the first time a prospect of her becoming a mother. She was then in very ill health, and oppressed with grief for the tragical death of her royal father and the calamities of her family. She was also rendered very uneasy by a superstitious circumstance. An unknown person presented a paper to the Princess-dowager of Orange, her consort's mother, who received it graciously, supposing it had been a petition; but on opening it she found it was a

* 'Burnet's History of his own Time,' vol. v. pp. 52, 53.

† Raynal's 'History of the Stadtholderate.'

pretended nativity of her son, with details of many things which had befallen him in the course of his short life, and a prediction that he would have a son by a widow, and die of the small-pox in the twenty-fifth year of his age.*

This made a great impression on all the weak-minded and superstitious persons in the court, and it was commonly said that the English princess, his consort, would die, and he would marry the widow of some other prince. It became, in consequence, a custom in the Court of the Hague, on the decease of any prince, to ask what manner of person his widow was.† Not the most enlivening thing for the Princess-royal, his devoted consort, to hear repeated in her delicate health and dejected spirits; but she had no occasion to doubt her husband, for he never swerved from her in thought, word, or deed.

William II., Prince of Orange, was the handsomest and most accomplished of all the sovereigns of Europe. His features were regularly beautiful, his form graceful, active, and majestic, his manners lively and engaging. He understood and spoke five languages, possessed a good knowledge of mathematics, history, and the belles lettres, and his powers of reflection were far beyond his years. He was well versed in the art of war, but his valour was hot and rash, and his ambition without restraint. He was born with an irrepressible passion for glory; his character was violent and impetuous, and inactivity to him was painful;‡ but with all this he was generous to his consort's family—unboundedly so—the warmest of friends, and the most adoring of husbands. His brilliant talents, dauntless courage, and indomitable resolution, together with his partial affection for France, were so alarming to Spain, that

* 'Burnet's History of his own Time.'

† Samson's 'L'histoire de Guillaume III.'

‡ Raynal's 'History of the Stadtholderate.'

the sovereign of that realm resolved to sign a peace without delay, and also to court his friendship by costly presents, both to himself and his consort. For William they selected ten peerless Spanish horses, the worst of which cost three hundred pounds sterling; for the Princess-royal, also, a costly present of plate and jewels, and hangings of perfumed leather, with other rarities calculated to please a lady. All these valuable offerings they designed to send by the British ambassadors to the Hague, but they were so long in choosing them, that they were too late.

Mean time the Scotch sent deputations to the young King Charles II., the brother of the Princess-royal, soliciting him to put himself into their hands, and promising to place him on his father's throne; but as he was not only without money, but credit, it seemed impossible for him to comply with their requisition. The Prince of Orange generously lent him twenty thousand pounds, and enabled him to liquidate all the many annoying debts he and his so-called ministers had contracted at the Hague; and as the murder of Dorislaus had rendered his abode there displeasing to the republican party, the Prince offered him an asylum at Breda, his own personal territory. There he was supplied by the generous consort of his sister with all he required, received the Scotch commissioners, and finally embarked for Scotland in a Dutch man-of-war, with a suitable convoy, 3rd of June.* Instead of recounting his unsuccessful attempts to regain the crown of his royal ancestors, we must relate the struggle of the Prince of Orange with the Dutch republicans, headed in their senate by the able and popular magistrate, Cornelius Bicker.

Cornelius, perceiving that the Prince was adored by the army, through whose favour it was suspected he contemplated converting the United Provinces into a kingdom,

* Clarendon.

and making himself a despotic sovereign, proposed disbanding the army as a necessary measure of economy, and for the tranquillity of the realm and a means of national prosperity. The speech of the far-seeing burgomaster was loudly applauded. The storm of angry eloquence with which it was opposed by the young fiery Stadtholder, was of no avail. He denounced even the reduction of the army as base and suicidal; but Bicker's reasoning succeeded, and his proposition was carried by acclamation.

The Stadtholder then changed his manner of proceeding, and employed his charming British consort, to use her influence with the wives of the burghers, in favour of the policy he wished to be adopted. The ladies, from whom she had hitherto kept herself aloof, were deeply interested by the conjugal affection of the fair pleader. Her situation appealed to their sympathy, as she was for the first time near giving an heir to the beloved family of Orange, and she was still overwhelmed with grief for the tragical death of her royal father; but the inflexible spirit of the undaunted Bicker prevailed with the burghers over the interest the Princess had excited in their wives.*

¶ The soldiers, devoted to the young Stadtholder, refused to disband, and their threats alarmed the more timid of the people, who suggested to his highness that he should visit the principal cities in the States, and ascertain how they stood affected. He acceded to the proposition, but he only reaped vexation from his progress. He was coldly received everywhere, and several of the cities declined hearing him speak. Amsterdam refused to open her gates to him. William complained to the States-general of the insult that had been offered to his dignity as their Stadtholder, and demanded the arrest of the deputies of the

* 'L'histoire de Stadtholderate,' par M. L'Abbe Raynal, vol. i. pp. 99, 100, 101, 204.

cities where he had been ill received, and had them, six in number, shut up in the castle of Louvenstein.*

This exploit intimidated the citizens, and emboldened the troops, who regarded him as a victim to his love for them, and assured him he might dispose of them as he pleased. William eagerly availed himself of their devotion, gave them orders to separate on the spot, but to reassemble in the night near Amsterdam, which he had marked for vengeance. Fortunately for that city, a courier from Hamburg, passing through the camp, discovered the project to surprise and plunder it, and secretly communicated to the authorities timely intelligence of the fate which threatened them. The gates were instantly closed, the burghers armed, the cannon pointed on the ramparts, all the sluices opened and the surrounding country inundated.†

The plans of the angry Stadtholder being thus unexpectedly frustrated, he remained in doubt what he should do, but the magistrates offered a compromise. He then proposed to release the six prisoners at the castle of Louvenstein, if they would depose Cornelius Bicker from his authority. They took time to consider, and the Stadtholder, feeling indisposed, departed to recreate himself with hunting at Arnheim. While there he was attacked with serious illness, and hastily returned to the Hague. His physicians pronounced his malady to be malignant small-pox, attended with raging fever.‡

His anxious care for his beloved consort and his anticipated infant, caused him to deny himself the solace of her presence, but he hourly grew worse. His fatal illness was attributed by some to poison, but the impru-

* Samson's 'Memoirs of William III.,' vol. i. p. 128.

† 'Clarendon State Papers.'

‡ Raynal.

dence of his physicians was seriously blamed, for allowing him to change his shirt no less than thirty times in the week while he lay ill. He departed this life on the 27th of October, 1650, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

Some writers have said "that the Princess, becoming aware of his death, rushed into the apartment where he had just breathed his last, threw herself on his lifeless remains, clasped him to her bosom, kissed him passionately, and was only parted from him by force." But the fact that she, ten years subsequently, died of malignant small-pox, shows that she was constitutionally subject to that fatal malady, and would undoubtedly have taken it, from such rash exposure to the contagion, if she had been permitted by her attendants to expose herself to it; especially as not only her own life would thus have been put into fearful jeopardy, but that of the expected heir of Orange, whose life was of such immense importance to the nation.

The truth was, that when the sad tidings of her husband's death were announced to her, she was at first incredulous that anything so dreadful could have befallen her and her unborn babe. But the solemn etiquette of state mourning, to which she was instantly compelled to conform, painfully convinced her of the reality of her desolation. The dismal bed, the black hung walls, the long line of shaded lamps lugubriously supplying the rigorously excluded light of day, and, last, the sable-drapered cradle prepared for the expected heir of Orange,* filled the sensitive heart

* Her bedchamber was put in the deepest mourning, hung with black, the windows closed, and all light excluded save that from lamps shaded with black. The bed was hung with black draperies; and there, after great danger of her life, her expected babe was prematurely born, a weakly, fragile infant, on her own birthday, in the first week of her widowhood. The boy was rocked in a cradle hung with black, and all his caps, sashes, and robes, were profusely trimmed with black.—Sir William Temple, vol. i. p. 470.

of the young widow with so many images of woe, that she refused all comfort. The agonies of her grief brought on premature childbirth, and at imminent peril of her life she brought her fatherless boy into the world, after dangerous travail, on the 4th of November, her own birthday, the day on which she completed her nineteenth year, just one week after her husband's death.

In proof of the popularity of the Princess, the States-general had purchased, in Paris, a costly bed with the most splendid tapestry hangings, embossed with gold and silver, and adorned with pictures, the richest that could be procured, as a present to her royal highness, in anticipation of her expected childbirth; but in consequence of the death of her consort, her deep grief, and premature accouchement in a devil bed, it was never presented to the sorrowful young widow, nor even set up.*

The birth of her fatherless son under circumstances so touching, recalled the half-alienated affection of the States to the house of Orange. Their deputies testified their sympathy and respect to the young widowed Princess-royal, by many addresses, they presented her infant son with costly pecuniary gifts, and loudly proclaimed their affection to the representative of their deliverer, William I.

* Heath's 'Chronicle.' Ten years afterwards the Mynheers presented this bed to Charles II., on his recall to the throne of Great Britain.

CHAPTER III.

THE disconsolate widow of William II. of Orange was long in recovering her health. Her son was a small, fragile child, and for many weeks there were very feeble hopes of rearing him; but with great care he survived, and was considered strong enough to be christened on the 1st of January.

The Princess, his mother, wished him to be named Charles, after her royal father; but the Princess-dowager, his grandmother, and the deputies of the States opposed her inclination, declaring "that Charles was a name of bad augury."^{*}

The Princess-royal was bound to submit. Her mother-in-law, the Princess-dowager, and the Queen of Bohemia were godmothers; the deputies of the States-general were godfathers, and gave the little Prince the name of William Frederick Henry. The baptism was conducted with much pomp. The coach in which the infant Prince was carried, was preceded, followed, and surrounded by halberdiers. This, as the rank to which he was said to have succeeded was not hereditary, was much remarked. The ermine in which he was enveloped was considered

^{*} Clerc's 'United Provinces,' vol. ii. p. 292. Vicqueforte's 'United Provinces,' iv. Heath's 'Chronicle.'

too royal for the House of Orange, by the republican party.

William II., Prince of Orange, had, by his last will, constituted the Princess, his widow, regent for their expected infant, and raised the dowry of ten thousand pounds per annum, to which she was by her marriage articles entitled, to fifteen thousand. This will was disputed by his mother, Amelia of Solms, the old Princess-dowager, as she was called, who claimed the regency for herself and the Elector of Brandenburg, the husband of her eldest daughter, and the Prince of Portugal, son of the eldest sister of her late husband, Prince Frederick Henry; stating, with some plausibility, "that the Princess-royal could have no claim to the regency, being herself a minor."* The palaces of Buren, Breda, Hounslardyck, and Holstein, with all their furniture and fittings-up, were settled by the deceased Prince William II. on his much-loved widow.

Mary of England stoutly defended her right, as the mother of the infant heir of Orange, to represent her boy, and to act for him on all occasions either public or private; but she had a difficult task to maintain her deceased consort's will against her inimical mother-in-law.

A most tender letter, soon after Mary's widowhood and the birth of her fatherless boy, was addressed to her trusty friend, Lady Stanhope, by King Charles II., who was then in Scotland, to "entreat her to take care of his sister the Princess-royal; requesting her to write him an account of the Princess's health, how she bore the death of her husband, and how the little Prince fared.†

This letter is dated from St. Johnstone,‡ 19th of De-

* Samson's 'Life of William III.,' vol. i. p. 120.

† Letters of the family of Charles I., in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

‡ Perth.

ember, 1650. The Duke of York also wrote, expressing great solicitude for his sister, grief for the death of her husband, and joy for the safe delivery of the Princess, and the birth of her son ; enquiring "who is he like?"

During all the stormy disputes which had followed the death of William II., Prince of Orange, his body had remained unburied now upwards of four months. At last, on the 8th of March, it was conveyed to the new church at Delft, for interment in the tomb of his glorious predecessor, William the Silent, the founder of the liberties and independence of the United States. Four hundred guards with lowered muskets, trailing pikes, and black banners, preceded the open mourning car in which his coffin was placed. The Duke of York, the Princes of Portugal, and Edward Prince Palatine, followed as chief mourners, with the Princes of the House of Nassau, nobles, heralds, officers of the Princess-royal's household. The Dutch officials of state, the deputies of the States-general, and sixteen companies of burgesses, closed the long procession, which extended from the Hague along the banks of the canal nearly to Delft.

A dispute on precedence took place between the Princes of Portugal and the Duke of York for the office of chief mourner, which had been assigned to him by the Princess-royal, as the brother-in-law of her deceased consort. The Princes of Portugal claimed it as the descendants of the daughter of William I., their great-grandfather, but the post was retained by James, Duke of York, on which the Portuguese Princes left the church.* A medal of her deceased consort was struck by the command of the widowed Princess-royal, with his bust and titles, having on the reverse her own likeness, with the

* 'Gazette de France,' p. 392. State Paper Office MSS. Merc, Politien, 20th to 27th March, 1650.

inscription: Mary, by God's grace, Princess of Great Britain, Dowager of Orange.*

The Princess-dowager presented an address to the States, enumerating the offices to which the posthumous heir of her son the late Prince of Orange was, she considered, entitled, and claimed the office of regent for herself.

This address was met by one from the Princess-royal, his mother, pathetically alluding to all her sorrows, and danger to her life in giving birth to her son, and claiming the regency in preference to his grandmother. She had the sympathy of the people. The contest seemed, however, interminable.

Meantime the deputies of the States-general, sent to the Princess-royal, the Duke of York, and the Queen of Bohemia, desiring that none of their respective trains might be suffered to offer any insult to the followers of the English ambassadors, whom the States had taken into their protection, and would not regard any persons who should molest them as irresponsible. Painful as such messages were to the son, daughter, and sister of the murdered King Charles I., they had no alternative but submission to the dictates of the States, and reluctantly promised to conform to their decree.†

The notice was necessary, for upon the arrival of the ambassadors of the Commonwealth of England, Walter Strickland and Oliver St. John, at the Hague, the populace had exhibited the utmost ill-feeling towards them, and their servants were often insulted and beaten by those of the exiled Cavaliers, who were residing in the household of the Princess-royal and her brother the Duke of York.

* Van Loon *Netherlandche. Historical writings.*

† Whitelocke's 'Memorials.'

One day Prince Edward, the youngest brother of Prince Rupert, seeing the ambassadors passing in their carriage, shouted after them, "Oh, you rogues! you dogs!"* On another occasion St. John, while walking in the park at the Hague, encountered the Duke of York on foot like himself, and they did not recognise each other till they were nearly face to face. As the ambassador of the English Commonwealth would not give way, the young Duke of York snatched his hat from his head and threw it in his face, exclaiming,

"Learn, parricide, to respect the brother of your king."

"I scorn," replied St. John, "to acknowledge either you or him of whom you speak, but as a race of vagabonds." They both laid their hands on their swords, but the gentlemen who were with them surrounded them and prevented an encounter.

The Princess-royal, finding the conduct of the Duke of York in this attack on St. John had been highly offensive to the deputies of the States, thought it most prudent to send him to Breda; for she could not venture to forfeit the good will of the States, on whom her son must depend for election to the various dignities enjoyed by the late stadtholder, his father.

There was an immediate attempt, not very unreasonable, to withhold from his little highness the office of general of the armies of the States-general, and that of admiral of Holland, which he must have exercised by deputy.

The ill-fortune of her brother Charles, and his defeats both in Scotland and England, lowered the spirits of the Princess-royal, and all their friends in the Low Countries, and of course proved prejudicial to his infant nephew.

The first year of her widowhood, was passed by the Princess in deep seclusion and grief, in the lugubrious

* Guizot, Whitelocke.

solitude of her mourning chamber, scarcely looking abroad. Her only comfort was the growing animation of her boy, and the maternal kindness of her aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, who treated her with much sympathy and love.

The Queen of Bohemia writes to Sir Charles Cottrell a brief sketch of the engagement between Blake and Van Trompe in the Downs, from the report of a vessel that had witnessed the fight.

“Hague, 16th December, 1652.

“The same ship coming hither saw Trompe set sail into the Downes, wear Blake stays for him with 80 saile; and as this ship went along he heard great shooting.

“To-morrow it is thought we shall hear what they have done. They have brave weather to fight in, for it is a clear frost and eastern wind. They look every hour for my Lord Craven.

“This next post I look for my new gentleman; and this week my niece’s business will be ended, as all say. The little Prince has been ill of a colick, but is now better.

. . . It is so cold, I can write no more.”*

The opposition of the Princess-dowager to the will of her son William II., oppressed his widow with profound sadness, and in consequence of the attempts of his mother to deprive her of her home palace, where she was residing with her infant son, she wrote to her faithful friend Heenvliet, telling him her fears of being turned out of her house, and enquiring, “What is there to be done, and whither she is to go? for to stay in Holland is against her opinion.” She concludes with telling Heenvliet how Lord Percy had been trying to influence her against him, but without

* Inedited letter in possession of C. Cottrell Dormer, Esq., of Rousham Park, Oxford.

success; "for," continues she, "he must first blind me to my own interest, and make me the ungratefullest creature that ever was, to you."*

But the young widow had more friends in the Hague and the States, than she imagined, and was able to retain her dower, the palaces left in her husband's will to her, and the person of the young heir of Orange. When she and her mother-in-law met, it was only by accident, but they were polite to each other.

In one of her lively letters to Sir Charles Cottrell, the Queen of Bohemia informs him of a misadventure, which occurred through the awkwardness of her officious lady in waiting, when the rival dowager Princesses of Orange, encountered each other, at her house at the Hague. We must give it in the Queen's own words. "I had a great visit upon Saturday last—both my niece and the Princess-dowager of Orange.† We talked, all three, together very freely, and the countess would needs have us drink lemonade, which she brought us, and as she was giving it she threw it all upon my niece's muff. Thus you see how adroit she is. She mends daily the wrong way."

The Princess-royal, notwithstanding the great expense her brothers and their friends were to her, always lived within her income, and conducted herself most prudently. Indeed, surrounded as she was with spies, hired to report her sayings and doings, it would have been impossible for the slightest indiscretion on her part to have passed.

The Princess tells Lady Stanhope of her meeting with Charles. "He was not," she says, "very well supplied with

* Letters of King Charles's family, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

† Letter from Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, to Sir Charles Cottrell, Hague, this 19th of December, 1652. Rousham MSS., in possession of Charles Cottrell Dormer, Esq.

money, as you may readily imagine ; indeed, he had none at all, so I was obliged to give him some, and am, in consequence, in great need myself of more." She writes from Breda to Lady Stanhope in December: "I have received the lace you sent me, which is the finest I ever saw. I shall not fail to send you a note of what I desire. In the mean time here is the length and breadth"* . . . of what she requires, suppose the lace. On the 31st of December she speaks of the cold as most extraordinary so that she can scarcely hold her pen.†

"I commission Lady Stanhope," writes the Princess, "to buy the handkerchief, of which she had written to me. For the choosing it," she says, "I trust you as much as myself;" and also commissions her to send twenty-five pounds of powder.‡ There is only the date of the month to this letter, which inclines us to ask, for what purpose was this large supply of powder required? since it was prior to the absurd fashion of wearing powder in the hair.

The Queen of Bohemia writes indignantly, to communicate the ill news of the decree that had passed against the Princess-royal. Her letter is to her old correspondent, Sir Charles Cottrell. Her letter is dated 29th of August. She says: "I send you here a letter for my niece. You may deliver it to her yourself, and assure her I am very sorry for the wrong sentence she has had against her, for I esteem myself so much hers, as I cannot but be sensible of what toucheth her."

The letter contains an order to Sir Charles Cottrell to procure her a hanging shelf for her books, and also "a collar for Holl."§

* Letters of King Charles's family, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ The Princess Hollandina of the Rhine.

The faithful servants of the King, her brother, were grieved and indignant at the presumption of the Duke of Buckingham in presuming to aspire to the hand of the Princess-royal, after his return from sharing the unsuccessful enterprise of Charles II. to regain the throne of Great Britain. Sir Edward Hyde writes anxiously on the subject to his colleague, Nicholas.

“DEAR MR. SECRETARY,

“I had never any speech with the King about that wild pretence you mention of the Duke of Buckingham. But I have reason to believe he hath heard of it, and abhors it sufficiently, but takes no notice of it, upon confidence that his sister disdains it. I have often had conference with the King concerning the man, and find that he knows him as well as needs be. And no doubt that the Queen is traduced in that report you have heard of her, approving it; for besides the folly and madness of it, I know that she said once upon the discourse, that if she thought it possible for her daughter to have so base a thought, she would tear her to pieces with her own hands.”*

The report died away, and Buckingham, perceiving that he only lost his time, desisted from his vain attempt to win the fair royal widow.

The youngest brother of the Princess, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, had remained in melancholy solitude at Carisbrook Castle, after the untimely death of his beloved sister Elizabeth, with no other attendants than his faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel, and that wholly unnecessary functionary, a barber. Cromwell, on the 17th of February, procured a vote from the Parliament, “that Henry Stuart,

* Clarendon's ‘State Papers,’ vol. iii. p. 51. Paris, this 2nd of March, 1652.

the son of the late King, should be sent out of the realm, for lessening the charges for his keeping by the Commonwealth." In the end of that month he was accordingly shipped for Dunkirk. He was conveyed thence to Brussels, where the Princess of Orange, his sister, sent her coach to meet him, and "after many grandeurs and civilities" shown him, he was conveyed to Breda, to the great joy of the royal family, who had feared his life would not be safe in the unscrupulous hands of the murderers of his royal father, and had not scrupled to predict that he would quickly follow his sister, the Princess Elizabeth.*

The Princess of Orange passionately desired to keep him with her at the Hague. But the Queen, his mother, was so impatient to see her long absent boy, that he was conducted into France soon after his arrival by the Lords Langdale and Inchiquin. The delight of the Queen and his sister Henrietta, at the sight of the Prince was unspeakable, for they regarded him as one just raised from the dead.

Meantime the young royal widow and her little boy, the orphan Prince of Orange, were bidden to the grand christening fête of the son of William Frederick, Count of Nassau, and the sister of the late Prince of Orange, Albertine Agnes, to whom they were to be sponsors, with Prince Maurice, the son of the Queen of Bohemia, or, as she styles them, "gossips;" but we will let her tell the events of that evening.

"I was at the supper," records the Queen, in her pleasant letter to Sir Edward Nicholas.† "My niece, the Princess-dowager, the little Prince, and Prince Maurice were gossips. The States-general, I mean their deputies,

* Heath's 'Chronicle.'

† 'Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn,' vol. iv. p. 222.

and the council of state, myself and Louise, were there as guests. After supper was dancing till three o'clock. My little nephew (William, Prince of Orange) was at the supper, and sat very still all the time. Those States that were there were very much taken with him. My dear niece," pursues the queen, "continues her resolution of going hence Thursday next; but I doubt the weather will hinder, for it thaws apace."

Further particulars of the gaieties of the Orange Court are thus related by the Queen of Bohemia to her royal nephew's secretary of state, in her lively letter of the 11th of January, the day after the christening of the son of the Prince of Nassau and the Princess Albertine Agnes of Orange.

"We had a royalty, though not upon Twelfth-night, at Teyling, where my niece was a gipsie, and became her dress extreme well. Mrs. Hyde, a shepherdess; and I assure you was very handsome in it. None but her mistress looked better than she did."* This was the subsequently secretly wedded wife of the young Duke of York.

In a letter to Charles II. his aunt the Queen of Bohemia says of Marie, Princess-royal: "My dear niece recovers her health and good looks extremely by her exercises, she twice dancing with the maskers: it has done her much good. We had it two nights: the first time it was deadly cold, but the last time the weather was a little better. The subject your majesty will see was not extraordinary, but it was very well danced. Our Dutch minister said nothing against it, but a little French preacher, Carré, by his sermon set all the church a laughing." In her next letter she says: "We have now gotten a new divertisement of little plays after supper. It was here the last week, and

* Evelyn, vol. iv. p. 224.

now this week at your sister's. I hope the godly will preach against it also."

In another of her lively letters, the Queen of Bohemia gives her royal nephew further accounts of the gay doings of the resident court of the Hague at Christmas. "Your sister was very well dressed, like an Amazone; the Princess Tarente like a shepherdess; Mademoiselle d'Orange like a nymph. They were all very well dressed. Mrs. Hare was a Switzer's wife. But I wish of all the sights, your majesty had seen Vanderhas: there never was seen the like. He was a gipsie man. Hyde was his wife. He had pantalon close to him, in red and yellow striped, with ruffled sleeves. He looked just like Jack-a-lent. They were twenty-six in all, and danced till 5 A.M."*

A letter of intelligence from the Hague records, May 2nd, 1653, that "the Duke of Gloucester goes this day for France. He made the dowager and his sister seeming friends. The Prince of Orange is made Knight of the Garter." He was then two years and five months old. Garter King at arms received an order from King Charles II. to deliver the order of the Garter to his nephew, the young Prince of Orange, then not three years old. Garter accordingly waited on the Princess-royal, and concerted all the particulars of the ceremony with her, and agreed that the speech at the presentation of the Order should be addressed to her, on account of the infancy of the Prince her son. Her royal highness prepared a rich George, but only a ribbon, in regard that it would be tied more aptly about his highness's leg. Accordingly on Sunday, the 4th of May, 1653, the Queen of Bohemia, the Princess-royal, and many persons of quality, being assembled in her highness's chamber, Garter placed

* Hague, 13th December, 1653, and 27th December, 1653.

the rich George and the ribbon, with his majesty's letter, on a velvet cushion, and entered the room, assisted by Sir Charles Cottrell, Sir Edward Brett, Sir John Sayer, and Sir Robert Stanismere, and made three obeisances; placed the cushion with the decorations on a stool, and made his speech; then kneeling down, he tied the ribbon round the young Prince's leg, and put the George about his neck.*

The affection of the Dutch boys to the orphan son of their late Stadtholder and the Princess-royal, was eagerly manifested every time they caught sight of his little highness and his young widowed mother.

One of Cromwell's spies and secret intelligencers at the Hague, writes, July, 1653: "The young Prince with the Princess-royal, are to return hither this week. Already the boys at the Hague are eagerly carrying Orange placards about, but at the coming of the Prince this will be redoubled. All the people, except in Holland, are for the Princess-royal and her son, and Prince William his deputy."†

A month later one of the secret spies writes: "The young Prince, being sent for, is come to the Hague with his mother, whom to congratulate the young fry were in arms after their fashion, and broke down the windows of those who offered to oppose them. If no agreement is made in England, 'tis thought the States will have the young babe, and make him their general."‡

The little Prince of Orange having made his début at the christening of his infant cousin successfully, his mother ventured to parade his person publicly at the Hague, as he was now grown vigorous, strong, and manageable. He was the darling of several of the States. "Most of the

* Sir Harris Nicolas's 'History of the Order of the Garter.'

† Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. i. p. 237.

‡ Ibid.

commons love Oranges," was the proverbial observation of the lookers on, "but they will not digest in the stomachs of Dort and Amsterdam." "It is feared by some," continues a looker-on, "that though we have made peace with England, we shall fall out among ourselves. The orange peel sticks so in our stomachs."*

The Princess and her boy, received a most hearty welcome from the populace at the Hague, on the 2nd of August, on their return from Breda. The burgomaster of Dort, as soon as their yacht came in sight, came on board and presented them with Rhenish wine. Many boats also brought a goodly company of townsmen to greet them.

When they landed abundance of men, women, and children, stood upon the walls, crying "Vive le prince d'Orange." They were also greeted by two companies of boys of eight, nine, ten, eleven, and twelve years of age, whereof one company rode on sticks, to represent a troop of cavalry. One boy marched before them sounding a trumpet, under which hung the Prince of Orange's colours.

These boys had all of them orange scarfs, with the arms of the Prince of Orange, with feathers of white, blue, and orange colours, all made of paper; and having marched as far as Reswick, they stayed there for the coming of the Prince, who not coming they marched home again. The said boys understanding, afterwards, that my Lord Prince came to town that night late, marched yesterday, about ten o'clock over the *buytenhoff*, with a trumpet sounding, going to salute his highness. When they came to the bridge the Fiscal Bocy, with the officer Geesdorp and his men—the said Fiscal taking their trumpet from them and sending them away, they ran to his house demanding their trumpet, flinging stones at the glass windows; and in the mean time great youths mingling amongst the boys,

* Letter from Peterson, in Holland, 15th July, 1653. In Thurloe.

would soon have pulled down his house about his ears, had not the States of Holland sent immediately their guard to his assistance, who soon dispersing them, withdrew.

The guards were no sooner gone but the boys got together again, and fell most vehemently on the Fiscal's house, but a troop of horse coming towards them struck some terror into them, and they left off flinging stones. Night approaching, they perceived they could not effect anything there, since all the passages were guarded, but they all came about nine of the clock at night, in most violent manner to the house of the Pensionary De Witt, crying, "Where is that rogue, that Prince betrayer?" beating out all his glass windows, till there was not one whole one left; and if there had not come on the sudden some horse and foot, they had levelled his house. From thence the boys and rabble went to the lodgings of the lords of Amsterdam, and broke all their windows, till they were frightened away by the soldiers. From thence they came to the houses of the two burgo-masters, the officer and the scout, and broke all their windows; but being always pursued by the soldiers, they gave over breaking windows. Since that time the townsmen have been constantly in arms.*

The Princess of Orange held Lady Balcarras in such high esteem for her many virtues, that she was desirous of constituting her governess to her son, the little Prince of Orange; but Charles II. prevented the appointment from being made, for what reason is not known.

Lady Balcarras being in great distress, applied to her friend the Princess for aid, who was most desirous of assisting her, but being at that time, wholly destitute of the means, wrote this kind and considerate letter to her.†

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. i. p. 191.

† Lord Lindsay's 'Lives of the Lindsays.'

“MY LADY BALCARRES,

“You may be confident that if it had layne in my power, as much as in my desires, to assist your lord and you, you had not been in that ill condition you are in; for truly the only cause why I have not sent you what I intended, has been caused by the want of ready mony. Therefore the proposition you make to me is so good, that if you will find out any person that will advance you the mony, I will give an assurance, under my own hand, to see it payed in the space of two months; and to that end I shall give Oudart order to draw up a paper, which I will sign and send to you to-morrow night or Monday morning—for on all occasions you shall find me to be,

“My Lady Balcarres,

“Your most affectionate Friend,

[No date.]

“MARIE.”

The Princess being prevented from appointing Lady Balcarras governess to her son, the little Prince of Orange, placed him under the care of Mrs. Howard, the daughter of Lady Stanhope and the Lord of Heenvliet, and had much satisfaction in her choice of his preceptress.

Understanding that her brother, Charles II., meditated a visit to the Hague this summer, the idea was peculiarly inconvenient to her, because of the negotiations of the States with Cromwell for a peace with them. She wrote in the following frank style to his minister, Sir Edward Nicholas, from Breda, hoping he would dissuade his master from taking the step she apprehended.

“I am very uncertain,” she says, “of my stay here, because it depends on his majesty’s return, who I wish with all my heart would not come into these parts till he sees what becomes of the treaty; for I do much apprehend

at last they (Cromwell and the Dutch) will agree, the Hollanders desiring nothing more. By this imagine how ill his majesty's reception will be. Pray let me know your opinion of this, and whether you believe there will be a peace, which in doing you will much oblige

“Your affectionate Friend,

“MARIE.”*

The unwelcome visit of her brother Charles was averted, but the peace with the Commonwealth of Great Britain took place, as the Princess-royal had foreseen, and Cromwell's spy reported in his letter of intelligence, that she wept three hours when she heard the news.

It was on the whole very unpopular at Guelderland and at Leyden, where they refused to burn pitch-barrels, or to display the usual signs of public rejoicing. At Enchtruisen the minister omitting to pray for the young Prince of Orange, the sailors told him that “the next time he omitted praying for the Prince, they would throw him into the sea; so the next time he prayed for him more than half an hour.”

At Dort the young men set up the colours of the little Prince on the steeple, and De Witt durst not attempt to take them down.

In fact, a reported secret article for the exclusion of the young, Prince was highly resented; his mother had acted wisely, and his grandmother had much reason to repent her premature fraternization with De Witt. She fell sick from vexation, and in July a letter of intelligence† states “that the Princess-dowager hath had for some days since a tertian ague, violent enough. Men do believe that it doth chiefly proceed from melancholy and heartbreaking, in seeing herself frustrated in her expectation of getting

* ‘Diary and Correspondence,’ Evelyn, vol. iv.

† Thurloe's ‘State Papers.’

the young Prince suddenly restored. Her ague held her a long time. However, she did not forget to make application to the States-general for the settlement of her dower. They had offered to settle twenty thousand guilders a year upon her at the death of the Prince her husband, but she had refused to accept less than forty thousand per annum then. Now she humbly sued for the twenty thousand she had haughtily rejected when offered.* They took time to consider her petition.

The Lord of Ghent, presiding in the assembly of the States, did declare to their lordships, "that her highness the Princess-dowager of Orange, being ill disposed and keeping her chamber, had desired him last night to take the pains to come to her; and that on his coming, her highness did desire him that he would be pleased to congratulate their high mightinesses on her behalf, on the peace made with the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and that her highness did heartily wish the same to continue to all eternity." Whereupon he was requested by their lordships, to return their thanks to her highness for her congratulation and good affection, adding such compliments as were requisite. The Princess-dowager was not aware of the secret article of the treaty, insisted upon by Cromwell, whereby the States had agreed to exclude the infant Prince of Orange and his descendants, from holding the dignity of stadtholder, and the post of admiral of the States; and that Cromwell had used very harsh expressions against the harmless infant, as being related to the House of Stuart.†

When, however, the article for the exclusion of the Prince of Orange became public, the Dowager Amelia, repented of her rash civility to their high mightinesses and Cromwell, and united with her daughter-in-law in

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. ii. p. 496.

† Ibid.

presenting a remonstrance against that injurious article, setting forth the great services of the Prince's predecessors to the States.

"The Princess-dowager," reports Cromwell's spy, "doth begin to capitulate with those of that land concerning her dowry of twenty thousand guilders per annum, which she formerly scrupled accepting. The Orange party tax and blame her for covetousness, and say she ought to have scorned such small profit, and not to be obliged to those who have excluded her grandchild. They do also repeat her covetousness for having accepted from Spain Louen-bergen, and that only by reason of which she disposed the Prince her husband to favour the peace. She is going to Berlin to attend the confinement of the Electress of Brandenburg, her daughter, which is expected this winter."

Count William of Nassau accompanied the dowager to Berlin.*

The provinces of Guelderland, Zealand, Groningen, and Utrecht, were against the article,† and notwithstanding the precautions and proclamations, there were open manifestations of affection shown for the young Prince on the fair day at the Hague, by the soldiery, with volleys, and shouts for him, and Count William of Nassau, his official representative.‡

The Elector of Brandenburg, guardian of the Prince, presented a most eloquent address to the States against the exclusion of the orphan Prince, exhorting them to nullify any article on which they had agreed to his prejudice.

So serious did affairs now appear, that the principal heads of the exclusionist party, Brederode, Opdam, and De Witt, paid their compliments to both the Princesses, and offered their lame excuses for the attempted exclusion of

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. ii. p. 234.

† Ibid. p. 263.

‡ Letter of Intelligence, May 8th.

the young Prince. But they proceeded to lessen the allowance for his education and maintenance during his minority.

The Princess-royal, with consent of the Dowager Princess and the Elector of Brandenburg, joint guardians, agreed with the States-general for arrangements to be made for the little Prince, till 1657, to be under the care of the daughter of Lady Stanhope, Mrs. Howard, and that her royal highness should resign into his hands, and for his use, two of the four palaces at present occupied by her; she keeping the palaces of Hounslardyck and Breda, of which all repairs and keeping up the gardens should be done at his expense by the council, and any alteration for her own pleasure should be at her own charge.*

The King Charles wrote to his sister, "telling her how he had received her letter, 'and was much afflicted at the conduct of Holland to her son, and advised her to be reconciled to her mother-in-law, for the whole House of Nassau were concerned in the quarrel; but not for her to endeavour to procure her son's election as general by the other provinces, lest she should be considered to oppose a private interest to the public peace with England; but through her moderate and wise proceeding, his position will be sure to be restored by the time he was able to exercise those high offices of State."

Charles expresses a great wish to see her, and tells her if she were not able to meet him at Spa, he would come nearer to her. But the Princess had set her mind on the journey to Spa, and determined to strain every nerve to proceed thither. The maids of honour and gentlemen in her train prepared a drama for her amusement, called "A King and no King." It was very successful.

Notwithstanding the consent of Holland to the secret

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. ii. p. 285.

article of Cromwell's peace, that neither the Prince of Orange, or any descendant of the late King of England, should be admiral of Holland, or have any power over the militia, there was great working among the other States to place his little highness at the head of affairs. The province of Guelderland and four other provinces, chose him to be their general and admiral.

In September, Count William of Nassau went from one good town to another in Holland, feasting the magistrates and people, to gain their affections to the little Prince; also in the Netherlands, Count William of Nassau gained much ground for his infant relative, but it was fruitless.*

The Princess had a white parrot, with a red neck and tail, to which she was much attached, and often gave up hunting parties because it could not accompany her, and whenever she went out she always rushed upstairs on her return to see if her favourite bird were safe. One day, when it was expedient she should go out for the greater part of the day, she left her bird in the care of her maids of honour, ordering them all not to lose sight of her little favourite. On her return she was astonished to see all her damsels fall down at her feet in silence. "Where is my parrot?" cried she. "Alas! madam," they replied, "the cage was opened, and he flew away: all search for him has been fruitless." The Princess, perceiving their great distress, said kindly to them, "You are very foolish, my children, to weep for this bird; beautiful though he was, he was not worthy of the tears of Christians. This is only a small misfortune: comfort yourselves and me, and let it not be mentioned again."†

* Whitelock's 'Memorials.'

† Mrs. Green's 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi. p. 265.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Princess-royal, seeing everything proceeding prosperously for her son, determined now to meet her eldest brother at Spa, and endeavour to recruit her health and spirits.

Charles left Paris in the middle of July, where he had nothing but vexations, being deeply in debt, and living on uncomfortable terms with the Queen his mother, but the thought of meeting his beloved sister cheered him very much.*

The German princes, urged by the Elector of Mentz, had all at this time, except the Emperor, promised to subscribe to assist him to maintain himself and his retinue. Charles received nearly ten thousand pounds—a great comfort to him and his household.

The Princess-royal arrived at Spa about the middle of July. She had great joy at meeting with her brother. It was reported that she was going to marry the new King of Sweden, Charles Gustavus, previously Duke of Deux Ponts,† to whom the eccentric Queen Christina had just resigned her crown. It was also said that Christina had fallen in love with Charles II., and intended to become his wife. These matrimonial reports, being devoid of foundation, soon died away.

* Clarendon.

† Thurloe's 'State Papers.'

The Princess, her exiled brother, and their train spent a very merry month at Spa, till the small-pox broke out amongst her ladies, which induced the royal party to proceed with all haste to Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Princess hired a house for her destitute royal brother King Charles, and his retinue, and kept a table for him. "She is here," reports one of the letters of intelligence, "at a vast charge, no reasonable lodging to be had under half a crown a night. At first coming it would have been a crown."*

The maternal feelings of the widowed Princess-royal, had been agitated by the account of a dangerous accident which had nearly occurred to her fatherless little one, William, Prince of Orange. It is thus related by his great aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, who happened to be an eye-witness of his peril and fortunate escape.

"You will hear, by Mrs. Howard's letter, how great a scrape my little nephew escaped yesterday, upon the bridge at the Princess of Orange's house; but, God be thanked, there was no hurt, only the coach broken. I took him into my coach and brought him home."†

One of the hireling traitors who earned a base living from Cromwell, as a spy on the royal brother and sister, thus narrates his progress: "I am still making my approaches to the work, which I hope to gain within a few days, for I have already access to R. C. (Charles Stuart's Court), and I am confident very shortly to give you some account of his affairs." The greedy villain, however, first insists on an increase of wages. Why, indeed, should he perform his base calling for nought?‡

"Of all the monies you sent me being but twenty

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. ii. p. 586.

† To Sir Edward Nicholas, August 31st. 'Correspondence of John Evelyn,' vol. iv. p. 206.

‡ Thurloe's 'State Papers.'

pounds," continues he, "I disbursed the most part to put myself in equipage to follow R. C. to wherever he goes; and in case he removes, as it is said he shortly will, I shall be straightened in following him; therefore, to accomplish your desires, I pray furnish me with monies necessary for such a work."* After a brief pause he proceeds to communicate the following racy doings at the double court.

"Last week came the landgrave of Van Hussa, from Antwerp, after visiting the Queen of Sweden (Christina), with whom they say he is in great favour. Thursday last he invited R. C. to hunt and hawk with greyhounds and hawks, &c. They went out about seven in the morning, and returned at four in the afternoon. They killed only four partridges and one hare. *That night the landgrave supped with R. C. and his sister, the Princess-royal, at one table, with many others. They were *extream* merry; R. C. drank the Queen of Sweden's health to the landgrave. The health went round with many laughs and ceremonies. The most part of that night spent in mirth, singing, dancing, and drinking. I had the honour at all this to be present. Saturday last the landgrave went away. 'Tis here commonly said the Queen of Sweden is in love with R. C., which I do not believe."†

Our unscrupulous authority, who had been feasting and sharing in all these revels, of which, of course, he gives a very exaggerated account, in order to earn a larger reward from his employer, goes on to describe the quarrelling among the ruined noblemen and gentlemen of Charles's mock court, where, though there was nothing to be got, there were as many jealousies and intrigues as if lucrative offices and sinecures were to be divided. He says:—"Our lords and cavaliers here fall out one with another. The Lord Wilmot and Lord Newburgh, fell out

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. ii. p. 586.

† Ibid.

last day eagerly: they were to fight, but R. C. having notice of it, hindered their duel. The Lord Wentworth and Major Boswell, quarrelled and knocked one another, last night in the next room to R. C.'s bedchamber. The one cannot endure the other; the wine makes them mad. There are such factions among them as if the three kingdoms were all their own, and to be divided by them.

"I hear Culpepper and one other were together by the ears last night also." This was one of Charles's ministers, whom the unusual good cheer had unfitted to pursue the cool diplomatic line of conduct necessary for one in his responsible position.

"It is thought" continues our authority, "that they will not remove from hence till this month be ended, for till then their letters cannot be answered nor their emissaries return; which is well for me," he adroitly adds, "for *if* they go I cannot go with them *till* you furnish me."*

The very first day the Princess and her brother moved to Aix-la-Chapelle, intelligence reached her that her favourite English maid of honour, Mrs. Killigrew, was dead of the small-pox. Whereupon Daniel O'Niel, of the king's bedchamber, advised Hyde to apply to the Princess for that place for his daughter, before news of the vacancy could reach the Queen her mother, who would be sure to make her fill it up with one of her protégées.

Hyde however was too proud to supplicate for his daughter. He thought his services ought to speak for themselves, and said "he could not deprive his wife of her daughter's company, whom he did not wish to live a court life."†

The King asked him "why he forbore to ask him for his recommendation to the Princess?" and told him plainly, "that his sister having seen his daughter several times,

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. ii.

† Clarendon.

liked her so well that she desired to have her about her person, and had spoken to him herself, to move it, so as to prevent displeasure from the Queen; therefore he knew not why Hyde should neglect such an opportunity of providing for his daughter in so honourable a way."

Hyde repeated his excuses, and went to the Princess to thank her for her goodness, telling her, "if it had not been for her bounty in assigning them a house where they might live rent free, they could not have been able to subsist; and confessed it was not in his power to make his daughter such an allowance as would enable her to live in her royal highness's court conformably to the position that was offered to her."*

The Princess would not permit him to enlarge on his difficulties or to dwell on her kindness, but generously told him "she knew well the straightness of his circumstances, and how his fortunes came to be so low; that she had no intention that he should be at the charge to maintain his daughter in her service, but bade him leave that to her, with many expressions of esteem for him, and kindness and grace to his daughter."

He replied "that since her goodness and generosity disposed her to such beneficence, it became his duty and gratitude to prevent her from bringing inconvenience on herself; that he had the misfortune to be more in the Queen, her mother's displeasure, than any gentleman who had had the honour to serve the crown so many years in some trust, and that he could not but know that her royal highness's charity would produce some anger in the Queen her mother."†

The Princess answered with some warmth "that she had always paid that duty to the Queen her mother, which was her due, and would never give her just cause to be offended

* Clarendon.

† Ibid.

with her; but that she was mistress of her own family, and might receive what servants she pleased, and that she should commit a great fault against the Queen, if she should forbear to do a good and just action, to which she was inclined, out of apprehension that her majesty would be offended at it. She knew some ill offices had been done him with her mother, she was sorry to say; but she doubted not her majesty would in due time perceive that she had been misinformed and mistaken, and then she would approve of what her highness should now do. In the mean time she was resolved to take his daughter, and would send for her as soon as she returned to Holland.”*

Sir Edward Hyde’s reluctance was by no means overcome, and he replied that “he left his daughter to be disposed of by her mother, who would, he knew, be very unwilling to part with her.”

“I’ll warrant you,” replied the Princess, “that my lady and I will agree upon the matter.”

Lady Hyde, when the Princess, on her return to Holland, communicated her gracious offer, was of course much charmed, but considered it prudent to take the opinion of the Reverend Dr. Morley, who resided in their family, and he, believing it might be to the young lady’s interest, advised her to accept it.

Cromwell’s spy intelligencer next proceeds to inform his employer “that the magistrates of Aix-la-Chapelle, had been to call on the Princess and her brother, and had sent them a present of wine. Yesterday,” pursues he, “R. C. and his sister, the Princess-royal, with their respective trains, were invited to evensong by the canons of the cathedral church of the blessed Virgin. They went thither at three of the clock in the afternoon, where seats were made for them within the choir, covered with black

* Clarendon.

velvet, on which they both sat, and heard evensong all out, with extraordinary music.

“Two of the canons came to give them thanks, and asked ‘if they would be pleased to see the relics and antiquities within the said church,’ which they accepted, and went with all their train to see them. The Princess kissed the hand and skull of the great Charlemagne, and R. C. drew out Charlemagne’s sword and measured it with his own. I was present at all this,”* adds the unsuspected traitor. It was well he had nothing worse to record of the Princess and her brother. Ten days later he informs his employer, that “yesterday, 17th of September, R. C., with five or six more in his company, walked on foot through the streets from his lodgings to Cæsar’s baths, where the Princess-royal was bathing. He was in black, without a cloak, with his blue riband and garter, and white silk stockings. He and his sister came home together in a coach. In the afternoon they went together with their trains, to visit Count William of Friesland. Two days later, Count William of Friesland and his lady supped here, with R. C. and his sister, who show him great respect, hoping thereby to gain a greater interest in him for his family.”†

The spy finds nothing more to record till the 8th of October, “when,” says he, “R. C., his sister royal, and their trains, bag and baggage, and I, close to them, parted from Aiken (Aix-la-Chapelle), and lodged that night in Julick (Juliers),” described by Clarendon as a little dirty town, unworthy of causing a quarrel between so many of the princes of Europe, and of the fame it got by its famous siege. The Spanish garrison paid the royal travellers the compliment of a salute with their great guns.‡

* Thurloc’s ‘State Papers,’ vol. ii. p. 91.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

The following day being Friday, they arrived at Cologne at five in the evening, and were received with many shots, to indicate respect and joy for their coming, joined with the admiration of the people.

“R. C., the Princess-royal, and many others, lodged in a Protestant widow’s house called Cidalbourg, where the ambassadors of Holland used to lie; a very fair and curious house, full of decent rooms and with pleasant gardens. The senate sent two hundred musketers to give R. C. three volleys of shot at his door after his arrival, and did him much honour. He and his sister, Saturday last, were invited by the Jesuits to their college, where they had a comedy prepared for them and a banquet after; but the royal brother and sister only eat some grapes standing, and drank two glasses of wine. The rest snatched away everything, and I,” continues the spy, “had my share of the spoil as near as I could.”*

The Elector of Cologne, who kept his court at Bonn, paid no attention to the Princess and her brother; but the people of Cologne were so much delighted with their visit, that they invited Charles to take up his abode with them, and offered him all the accommodation their city would afford. Charles thankfully availed himself of their welcome civility, and promised to spend the winter in Cologne.† The kind widow, where he and the Princess had taken up their abode, offered him and his train the accommodation of her house, which he accepted for the coming winter.

Charles scrupled not to send to the German princes, requesting them to pay up the amount of their subscriptions, which they had voluntarily engaged to pay for his support.

* Thurloe’s ‘State Papers.’

† Clarendon’s ‘History of the Rebellion.’

The Duke of Newburgh, whose court was at Dusseldorf, a small day's journey from Cologne (in these days two hours only), now sent his proportion, with many kind expressions of regard and sympathy; intimating also that he would be glad to enjoy the honour of entertaining the King and his sister in his palace, as she returned. However, he forebore to make a solemn invitation, without which they could not make the visit till some important ceremonies were first settled, that nation being more formal and punctual on such matters than any other in Europe.

The gentleman who brought the duke's compliments and congratulation, on the arrival of the Princess-royal and her brother, was instructed privately to ascertain whether the King would at once address the Duke by the title of his highness, and whether the Princess would allow the Duke to salute her, for unless these points were conceded there could be no meeting between the Duke and them; and the King was informed that the Emperor always addressed the Duke as his highness.*

Both the King and his sister were naturally inclined to new sights and festivities, and the King thought it incumbent on him to receive the respect of any of the German princes, and among them there were few of more importance than the Duke of Newburgh, who reckoned himself on the same level as an Elector, and was treated with the like consideration by the Emperor, who always gave him the title of highness. Then his majesty made no scruple of doing the same.

The matter of saluting the Princess was of a new and delicate nature, for her dignity from the time of her arrival in Holland was considered such, that the Prince of Orange, her husband's father, would never pretend to it. Yet that ceremony depending on the customs of countries,

* Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion.'

and the Duke of Newburgh being a sovereign prince inferior to none in Germany, and his ambassador always coming before the Emperor, her royal highness the Princess consented that the Duke should salute her.

This important punctilio being arranged without any noise, the King and his sister proceeded by water to Dusseldorf, where they they arrived between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and found the Duke and his Duchess waiting for them on the water side, where having performed their mutual compliments, civilities, and salutations, the King and the Princess-royal entered with the Duke and Duchess into the Duke's coach, and their followers in the coaches that were provided for them, and proceeded to the castle, which is very near the shore. The King was conducted to his quarters, and the Princess to hers, where they changed their dresses. The Duke and Duchess did the same, and visited not their royal guests till half-an-hour before supper, when Charles and Mary had performed their devotions.

The castle was a very princely house, having been the seat of the Dukes of Cleves, which duchy, together with that of Juliers, having lately fallen to heirs female, whereof the mothers of the Elector of Brandenburg and the Duke of Newburgh, were co-heiresses, Dusseldorf, by agreement, remained to the Duke of Newburgh. His father being of the reformed religion, finding the Prince of Orange and the States too strong for him, for they embraced the party of the Elector of Brandenburg, he became a Roman Catholic, that he might have the powerful support of the King of Spain and the Emperor.

The Duke was a very learned and accomplished gentleman, eloquent and graceful. He had been married to the sister of the King of Poland, who dying, left him

* Clarendon.

with a young daughter, and he remarried with a daughter of the Elector of Hesse Darmstadt, who became a Roman Catholic. She had no great beauty, understood not the French language, nor had sufficient animation to contribute to the entertainment, of which she was rather a spectator than a partaker.

The feast was very splendid, both for the table, at which the Duke and Duchess, with the King and Princess sat, and that prepared for the lords and ladies. The meals, according to the custom of Germany, were very long, with several sorts of music, both of instruments and voices, which if not excellent was new.

There was wine in abundance, but no man pressed to drink if he called not for it, the Duke, himself being an enemy to all excesses. A friendship was here formed between Charles and the Duke, during the two days of their sojourn at Dusseldorf, which always lasted. They parted with mutual expressions of good will.

Presents were given at Dusseldorf by the order of the Princess-royal to the duke's servants, amounting to five hundred and forty-one rix dollars.*

The Princess and her brother, after another day's journey, arrived at Zanten, a handsome town belonging to the Duchy of Cleves, which was assigned to the Elector of Brandenburg. They stayed there one night, and the next morning, after an unwilling farewell, the Princess prosecuted her journey to Holland, and her brother returned to Cologne. The exiled king had not a coach, and positively refused to avail himself of his sister's kind offer to leave him one of hers, contenting himself with using exercise on horseback, and spent his time in studying the French and Italian languages. Indeed, this period appears to have been the most blameless part of his life.

* Clarendon Papers.

The Princess returned in high spirits from her tour, and for many days could talk of nothing but the gratifying attention that had been paid to her and her brother, by the Duke of Newburgh, who had offered Charles the napkin at his lavation, before sitting down to dinner, and could scarcely be prevailed on to omit that ancient service.

The young royal widow had the happiness of embracing her son and her loving aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, who was always eager to welcome her on her return.

She wrote a most affectionate letter to the King her brother, telling him "that she had been to Teylingen to see her son, although the plague was there, and had not yet abated. She assures Charles, "that his sadness at parting, had given her much satisfaction, and hopes that his wish of seeing her again might continue, for she shall not receive any great joy till she has that happiness again."*

Lady Hyde soon came and brought her daughter to present to the Princess, by whom both were very graciously received, and the appointment of Anne Hyde, as maid-of-honour to the Princess was soon made, and she was by the considerate kindness of the Princess enabled to accept it.†

Sir Edward was at that time in the bitterest poverty. He often wrote to his colleague, Sir Edward Nicholas, complaining of the want to which he and his family were reduced, and begging Nicholas to lend him small sums to pay postage for King Charles, which was wholly out of his power to do.‡

Anne Hyde was in the early bloom of her beauty, and became the belle of the Court of the Hague. Her conquest of the Duke of York was kept a profound secret from his royal sister.

The news of Queen Henrietta Maria's unkind treatment of her youngest son, the Duke of Gloucester, to

* Clarendon Papers, Macray.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

compel him to enter the Church of Rome, afflicted the Princess very much, and is thus mentioned by the Queen of Bohemia in her letter to Sir Edward Nicholas:—"I was with my best niece"—she always distinguishes the royal widow of William II. of Orange by this endearing title—"it being her birthday (then twenty-four).^{*} I assure you she is in much trouble for her dear brother, the Duke of Gloucester; all the world would look for no other, as I can witness to you. I am sorry the King has so much cause of grief. I beseech God he may speedily remedy it. I believe my dear nephew has a good resolution, but there is no trusting to one of his age. I confess I did not think the Queen would have proceeded thus."[†]

Sir Edward Hyde wrote to the Princess-royal, on this vexatious business, informing her "that although the Queen Henrietta Maria and Lord Jermyn had both written to the King, neither of them had dropped the slightest hint of the matter. "I have never in my life," continues he, "seen the King, your brother, in so great trouble of mind; and as he hath now written to the Queen, to the Duke of Gloucester, and to others, his full sense of the injury, so he will do whatever he can think of to prevent so insupportable a mischief."

Mary replied at once to express her regret at the injurious course her royal mother had taken. She says:—

"MR. CHANCELLOR,

"I give you as many thanks for your letter, as I wish myself ways to hinder this misfortune that is likely to fall upon our family, by my brother Henry being made a papist. I received a letter from my brother this last week. All the counsel I was able to give him was to obey

^{*} Evelyn's 'Correspondence,' vol. iv.

[†] Ibid.

his majesty's orders, and not to let his tutor go from him without his majesty's leave. This last I fear he has not been able to perform. I pray he may the first, for certainly there could not have been a more fatal thing for his majesty, at this time ; but I hope God will give us the means of preventing it. If there is a likelihood of any, I intreat you to let me know it, for it would be a very great satisfaction to,

“ Mr. Chancellor,

“ Your affectionate Friend,

“ MARIE.*

“ Teyling, this 16th of November, 1654.”

This beloved object of their general interest had been conveyed by the Marquis of Ormonde to Brussels, where his fond sister, the Princess-royal, had sent Nicholas Aikman, one of the exiled Cavaliers in her household, with one of her coaches, to meet and conduct him to Teylingen. “ I am sure,” writes the Queen of Bohemia, “ our Hoghen Moghens will take no notice of it if they be not asked the question, as they were for the king's coming to Breda.”

Charles, to the great joy of his royal sister and aunt, permitted his young brother to pursue the route desired, and to remain with the Princess-royal some little time, before he summoned him to his mock court at Cologne. The penniless king could not resist the pleasure of making a visit to his sister at Teylingen, on which the Hoghen Moghens favoured her with this epistle :—

“ MOST EXCELLENT PRINCESS,

“ We were informed by some that the Lord King Charles, your royal highness's brother, should have betaken himself within the limits of this State, and particularly that he should at present shelter himself in the house at

* Clarendon Papers, vol. iii.

Teyling; and although we cannot by any means believe or expect, from the wisdom and reason of the said mighty lord, the King, that he would or durst, undertake, contrary to the Treaty of Peace made the last year with the Commonwealth of England, to come within the limits of this State, and directly against our particular orders, comprehended in our resolutions of the 30th of July, 2nd and 3rd of August, all in the year of 1653, and the writing made by virtue thereof, to be given to your royal highness, within the province of Holland and West Friesland. So have we, after good reasons and for settling ourselves in entire rest, found meet with these to set before the eyes of your royal highness, what is said before, with a desire and demand that you will speedily declare and assure us of the truth hereof, nothing doubting, but desiring and requiring your royal highness, as much as in her (*you*) lies, by all good offices and duties, to be willingly helpful to take heed and effect, that the said mighty lord, the King, do not cast himself within the limits of their high mightinesses; and referring ourselves thereto.

“Most excellent Princess, we commit your royal highness to God’s protection.

“Written in the Hague the 8th of March, 1655,

“Your royal highness’s good friends,

“The States of Holland and West Friesland.”*

The Princess was compelled to request her brother to leave the States, as it was out of her power to show the hospitality, she desired, to him in the present aspect of affairs. Soon after he wrote to ask her to send some Italian books, to which she replies:—

“I have received your note of what Italian books you would have, and hope to get them sent to you by the

* Superscribed to Her Royal Highness the Lady Princess-dowager of Orange. ‘Correspondence of John Evelyn,’ vol. iv. p. 227.

chancellor, though it will not be so easy for me to do so now, because Oudart (her treasurer) is not in town." She goes on to speak of some lady, whom she playfully calls his wife.* This was most probably one of the princesses of the house of Orange, sister of her late consort, to whom Charles was long engaged, and only prevented from marrying by the worldly policy of the Princess-dowager, her mother, who considered his fortunes desperate, and compelled her daughter to break off her engagement with him; but it might have been long secretly kept on through the friendly aid of his sister, who, in another letter, says, about a month later, "Your wife desires me to present her humble duty to you, which is all she can say. I tell her it is because she thinks of another husband, and does not follow your example of being as constant a wife as you are a husband. It is a frailty they say is common to the sex, therefore you will pardon her, I hope."

* The idea started by Mrs. Everett Green in her 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi. p. 229, that the lady here spoken of by the Princess-royal to Charles II. as his wife, was Lucy Waters, mistress to that prince, is quite at variance with the characteristic pride and habitual propriety of the Princess, who surely would not have alluded to this woman, whose shameless conduct at the Hague, Daniel O'Niel, the faithful minister of Charles, tells his royal master caused him at this anxious period the most serious uneasiness, "she having attempted to murder her maid, by thrusting a bodkin into her ear when asleep." O'Niel had bribed the maid from accusing her, by giving her a hundred guilders, as he tells Charles; adding, "though I have saved her for this time, it is not likely she'll escape when I am gone, for only the consideration of your majesty has induced Monsieur Heenvliet and Monsieur Nestwick, not to have her banished from this town and country, by sound of drum for an infamous woman."

Is it therefore probable the Princess-royal would have spoken of such a person with undue familiarity to her brother?

It would be well for all admirers of Lucy Waters, Monmouth's mother, to refer to honest Daniel O'Niel's letter to Charles II. in Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. i. p. 684, for particulars of this bad woman, too infamous to be recorded here.

Previously to this playful allusion, the Princess speaks of the journey she was thinking of undertaking to Cologne, and her apprehensions of its being interrupted by the States sending out troops against the King of Sweden, but hopes she shall not be denied a convoy; "for," continues she, "there is nothing I am so impatient for, as the happiness of seeing you." The summer wore away, and the Princess went to Cologne incognita, and lodged with her brother in the house of his kind widow hostess. King Charles writes to their aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, a merry off-hand sketch of their plans.*

"My sister and I go on Sunday, in the afternoon, towards Frankfort, and as much incognita as your majesty went to Antwerp, for it is so great a secret, that not above half the town of Cologne know of it; but we do intend to forswear ourselves till we be here again. I hope we shall be furnished with some good stories before the end of our voyage, which your majesty shall not fail to have an account of."

During the visit of the Princess-royal to the King her brother, at Cologne, she was much pleased with the faithful and judicious conduct of the controller of his household, Stephen Fox, who had been attached to his unpaid service, ever since his escape from the battle of Worcester and safe arrival on the continent. She considered his management so thrifty, and at the same time so courteous and obliging, that she showed him particular marks of her esteem, and at parting presented him with a diamond ring of some value, from her finger. She told her brother at the same time that Stephen Fox would be the most acceptable person he could send to her on any urgent occasion.†

* In the Archives of Charles Cottrell Dormer, Esq., of Rousham, Oxfordshire.

† Collins's 'Peerage,' vol. vi. p. 1623.

Charles was so well aware of Stephen's prudence, fidelity, and zeal for his service, that he sent him, subsequently, on many secret messages, both to the Princess-royal and to many persons of great importance in Holland and England, also, from whom he procured large sums of money, for his necessitous sovereign.*

The Prince-elector, while the Princess-royal was with her brother Charles at Frankfort, expressed a great desire to visit them, and invited them to Heidelberg; but they, having had reason to consider that he had previously slighted them, declined either to receive his visit or to accept his invitation. He, therefore, endeavoured to meet them, on their usual promenade, or as they came from the comedy, which they frequented every day; but they carefully avoided him; and when he was placed so that he could see them, and made sure of being able to speak, as soon as the play should be over, they prevented him, by taking coach so precipitately, that he could neither speak, nor overtake them. The next day he sent for their agent, to whom he made a complaint of their studied avoidance, sent his kind greetings to them, and said he would remain in Frankfort, next day, to receive any commands with which they might be pleased to honour him; but though he stayed all the morning, they took not the slightest notice of his desire of friendly intercourse. They had evidently not forgotten his conduct to their royal father, by paying base court to the parliament, seven years before.

On their return from Frankfort, the royal brother and sister passing down the Maine and Rhine, through the Elector of Mentz's country, accepted hospitable entertainment from that prelate, without hesitation; but from the Elector-palatine they would accept nothing, save some

* Collins's 'Peerage,' vol. vi. p. 1623.

flagons of wine, which were presented to them, as they passed down the Rhine, by Bacharach and Caup, where they were saluted by the cannon, from the Palatine's castles on the Rhine.

They visited Christina, Queen of Sweden, whom they encountered on their journey. She appeared much taken with King Charles, and afterwards said "that if she had had another crown to dispose of, she would have given it to the poor good king of England."

The Princess-royal, promised herself the pleasure of visiting the widowed Queen, her mother, on her return from Frankfort fair, but her brother earnestly dissuaded her from putting her wish into execution. He desired to send the Duke of Ormonde on an embassy to Spain, and the Princess, his sister, had promised to furnish the funds necessary for the expedition. This she would have been unable to do, if she had undertaken the journey to France, on which her heart was set.

She was attended on her journey back to the Hague, by her brother's faithful minister, Daniel O'Niel, to whom she had promised to consign the cash she had engaged to furnish for Ormonde.*

* Clarendon. Carte's 'Life of the Duke of Ormonde.'

CHAPTER V.

THE widowed Princess of Orange, lived most economically herself, and aided to support her impoverished brothers, their destitute followers, and several of the divines of the Church of England, who had sought refuge in her court.

She would have settled very closely at the Hague, amidst all the unquiet factions stirred up by rival parties in that court; but her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, in consequence of a conversation with the Queen-regent of France, intimating, that the young King of France was inclined to marry her, wrote to press her to come over to Paris, but omitted to mention the fact, that Louis XIV. was passionately attached to Mademoiselle Mancini, the beautiful niece of Cardinal Mazarin, the prime minister of France; and that it was in consequence of this ill-assorted love affair, that the Queen, his mother, desired to see him transfer his affections to his royal cousin, Mary of England, who would doubtless have made a desirable Queen for France, although much older than Louis. The worst of the business was, the Princess gave such extensive orders for dress and equipage, to appear suitably at the gay court of France, that she much out-ran her ability of payment.

Before the end of November, she received so angry a

letter from her brother Charles, on the subject of her intended visit to the court of France, not only remonstrating with her, but absolutely forbidding her to go, that she wrote to him on the subject, temperately but mildly, explaining her wish to pay her duty to her mother. She says :—*

“Before I write to satisfy you with my going into France, give me leave to tell you, that not without trouble, I must complain of your usage of me, in this particular, which I had no reason to expect from so good a brother ; for I do not find, by your letters, that since I came from Cullen (Cologne) you have had any new occasion to think my going to see the Queen prejudicial to your affair with the Spaniards. Therefore if you had been pleased to have used me with that freedom which I always desired, and you often promised me, and had spoken to me of this, when I had the happiness to be with you, I should have made as little question to have satisfied you then, as now. I beseech you, first to consider how reasonable a thing all the world must think it, in me, to desire to see the Queen, my mother, who I have not seen since I was a child ; and next, you know that there has been ill offices done me to her majesty, which I hope by my going quite to remove, so as to put it out of malicious people’s power to make me, again, so unhappy. Besides all this, her majesty has written to me two letters, which I have received since I came hither, kindly pressing my coming before the spring, because the peace is concluded. She says, she does not know how long she shall stay at Paris, and, truly, if I should deny her majesty, it would be very barbarous in me. But I beseech you to believe that my going shall be done with all the circumspection imaginable ; though I must confess, I do not see how it can prejudice your business with Spain. I shall acquaint the Spanish ambassa-

* Lambeth MSS.

dors with it, and the reasons why I go, for assure yourself that there is nothing I would not do, to show you the true zeal I have for your service. . . .

“All I have now to do at the Hague,” she says, “is to settle my son’s domestic affairs, which I hope very suddenly (quickly) to do; and then I must think of my journey to France, which, when you have a little more considered, I hope you will find the sooner I go the better it will be. If it had not been to satisfy you, in this particular I should hardly have written now, for indeed I am not at all well, and fear to grow worse.”*

There was, however, the strongest opposition to her journey, not only from her brother, but from her own faithful friends, Heenvliet and his wife, Lady Stanhope, who did all they could to dissuade the Princess from leaving the Hague—but in vain.

The following letter, from Daniel O’Niel to Charles, displays her strong determination to please herself in the matter. O’Niel says:—“I believe your majesty will not be a little troubled to find her royal highness so passionate for her journey into France, at a time when it will be for your majesty’s advantage to have no commerce with that country. All Monsieur Heenvliet does say is suspected, as if it came from the chancellor, whose reasons, she believes, are too much biassed, and are rather to hinder her meeting with the Queen, than for any real advantage it can bring your majesty. The opposition Monsieur Heenvliet gives, begets many favourers of the voyage. Sir Alexander Hume promotes it, very much, partly in contradiction to Monsieur Heenvliet, and partly to satisfy the ambition of his wife (Lady Hume), who hopes to find that in France she has missed at Cologne, by being made of the privy-chamber to the Queen. Mr. Howard finds the same

* Lambeth MSS.

satisfaction in opposing Monsieur Heenvliet, and withal of pleasing her highness, which he has not done a long time.

“All people, that are at a distance with her highness’ reason for this journey, and do imagine there is some other mystery in it than barely seeing the Queen; else that she would not, in the height of winter, not being at all well, make so long a journey, leaving her own and her son’s business at sixes and sevens, at a time, when the Princess-dowager and Count William, have joined Holland to the other provinces, to serve their turn. All this is fully represented to her, but cannot in the least alter her, not to put her journey off until February, if the want of money did not hinder her. I find she is the more positive in the doing of this and some other things, that Monsieur Heenvliet dissuades her from, to undeceive the world in the opinion they have that he and his wife (Lady Stanhope) govern her service. I doubt she listens too much to those who are desirous that he should be out of her service. A design if your majesty will not prevent, that will soon turn more to her highness’s prejudice than his.

“It is thought here, that nothing your majesty can say can persuade her stay; but if you write affectionately to my Lord Jermyn, to get the Queen to put the journey off till April, that by that time there will be other reasons in all likelihood, to lay it by for this year. Your majesty may give him for one good reason for the delay, that the town of Amsterdam doth intend in March, to invite her highness and the little Prince thither; and that if she should be absent, the Princess-dowager will be invited to go along with the Prince, whom if once she gets possession of, she will never quit, having now got more interest in Holland than the Princess-royal has.”*

Nothing surely could be more rational than the advice

* Thurloe’s ‘State Papers,’ vol. i. p. 681.

of O'Niel and his reasons for giving it, but strange to say, it was wholly unavailing. From his next letter to his master, it appears the Princess was immovably bent on pursuing her design.

"In my last," observes O'Niel, "I have writ to your majesty, what all here thought of her absence at Cologne, and what ruin they think this journey to France will draw after it. I do not find it lessens anything of her passion for it: the more she is dissuaded the more violent she is, which made me persuade Monsieur Heenvliet, not to oppose her any more, lest it should increase her indisposition, but to take care there should be no money for the journey; by which I hope, with what your majesty can persuade the Queen to do, she shall be brought to reason. The doctor has written, by this post, earnestly to her to go, and insists it is for her health to make such a journey in January. By this post she has sent a list of near seventy persons to the Queen, that she intends shall be of her train, I believe not above half will be lodged in the Palais Royal."*

Poor O'Neil, at the same time he was exerting all his powers of reason and persuasion, to induce the Princess-royal to give up the unseasonable journey to Paris, on which she had set her mind, was troubled by his royal master's command for him to procure a suit of rich sables and a muff, for the purchase of which there were no funds. Liveries for ten persons were also ordered with like recklessness by the penniless monarch.

"I should most willingly have obeyed your majesty's commands," writes O'Neil, "if I had money or credit for to do it, but I have none of my own, nor do I see till February that there is any for your majesty."†

* Hague, December 3rd, 1655.

† Ibid, December 14th. Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. i. p. 655.

O'Niel had, also, been sorely embarrassed by the arrival of a pack of English hounds, which the thoughtless Charles had ordered; and being unable to pay for their passage, ordered them to be sent back, no easy matter to be accomplished, without paying. Lord Newburgh, Lady Stanhope's brother-in-law, wrote in desperation to the Princess-royal, asking her to take these unwelcome arrivals. But her royal highness being herself without money, and in no very good humour with her brother, angrily replied, "I will neither have the dogs, pay their passage, nor be at any expense concerning them."

"They have already cost your majesty much money," observes O'Niel, "and will cost you little less to return them, than to keep them at Cologne for twelve months: your majesty had better send for them. If you do not make use of them in Flanders, you cannot make a fairer present to the archduke, for I never saw a finer pack." To complete all his troubles, Mrs. Barlow, *alias* Lucy Waters, the mother of Monmouth, had been a fearful annoyance to Daniel O'Niel, at this anxious time, by her shameless conduct at the Hague.

The Princess writes to Charles from the Hague, 16th of September, a frank excuse for a short letter, for she was going to the Queen of Bohemia's after supper, to assist in the little plays there; which, she says, "is no ill diversion," and concludes with assuring him "they never fail to drink his health."

In her next letter from the Hague, 27th of December, "She is troubled at not hearing from Charles,—tells him she has had another letter from the Queen, her mother, commanding her to make all the haste she can to commence her journey to Paris. And she has seen the Spanish ambassador, and satisfied him that her journey is not on political motives. She begs Charles to spare

Dr. Fraser to accompany her, as she continues ill, and a winter journey may disorder her, she fears.”*

Meantime Charles, tired of maintaining a resolute opposition to his sister’s determination of visiting Paris, wrote an affectionate letter to her, consenting to her pleasing herself, but never informed his anxious minister, O’Niel, of what he had done, being well pleased that the Princess was restored to good humour. She writes to him all sunshine.

“Hague, 3rd January.

“The kindness of your letter,” commences she, “will make me undertake my journey with much more cheerfulness than I should have done without it; for, believe me, I have no greater comfort in the world than yourself, which makes me still hope it will be in nobody’s power to alter your affection to me. I have told my Lady Stanhope, what you commanded me, but I find Monsieur Heenvliet is so desirous to have her stay, to come after with him, that I cannot deny him, though it is very inconvenient to me. I shall willingly have my Lady Balcarres’ company with me into France, which, if she yet intends, I shall think she must make haste, for I intend to go from hence the 13th of this month. I give you many thanks, for giving the doctor leave to go with me, which I ask you many pardons for omitting to write, last post. I had been part of the day speaking with Prince William, about my son’s business. He and I do not comprehend one way, but yet before I go I hope we may be all agreed. . . .”*

King Charles’s sudden alteration about the Princess’s journey to Paris, is gravely commented upon by O’Niel, who says, in a letter to Charles on the subject, “I beseech your majesty, when you change your opinion in those

* Lambeth MSS.

things in which you command your servants that are at a distance from you, that you will please to have them made acquainted with it, lest they run into the same inconvenience as Monsieur Heenvliet and his wife, did the day before your letter to her highness came; for they insisted much on the disappointment it would bring to your present hopes."

In consequence, the Princess came to high words with these old and faithful friends, which O'Niel feared would end in their leaving her, for she was in a very irritable frame of mind; but it softened down, and ended in her giving permission for Heenvliet to have his wife, Lady Stanhope, remain with him, he being in ill-health, and that their daughter, Mrs. Howard, lately appointed governess to the young Prince, should go to Paris with her royal highness, instead of Lady Stanhope, who was really too ill to undertake the long dismal journey in the depth of winter, he says, but if her husband went, she would, under any circumstances, go with him to take care of him. He had promised to stay and watch over the Princess's interests and those of her son, at the next meeting of the States.

"This agreement," continues O'Niel, "has put her into a better humour than she has been in since her return from Cologne. The last post brought her a letter from the Queen, and another from Lord Jermyn to Monsieur Heenvliet, both hastening her journey, and little answering your majesty's expectation. The Queen says, 'she doubts the Duke of York will not be permitted to stay her coming, and that if an English ambassador came she must leave Paris too. Therefore she urges the Princess to make haste.*'"

When the Princess-royal left the Hague, in the middle of January, the faithful Heenvliet would not permit her to

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. i. p. 683.

go alone. He accompanied her to Antwerp, where they rested, and then proceeded to Brussels, where he gave orders for the prosecution of her journey, before his return to the Hague. He writes from Antwerp to his friend Monsieur Stuart: "The Princess-royal hath but one gentleman in her suite, therefore, tell my daughter Catherine, that her highness doth desire she will meet her at Paris, with as much speed as may be, for if she be not at Paris till the beginning of February, she will not see anything, for all the masques and balls will be finished before the end of this month."*

The solitary gentleman, by whom the Princess was attended on her wintry journey, was Sir Harry de Vic; but she had plenty of ladies-in-waiting. The weather favoured her in this journey, which in that cold country and inclement season of the year, required almost an amazonian spirit to encounter all its hardships and difficulties; but though always delicate, and not at all well when she started, she got well through. She stopped at Vilvorde, on January 23rd, from whence she wrote to her brother Charles.

"Vilvorde, 23rd January, 1656.

"When I went from the Hague† there were so many persons that came every hour to take their leave of me, that I hope will excuse me for not having then performed this, to give you an account how that the Prince William, and I are all agreed, so that I left the Hague, without any apprehension, that in my absence I shall receive any prejudice, as some time before was apprehended. The particulars Monsieur Heenvliet shall give you an account of, when he returns to the Hague, for it would be too long to write it now. All I will now trouble you with will be to

* Thurloe's 'State Papers.'

† Lambeth MSS.

tell you, that to-morrow I go from hence to Nôtre Dame de Hall, and so forward. I was forced to stay here all this day, because of discharging my goods out of the Brabant waggons, into the vouliers that are to go with me to Paris, which gave me this opportunity to write to you, and give you this small account of my journey, which, thank God! has been very happy by reason of the weather, which I could not have wished better. I take Sir Harry de Vic with me as far as Cambray, for I think he will be very necessary to me so far on my journey to Perrone. I hope to meet my brother there, for he writ me word I should.”*

This letter, more fortunate than many of hers, reached her royal brother, but several of those intended for Charles, fell either into the hands of Cromwell or De Witt, both of whom kept spies round the Princess-royal, by whom all her sayings and doings, were diligently reported, and her letters constantly intercepted. It is remarkable, under these circumstances, that nothing evil was reported of her. The equerry of her brother, the Duke of York, young Harry Jermyn, nephew of the confidential servant of the Queen her mother, to whom she, on account of his uncle's influence with the Queen, found it necessary to be civil, was, in consequence, reported by these inimical spies, as a lover, and, indeed, a secret candidate for her hand; a report that was strengthened by the angry correspondence, which subsequently, took place between her brother Charles and her, on the subject of this really unfounded rumour; but we are anticipating the malicious gossip of evil tongues.†

The Princess wrote to her friend Heenvliet, on her journey towards Paris, and tells him “she has had fair weather

* Lambeth MSS.

† Letters of the family of King Charles I., Bodleian Library, Oxford.

and great ease in passing over. The river at Gorcum was not so troublesome, as she had been told, at the Hague, it would be, though it was full of great pieces of ice." She says "she has received verses from the gentlemen who went as far with her as Maestricht, and hopes to thank them in verse."

In the mean time Paris was full of expectation of her arrival. "We are all very busy preparing for the reception of the Princess-royal," writes Lord Jermyn, to her brother, the titular King Charles II. "She will be very kindly and handsomely received. She will be here on Thursday. The Duke of York is with her, this night, at Peronne. There is great preparation and disposition to pay her all the honours, that she has cause to expect on her arrival, and to divert her during her stay. The King and Queen (mother) will go to meet her a league or two out of Paris, and there will be no lack of good company. The great balls and the mask, are reserved for her, and much of the good company of the place are resolved to pay her all sorts of respects and civilities."*

The King and his mother, the Queen-regent, with the King's younger brother, the Duke of Anjou, and Queen Henrietta Maria, went as far as St. Denis, to meet the royal traveller, who was accompanied by her brother the Duke of York. They conducted her to Paris and inducted her into the Palais Royal, which was appointed for her residence during her stay in Paris. She received the same night, the ceremonial compliments of the Count d'Estrades from Cardinal Mazarin.†

One of Cromwell's spies, in his letter of intelligence to the English government, makes this sarcastic comment

* Letters of the family of King Charles I., Bodleian Library, Oxford.

† Letter of intelligence to Cromwell. Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. iv. p. 492.

on her arrival and the motives of her journey. "The Princess of Orange is come to Paris to see her mother. What should occasion her coming in so unseasonable weather at this time of the year, I know not, unless it be in the hope the French king will fall in love with her."*

But as Louis's cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who expressed the same suspicion, observes, "The times were not auspicious for such affairs."† The day of her eldest daughter's arrival was, at all events, a bright and happy one for her careworn mother, Henrietta Maria, who communicates the pleasing intelligence in the following brief, but lively notice of the occurrence, to her son Charles, with whom she had been on very distant terms.

"February 4th.

"I leave to better pens than mine to give you the description of the arrival of your sister, the Princess-royal. She has been received right royally. She pleases both high and low. She has been to-day so overwhelmed with visits that I am half dead with fatigue, which will serve me for excuse that I can tell you no more than that I am,

"Sir, my Son,

"Your very affectionate Mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

Her letter was sent to her son, who was then at Cologne, accompanied by one from her *factotum*, Lord Jermyn, on the same event; but he does not enter into any of the particulars of the reception of the Princess-royal in Paris, only observing "that it has been so universally civil, meaning honourable, in all respects and from all

* Letter of intelligence to Cromwell. Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. iv. p. 492.

† 'Mémoires de Montpensier.'

persons, that without flattery it was impossible for it to be better."

"On Sunday," pursues he, "she is to be at Monsieur's ball, where there will be the first assembly this Court can form, and we discern already that she will hold her place very well."

He goes on to declare that the cardinal has treated her with great attention, and displays an inclination of entering into the interests of her son, which possibly might be of important advantage to him.

The royal widow of Orange thus suddenly involved in an intoxicating whirl of pleasure and flattery, saw nothing of its unreality, but gave herself up to its giddy influence, and was, for a season, intensely happy amidst the gay scenes of the gayest court in Europe. Yet the discrowned Queen, her mother, could have told her of the pinching cold and hunger, to which she and the little Princess Henrietta had been exposed, during the civil wars of the Fronde, when her last loaf had been eaten and the last faggot burned.

We are indebted to the lively pen of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the eldest daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orleans, uncle to the King of France, and of course of the widowed Princess of Orange, for the following particulars of her introduction to the latter, whom, in compliance with her aunt Queen Henrietta's request, she had invited to her palace at Chilly. "Queen Henrietta showed me her daughter, the Princess-royal, with the words, 'I present to you a person who has a great wish to see you.' Mary then embraced me with great affection, for one who I had never met before. The Princess Henrietta of England was also with her, and her brother James, Duke of York. There were in the carriage, besides her children, the Queen's first lady, and the first lady of the Princess of

Orange. The Court of the Queen-mother of England was always well attended. I was in a place the best in the world to receive such company, for Chilly is a very beautiful, large, and magnificent house. I led the Queen, my aunt, and her daughters, through the great hall, the antechamber, and the cabinet to the gallery, the whole suitably furnished and decorated. The Queen of England seated herself on a sofa, and her circle was larger than it had ever been: all the princesses and duchesses in Paris were there. She dined in the room below, and it may be supposed that I regaled her and her family sumptuously. Those only dined with her, who came with her in her coach, excepting Madame de Bethune and Madame de Thianges.

“When she returned upstairs from dinner, the large circle, of which I spake, surrounded her. Then the Princess-royal, Mary of Orange, talked to me without ceasing, saying ‘how desirous she had been to see me, and how sorry she should have been to have left France without having accomplished the desire, for the King her brother, Charles II., had talked of me with so much affection, that she had loved me before she saw me.’

“I asked her,” pursues La Grande Mademoiselle,* “how she liked the Court of France?”

“The Princess of Orange replied, ‘She was indeed well-pleased with it—the more so because she had a great aversion to that of Holland; and that as soon as her brother Charles was settled in any place, she should go and live with him.’

“‘I have not heard my daughter of Orange,’ said the Queen, ‘converse so much since she has been in France. You seem to possess great influence over her, and if you were ever much together, she would be entirely guided

* ‘Mémoires de Montpensier,’ vol. ii.

'by you.'” This, we may interpolate, might have been a small bit of diplomacy, bespeaking the favour of her niece, in case the young King of France should raise Mary, her eldest daughter, to the throne of France.

The costume of the young widow of Orange, was singular, and not likely to make a favourable impression upon the French ladies, who then, as now, and every other era, were critical and arbitrary, regarding taste in dress. Very quiet, and truly Dutch, was the costume the rigour of sumptuary law in Holland, imposed on the widow of their late Stadtholder.

“Do you observe,” said the widow-Queen of England to her niece Montpensier, “that my daughter is not only dressed in black, but wears a *pommete* (a black ball of wood or metal), because she is a widow, and has never seen you before,” Certes, her first visit ought to be in strict etiquette.”

“I replied,” continued Mademoiselle Montpensier, “that I was at a loss to see any necessity of her being ceremonious with me.”

“The Princess of Orange,” she adds, “wore the most beautiful diamond earrings I ever beheld; very fine pearls, clasps, and large diamond bracelets, with splendid rings of the same.”

“My daughter of Orange,” said Queen Henrietta, “is not like me; she is very lofty in her ideas, with her jewels and her money, she likes splendour. I reasoned with her, the other day, that economy was most requisite for us all, declaring that I naturally had the same taste as herself, or even more, yet she saw how plainly I found it needful to be.”*

* It was this sensible economy that made Pepys, when he viewed them in England, pronounce the Queen-mother a very plain woman, not meaning in person, but attire.

After this visit Mary retired to the Louvre, which was the Parisian domicile of her mother and younger sister.

The Princess writes to Monsieur Heenvliet on the 18th of February, 1656, telling him "she is so overwhelmed with visits, that she has no repose from the time she rises in the morning till she goes to bed. To tell you the truth," says she, "I have scarcely time to eat a morsel of bread. I am, however, impatient to tell you how well I am treated here, for I can assure you that I never in all my life received half so much civility." Then she says Lord Jermyn wishes her servants not to eat in the house, so she allows them fifteen sols a day, and has to buy all the wood and candles for herself and them—no light matter in Paris in the depth of winter. By the end of February she is in want of money, and requests her Dutch friend to send her some.

In March she writes joyfully to acknowledge the receipt of the welcome supply, "which," she says, "has come quite apropos."*

The next time Mademoiselle Montpensier mentions her Orange cousin, was on encountering her at the grandest of all possible fêtes, given by Cardinal Mazarin, at the Louvre, in which extensive palace were the apartments of the royal English exiles.

He invited to supper, the Queen-regent, Louis XIV., his brother, Queen Henrietta Maria, and the Princess-royal, her daughter. The supper was magnificent, especially the show of fish, for it was a Saturday in Lent. "We danced during the evening, and he led the two Queens, the Princess-royal of England, and myself into a gallery, full of jewellery, ornaments, and beautiful stuffs brought from China. There were cups of gold and crystal, perfumery, ribbons and fans. The gallery was

* Letters of the family of Charles I. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

as full as shops as a fair, with this advantage, there was no trash, all was chosen with the utmost care. There was upwards of five hundred thousand precious things and rich clothing. All was duly admired, but the purpose of the collection was a mystery.

“Two days after we were all invited again—again the magnificent prime-minister, led the Queens and the Princess of Orange, to the gallery, where tickets costing nothing were distributed, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, drew a lottery. The largest prize was a diamond worth £4000, and there were no blanks.”

This was a lottery far better worth attending than any other on record, but no doubt the wily Cardinal Mazarin, had his designs in giving so expensive an entertainment to the Court of France. At this distance of time it seems difficult to penetrate his motives for putting himself to so enormous an expense, unless it was intended to further the marriage of his niece with the enamoured King, by proving his wealth and unbounded liberality.

The Princess-royal, whose heart was set on effecting a perfect reconciliation between her eldest brother and the Queen, their mother, writes to him, on the last day of February, the following letter, very serious in the beginning, but diverging into lively gossip as she proceeds.

“*Paris. 29th February.*

“I was very glad to see, by Dr. Fraser’s letter, the continuation of your desiring a perfect correspondence between the Queen and you. You may be sure I shall always be ready to answer for you in that particular, having so often heard your professions of duty towards the Queen. Next I expect something effectual concerning that business; that is to say, touching a meeting between the Queen and you, for my Lord Rochester, in his letter to

the doctor, says as if next week you would propose it to her; therefore, till then, I would not say anything to the Queen (but only have showed her your letter), though with much impatience I do expect the next letters, to give you account of what passes here. I must tell you first that I have seen the masque, and in the *entrée* of the performers received another present, which was a petticoat of cloth of silver, embroidered with Spanish leather, which is very fine and very extraordinary. I was, since then, at the chancellor's, where the King and Queen and all the Court were, which was really extremely fine. Two nights ago the King came here in masquerade, and others, and danced here. Monday next, there is a little ball, at the Louvre, where I must dance. Judge, therefore, in what pain I shall be. This is all I have to tell, for I have been this day at the Carmelites, and, to confess the truth, am a little weary. I have forgot for three posts to send you verses of my uncle's making, which I pray pardon me for, and for the dirtiness of the paper, which has been so with wearing it so long in my pocket.*

‡ The chancellor's ball, made not only a great impression on all the royal visitors at Paris, but such of the foreign ministers who were present, were much astonished at the brilliancy of the company and arrangements, more especially at the distinction with which the young widowed Princess of Orange, was treated by the King, Louis XIV., and his mother.

Borcel, the Dutch ambassador in Paris, informs the high and mighty lords of the States, that the Lord Chancellor of France, entertained with a most sumptuous banquet, the Queen-mother, the King, Louis XIV., the Princess of Orange, her sister the Princess of

* Lambeth Library.

England, the Duke of York, and the King's brother, the Duke of Anjou. Behind the King stood the cardinal, the lord chancellor, and the lord ambassador of Venice, who, uninvited and incognito, came to see this entertainment. Since that, pursues his excellency, "the Princess-royal hath been to visit the Queen of France at the Louvre, who caused her to sit down in a chair with two arms, which is not done to the Duchess of Orleans."

"The fête was most magnificent. The repast also," records Mademoiselle de Montpensier. "I was dressed with my pearls, but no bouquet, on account of the mourning I wore. Some days after this ball, the report went that the Queen of England complained that I had attempted to take precedence of her daughter Mary. The Princess-royal of England, was seated at play with Mademoiselle de Nemours, when I, at the end of the gallery, called her, before entering, and we walked hand in hand, which we usually did. I mentioned what I had heard of my aunt Queen Henrietta's displeasure, to the cardinal, and made him notice how we had arranged it, and that surely thus there was nothing to find fault with." But the prime minister replied, drily: 'It was remarked the other day at the Queen's fête, that you wished to pass before her.' At this, the insolent younger brother of Louis XIV., broke in with: 'Supposing she had done so, would she not have been right? We shall have enough to do with people dependent upon us for bread, if we permit them to go before us! What will they not want to do next?'"

This cruel speech, was repeated to Queen Henrietta, and very bitterly she wept on hearing it. The generous Anne of Austria, Queen-regent, took her son Philippe to task. "Considering who you are, and how near you are



to those whom you discuss, you ought to be the last to speak thus," said she.

"As for me, I blamed him very much," says La Grande Mademoiselle, "and took that opportunity of assuring the cardinal, that I was willing to render the children of my aunt, the Queen of England, all the respect possible. I might, indeed, have had some idea of disputing the *pas* with her daughter, the Princess-royal, widow of Orange, but I now wholly gave it up."

The cardinal observed, tempting her: "'The Kings of Scotland formerly yielded the precedence to the *filis de France*, so you can if you like contest the *pas* with the Princess-royal of England.' I begged him not to speak of it, for I would do nothing that would mortify my aunt."

And we will say, that however she might be tempted to make at the outset a wry step in the path of presumption, there is ever the redeeming spirit of noble feeling, in the conclusion of any act begun by that spoilt child of prosperity, Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Different, far different, were the doings of that odious boy, Philippe de Bourbon, called "Monsieur" in history, at that time Duc d'Anjou; but, on the death of Mademoiselle de Montpensier's father, Gaston, he became in a few months Duc d'Orleans.

This is a sample of the feelings of the old royal family of France, and affords a lively picture, sketched by one of the privileged race, with all the earnestness and gravity of mind with which such vain trifles were pursued.

The Princess of Orange writes to Heenvliet, from Paris, March 10th, about a commission for the queen-mother of France. "I beg you to send to Amsterdam," she says, "in quest of some Indian combs (carved tortoise-shell), two dozen of every form and size, that can be procured.

* 'Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.'

It is for the Queen of France they are required. She has asked me for more than a year, if I would get them for her; therefore I wish you to take great pains in searching for them." She desires, if this letter is not in time for Monsieur Heenvliet to bring them, that they may be sent by post, as she is in a hurry for them. In her postscript, the Princess adds: "The Queen my mother has asked me to have a striking watch, like mine, made for her; only she would like it to be much smaller, and to strike the half-hours as well. I pray you to order one to be made for her very soon."*

While the Princess, was thus amusing herself with the pursuits of a full grown child, in the gay metropolis of Paris, and employing her officers of state in searching the warehouses of Amsterdam for carved tortoiseshell combs and other oriental toys, of which, in consequence of the Dutch monopoly of the East Indian trade, it was the emporium, the spies of Cromwell and De Witt, were watching her words and actions, in the hope of discerning political mysteries to report.

"It is confidently thought," writes one of Cromwell's spies, "that the chiefest end of the Princess of Orange, coming hither, hath been for endeavouring to work a breach of the peace between England and Holland. In which design, if she doth not succeed, it is said she will retire into Zealand, which province being wholly devoted to her, she doth not doubt, but that she shall prevail, so far as to get her son declared Prince of Zealand. I leave these advices and the consequences of them to your consideration.†"

* Letters of King Charles's family in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

† Letter of Intelligence from Paris, May 2nd, 1658. Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. iv.

CHAPTER VI.

THE excessive popularity of the Princess-royal in Paris was by no means lessened by the proposal of marriage she received from the Duke of Newburgh, who, on the death of his duchess, sent to solicit her to accept his hand; but she had not yet forgotten the husband of her youth, and on being invited to one of the gay court balls, that were given in her honour, she replied, "that her dear husband's obsequies, were solemnized about the same time, for which cause she could take no recreation on so sad an anniversary."

The Duke of Newburgh's addresses ended in nothing; indeed, the difference in their religious professions rendered marriage between so zealous a member of the church of Rome, as the Duke, and a sound Protestant, like the widowed Princess of Orange, out of the question.

The long disputes between her and her mother-in-law, the Princess-dowager of Orange, had at length been brought to an end, partly through the secret mediation of her brother, Charles II., to whom in reply to his letter of congratulation, soon after Mary's departure from the Hague, her highness thus wrote:—

"SIRE,

"The joy that it has pleased your majesty to express on the subject of the reconciliation between the Princess your

sister and me, has redoubled that which I have already felt, inasmuch as your majesty offers your good offices to render the same firm and lasting, for the advancement of our general interests. I assure you, sire, that as I have ardently contributed all in my power towards it, I shall always continue to do so with the like zeal, knowing how much it will contribute to the prosperity of the Prince, our pupil, and the good of his house; and I predict, henceforth all good results, since your majesty is pleased, with so much goodness, to interest yourself in the same. I entreat you to do me the favour of believing that I am no less anxious to promote his weal than of old, and I pray God to bring this to a happy conclusion, and also, Sire, to give me the power of proving by my humble services with how much respect and sincerity I am,

“Sire,

“Your majesty’s very humble and obedient servant,

“AMELIA P. D’ORANGE.

“*Hague, this 25th Feb., 1656.*”

The assurance, that such a pleasant letter had been written, was very agreeable to Mary of England, who regarded it as an earnest of future harmony between her and the mother of her early lost and still inexpressibly dear consort, the father of her only child, the young William of Orange.

The affection for her own son did not render her the less regardful of her brothers, especially of the youngest, Henry Duke of Gloucester, to whom she had induced Charles II. to allow, out of her annual gratuity to him, five hundred guilders per month. We doubt, notwithstanding Charles’s solemn signature to this agreement, poor young Gloucester often came short of his allowance. But no such fears or misgivings troubled the mind of the generous

and confiding Princess. While writing to announce to her beloved Gloucester, the arrangement she had made with their eldest brother for his benefit, she says :—

“Date, Avrill 14, De Paris.

“DEARE BROTHER,

“The Queen was gone to Chaliot before I received your letter, and does not come home till Monday next, therefore I can give you no assurance what success I had in that business, but for that of your receiving five hundred guilders a month. I have given order to Oudart about it, who is now my treasurer, so to pay it you duly, and for that which is behind, you shall receive it very constantly, for I beseech you have that confidence in me that as long as I have anything, you shall not want. Your clothes are ready, and shall be sent by Dr. Fraser, and for the payment of them they shall neither be upon one month nor another, for you will finde enough to do with your money besides that. This is a week of devotion, so that you will excuse me if you have no more at this time from

“Dear Brother,

“Your most affectionate Sister, and

“most humble servant,

“MARIE.”

Addressed “For my deare Brother the Duke of Gloucester.”*

Nothing, surely, can be more affectionate and kind than the Princess’s observation about paying for poor Gloucester’s clothes, or indeed more considerate.

She was a bond of peace among the jarring elements of which the royal family of England was composed, and we

* From the original letter in possession of Charles Cottrell Dormer, Esq., Rousham, Oxfordshire.

frequently find her dissipating gloom and clouds, and shedding sunshine on the scene.

There are many other of her letters to Gloucester, one written partly in English and partly in French, full of sarcastic touches respecting various members of the court of Queen Henrietta Maria. One of these worthies she calls Nums. Other parties, whose identity it would now be difficult to make out, she speaks of as "father and mother," *nuncle and nainte*, and let us be merry and make a night on't.* This last sentence alludes to some persons familiar, of course, to Gloucester, but not very apparent to the reader.

Her stay in Paris, was prolonged till the autumn, for she was reluctant to leave the mother from whom she had been so long parted ; but the alarming intelligence that her precious boy was dangerously ill, compelled her to depart in all haste.

Cardinal Mazarin, did his utmost to prevail on her to remain, inconvenient and embarrassing as her presence in Paris must have been, after the arrival of Cromwell's kinsman and ambassador Lockhart. It was a proof of the cardinal's perfect diplomacy that she never encountered that unwelcome statesman, at any of the balls or fêtes.

Intelligence that the illness of the Prince, her son, was an attack of the measles, from which he was happily recovering, reached the Princess on her journey, dissipating all her uneasiness before she arrived at Bruges. Her brother Charles, now removed his court thither, and was preparing great entertainments for her amusement. A company of French comedians, much patronized by the thoughtless Charles, had been detained by him at Bruges till she came.†

Her object in seeking him was of more importance than

* In the possession of Charles Cottrell Dormer, Esq., Rousham, Oxford.

† Thurloe.

the quest of mere idle diversions, for she was the bearer of twenty thousand pistoles, which she had raised on her own credit for his use, and certainly hoped it would not be wasted in profligate pursuits ; but Charles was incorrigible. All her advice and kindness was wasted on him, and he persisted in running the giddy round of folly, spending lavishly what he had not taken the pains of gathering.*

Meantime the Princess-dowager, had feasted the lords of Amsterdam, in return for the entertainment they had given her. Some of the guests had said "the States could not well subsist without the amity of England." A few days afterwards she represented to them, that in consequence of the Elector of Brandenburg being engaged in war, and the Princess-royal absent, she required the States to appoint the presidents Paw, Deedell, and Raidt president-overseers of the young prince ; but after debating on the subject, they replied "that nothing of the kind could be done."

Nothing could be more cheering to the Princess-royal, than this defeat of her mother-in-law, in her foolish attempt to throw the Prince of Orange, in his childhood, into the arms of the republican party.

"The young Prince of Orange is poor," reports one of the secret intelligencers at Bruges, and the Princess-royal is not thrifty ; she requires all she can spare to relieve the poor English, of whom she has too many."

"The Princess-royal, hath promised towards her brother's expedition a hundred thousand livres," writes John Butler the spy.† "It is thought she will stay at Bruges all this winter," continues he. "The people of Holland and Zealand are very ill satisfied with her. She admits none of them into her son's service, because according to the phrase of the court 'they are all Cromwellians.'"

* Thurloe.

† Ibid.

A very sound reason for the daughter of Charles I. not employing them about her son, if it had been true. But she was almost adored in Zealand, where, also, her son was very popular; but, of course, Cromwell's agents did not earn their wages unless they maligned the faithful sister of the exiled king, the generous friend of the starving Cavaliers.

The Princess-royal returned from France, through Bruges, where she rested a short time, and wrote to her confidential friend Heenvliet, about Prince Adolph, who was then on his way to the Hague, and had signified that he expected her son to pay him a formal visit of ceremony on his arrival.

"A thing too ridiculous," observes the royal mother, "to expect a child of my son's age, who is still in the hands of the women, to pay him formal visits of ceremony."

She writes a little later from Breda, to Heenvliet. "Monsieur de Dona has written to my son, from Orange, (of which he was the governor), to ask him to hold his babe at the baptismal font. He must be answered," continues she, "and I am in pain lest my son should write himself. I think it will be far better that Mr. Higlandus should do it for him."*

After her return to the Hague, her son and the Princess settled quietly at Breda, but her tranquillity was disturbed by very angry letters from her brother Charles, excited by the unkind reports which had been circulated by the enemies, by whom she was surrounded, namely, that she was engaged in a love affair with Henry Jermyn, the equerry of the Duke of York. Charles, without taking the trouble of examining whether there was any truth in the report, treated it as a fact, ordered his brother to dismiss

* Thurloe's 'State Papers.'

his equerry, and wrote so angrily to his sister, on the subject, that she replied with some degree of spirit, considering that her brother was causing invidious remarks on her, by the headlong course he was pursuing. She says:—

“Now that you see how exactly you are obeyed, I hope you will give me leave to desire you to consider, what consequences your severity will bring upon me. To justify any of my actions to you, on this occasion,” she proudly observes, “were, I think, to do as much wrong to both my brothers as to my own innocency, since they have been witnesses of what some person’s insolency, has dared to represent unto you as faults. Therefore, I leave it to them and only think of what will now reflect upon me, which as I have the honour to be your sister, you ought to consider, and not to make a public discourse of what can neither prove for your honour nor mine. I am so willing to think you only try to what a degree my obedience is to you, that I cannot persuade myself you will not, now, give my brother, the Duke of York, leave to send for Mr. Jermyn back, which will not only stop malicious tongues, but give me the happiness of seeing that you take a kindly, as well as a brotherly interest in me.”*

There was a long and angry correspondence, between Charles and his sister, on the subject of Harry Jermyn;† but she succeeded in justifying herself and him, from the absurd suspicion, she had so bitterly resented, on the part of her brothers.

Her troubles seemed to increase, instead of diminishing. Some great offence, too, she had taken with her young friend, Lady Stanhope’s son, Philip Stanhope, who had recently succeeded his grandfather, the Earl of Chesterfield. This had involved a visit to England, where he was most favourably received by Cromwell, who even offered

* Lambeth MSS.

† Ibid.

him one of his daughters in marriage. The alliance was firmly declined by the young Cavalier, who, in consequence, underwent three imprisonments. How or in what manner he had offended his royal patroness is difficult to say. His letter is so highly venerative, it resembles an old-fashioned love letter. It is evident that the Princess had become querulous and odd tempered, under the weight of all the cares with which she was beset on her return from Paris. Young Chesterfield says:—

“MADAM,

“Having ever had the greatest veneration imaginable for your kindness, I was not more surprised than afflicted to find by the honour of your highness’s letter that the most beauteous as well as the justest Princes, (query Princess) in the world, should suspect me of having been a hindrance to anything that might tend to her service.

“Madam, permit me to assure your highness that I cannot accuse myself of so black an ingratitude, which, were I guilty of, I should never dare to repent, it being unpardonable, and much less to continu (e) the ambition of being esteemed more than the rest of mankind.”*

After a time the Princess-royal removed to Nieuport, to be near her brothers. The hostilities between France and Spain now threatened the Netherlands. The Duke of York was in the Spanish service, and actively engaged in opposition to his old master, Turenne, in the art of war.

While the hostile operations of the contending parties approached nearer and nearer to her, she remained fearless and quiescent. The following letter, from her to the Duke of Gloucester, shows the dangers with which she was

* ‘Life of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield.’

surrounded, and her apparent insensibility to them. It is remarkable that she speaks of the taking of Gravelines, as occurring, months before the fall of Dunkirk; but in history it is not recorded, till after Dunkirk was taken. As she was within a few miles of the place we must receive her account as correct.

“For my dear Brother the Duke of Gloucester.*

“*Nieuport, Sept, 4th.*

“I received yours of the 30th of last month, and take it very kindly from your writing to me so often as you have done. I could not write sooner to you than now, for though I writ once, since, to the Marquis of Ormonde, yet it required such haste that I had not leisure for anything else. We are now further than I thought we should have been, and I fear it will be yet longer for all that. M. de Turenne, is by this time, very near the Lis (at least we believe him so), and that M. de la Ferte's troops are past Dinant. Yet I do not believe it will be thought fit to *degarnish* this place. This bearer, tells me that when they (the enemy) past by this town, after they had taken Graveling, they were resolved to have besieged us, but that now they have changed, at least deferred that resolution. It is an Italian officer told me this, that was one of the hostages of Graveling, and came but this day, from Furnes? It is he that carries this letter: his name is Strozzi. This is all the news of this place. I received, at the same time as yours, letters from my sister, of which I have a great deal to say to you. You may be sure it is very kind, and I shall defer telling it, even till I see you, which I assure you I long for very much. You will have news before this comes to you of the little journey the King is a

* This letter is one of the unedited series, in possession of Charles Cottrell Dormer, Esq., of Rousham, Oxford.

making incognito, which is all I have to say at present, but that I shall be ever yours.”*

Soon after writing this letter the Princess was recalled to Breda, where Lady Hyde had been confined with a fine boy, and earnestly entreated her royal friend to become one of his sponsors, supported by Charles II. and the little Prince of Orange.

She laughingly writes to her brother, telling him “that he was invited to assist her as one of the gossips at the christening of Lady Hyde’s boy, and that her son was also to officiate on the same occasion.”

Charles came incognito, and they all had a joyous reunion at Breda, and consulted on the affairs of England, and their own ways and means no doubt.

19th of April, 1658. On the return of the Princess-royal from Breda to the Hague, the French ambassador, De Thou, immediately requested to see her, and asked her to appoint a time for his visit. She named six o’clock the same evening. Meantime the Spanish ambassador, hearing of the appointment, determined to forestal his excellency of France, by seeing her first. So without announcing his intention, or using the slightest ceremony, he called on her directly after dinner. The Frenchman, hearing of this, was highly offended that the Princess should have seen the Spaniard first; and instead of keeping his appointment, demanded an apology of the Princess, and also that she would say that she did not consider the Spanish ambassador’s visit was, really, of any consequence. This she refused to do, saying she had not committed any fault, and therefore owed no apology to his excellency of France, and was much surprised at his breach of courtesy in breaking his

* Cottrell MSS. letters, Rousham, Oxford.

appointment with her. He, however, chose to take up a causeless affront, and refrained from seeing her.

His behaviour was only an imitation of the previous conduct of the Spanish ambassador to the Princess, whom he declined for some time to visit.

A letter, of intelligence, 28th of May, from the Hague, states that the "Princess-royal, had met her three brothers, King Charles, the Duke of York, and Duke of Gloucester, with O'Niel and Ormonde, at Brussels, where the burghers of Brussels, received and entertained them nobly at dinner; their respective trains dining at a separate table. They were served with much respect, and stayed till eight o'clock."*

After her return from Brussels, where she and her brother Charles had been entertained by the Spanish minister, Cardenas, Mary found it necessary to remind her ever careless brother, that he had omitted the almost indispensable fee, to the servants of that important personage.

"Having been so long without writing to your majesty," she says, "I would not let this occasion go, though I have very little to say, except to put you in mind for some money to give the Marquis of Cardenas's servants. Your majesty knows how necessary it is to be done, and that I cannot handsomely appear amongst them till it is done."†

The royal widow of Orange was sometimes troubled, like many a mother in private life, about the wear and tear perpetrated by her august son, in his princely wardrobe, which does not appear to have been too ample for a boy in his position. She writes from Breda, the 14th of January, to her faithful friend, the Lord of Heenvliet: "My son's gloves are so torn that it is high time they should give him others. Pray hasten them about it." Her boy was then a little turned of eight years old.

During his mother's absence the young prince had become

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. vii. p. 141.

† Lambeth MS.

very intimate with his droll cousin, the Princess Elizabeth Charlotte, the daughter of the Elector Palatine, who was then, with her aunt, the Electress Sophia, on a visit to her grandmother, the Queen of Bohemia. She was a child of erratic genius, and has left an amusing account of her visit to the Princess-royal. "My aunt," says she, "did not visit the Princess-royal, but the Queen of Bohemia did, and took me with her. Before I set out my aunt said to me, 'Lizette, take care not to behave as you generally do. Follow the queen step by step, that she may not have to wait for you.'

"Oh, aunt!" I replied, "you shall hear how well I will behave."

"When we arrived at the Princess-royal's, whom I did not know, I saw her son,* whom I had often played with. After gazing for a long time at his mother, without knowing who she was, I went back to see if could find any one who could tell me her name. Seeing only the Prince of Orange, I said, 'Pray can you tell me who is that woman with so tremendous a nose?' He laughed, and answered, 'That is my mother, the Princess-royal!'

"I was quite stupified at the blunder I had committed. Mademoiselle Hyde,† perceiving my confusion, took me with the Prince into the Princess's bedchamber, where we played at all sorts of games. I had told them to call me when the Queen was ready to go. We were both rolling on a Turkey carpet when I was summoned. I arose in great haste, and ran into the hall, but the Queen was already in the antechamber. Without losing a moment, I seized the robe of the Princess-royal, and making her a curtsey at the same time, placed myself directly before her,

* The future William III., King of Great Britain.

† Clarendon's daughter, the favourite maid-of-honour to the Princess, subsequently Duchess of York.

and followed the Queen, step by step into her coach. Every one was laughing at me, but I had no idea what it was for.

“When we came home the Queen sought out my aunt, and seating herself on the bed, burst into a loud laugh. ‘Lizette,’ said she, ‘has made a delightful visit,’ and related all that I had done, which made the Electress laugh more than her mother. ‘Lizette,’ said she, ‘you have done right, and revenged us well on the haughtiness of the Princess.’”

A very unwise manner of receiving the account of the ill-bred breach of good manners, of which Lizette had certainly been guilty. But the Princess-royal did not receive her accomplished cousin Sophia, because she had tolerated Mademoiselle Dagenfeld, the mistress of the Elector Palatine, with whom she was domesticated at the elector’s palaces.

Elizabeth Charlotte, would gladly have married the Prince of Orange, in after years, if he had asked her to be his wife, but she offered not such advantages as did his alliance with the reluctant Mary of England, subsequently.

The fall of Dunkirk on the 25th of June, 1658, rendered the Princess so unhappy, that she took to her bed, and was ill for several days. It appeared to her that all hopes of her brother Charles’s restoration to the English crown, were finally crushed. At length she roused herself, and went to meet Charles, at Sevenburgen, where she made a little stay, but proceeded on the first of July, to her three brothers at Oxcon. King Charles, always restless and dissatisfied, desired to go to Frankfort, and sent a messenger to enquire if he could proceed thither? The answer was, he could come if he pleased,

* ‘Life of the Duchess of Orleans.’ ‘Descendants of the Stuarts.’ By W. Townsend.

for as Frankfort was a free state, there was nothing to prevent him, but they feared they should not be able to help him. Whereupon he declared himself determined to go.

During the short time he was with his sister, they had a great falling out about her entertaining Lady Balcarras, whose lord he had dismissed. The Princess took his interference in great displeasure, and very high words passed between them, so that they parted in anger.

The following interesting letter had been written to Lady Balcarras by the Princess the previous year, before she started for Paris.

“MY LADY BALCARRAS,

“If it had been in my power, you should have found, before this time, the effects of that true esteem I have for your person ; for I may assure you, with truth, that the want of those occasions did much trouble me, and now more than ever, finding how much you are satisfied with those very little civilities, I was able to perform when I was with you, which I am so ashamed you should take notice of, that I will leave this subject, and tell you that the kindness of the Queen’s invitation of me, to come to her, is very well able, alone, to overcome all endeavours of hindering me from that happiness, if I had not a design of waiting upon her majesty, which I hope to do very shortly, in spite of all designs to the contrary ; and wherever I go let me desire you to believe that I shall always strive to, show you the reality of my being,

“My Lady Balcarras,

“Your most affectionate friend,

“MARIE.*

“*Hague, 13th December.*”

* Kindly communicated by Lord Lindsay.

Charles, had been compelled to leave Sevenburgen, sooner than he intended, in consequence of an order, procured, it was thought, by Downing, the parliamentary minister, resident at the Hague. This so highly offended the Princess-royal, that she protested she would not return to the Hague for a year. Her mind soon altered, for she returned the next night, escorted by the Marquis of Ormonde.

The States having notice of Ormonde's arrival in town, he found it necessary to remove to Hounslardyck; but finally slipped back to the Hague, changing his lodgings out of the French quarters.

Most miserable was the Princess and all her old friends from England, especially the members of her family, for none of them could openly visit her, being always spied out and reported to the republican officials in the States, or worse still, to Downing.

Downing made out, early in September, 1668, that Charles, having forgotten his quarrel with his kind and generous sister, because he required pecuniary assistance from her, slipped over privately to Teilingen, where he spent the night.* Charles was too remarkable a person, both in face and figure, to pass unobserved. Downing loudly complained to the deputies of the States, of his unauthorised visit as an infraction of the treaty between England and Holland, and declared "he might be taken if they chose."† Charles being informed of this, stole to his sister's palace at Hounslardyck, where he passed the night. The next day he got back to Teilingen, whither she also returned, and there they spent a day in earnest consultation on the subject of a landing in England, which never took place.

Downing was indebted to Killigrew, an unprincipled

* Downing's Letters of Intelligence.

† Ibid.

traitor of Charles's bedchamber, for all the clandestine information he received, both of the proceedings of the exiled king, and his correspondence with the Princess-royal, his sister.*

The startling news of Cromwell's death, reached the Low Countries in September. The Princess-royal despatched the intelligence by an express to her brother, who was then at Brussels, but he already knew it. His faithful servant, Stephen Fox, had kept up a strict correspondence with his friends in England, and had received information of this important event, six hours before it reached Brussels, and announced it to King Charles, while he was engaged in playing tennis with Don John of Austria, the Archduke Leopold, and many Spanish grandees.

The effect of this intelligence was at first electrical. They all broke off their game, to discuss the great fact that had occurred, and the prospects of the titular King of England.

The Dukes of York and Gloucester, left Antwerp for Sevenburgen, where they slept. York started next day for the Hague. He arrived there the following night at ten o'clock, and hastened to his sister.

Her royal highness was then going to bed, and was nearly disrobed, having no one with her but her faithful nurse and one of her dressers. She dismissed them both, and sat up all night with her brother, discussing hopes for the speedy restoration of their eldest brother. The Duke left early in the morning.†

The Princess followed him to Sevenburgen, where Gloucester had remained. The royal sister and brothers, stayed together four nights, after which the Princess returned to the Hague, and the Duke of York into Flanders. No particular change followed the death of Cromwell, though expectation was naturally high.

* Downing's Letters of Intelligence. M. Thurloe. † Ibid, Sept. 28th.

The parliamentary ambassador, Downing, complains to his friend, Secretary Thurloe, that the first packet of letters sent to the Hague from England, since Cromwell's death, instead of reaching his hands had been seized by the Duke of York, who, after reading the communications, had sent them to Don John of Austria.

"The said Duke of York," continues Downing, "came to this town (the Hague) on Sunday last, in the morning, with only Charles Barkley and one Brunket. The Princess-royal would not suffer him to make any stay here, but he went from hence forthwith, with only the said Barkley, to Delfthaven, where also the Princess followed, with only one gentlewoman, to be the more private, and ordered her yacht to be there made ready."*

In his next letter, which is 8th of October, Downing tells Thurloe "that he had an account of Charles Stuart's doings and his company, from Killigrew, of Charles's bed-chamber. He says there are whispers of an expected marriage between the King of France and Charles Stuart's sister in Paris." This was the young Henrietta.

The Princess-royal had shown Killigrew, in unsuspecting confidence, a letter from the Duke of York to her, wherein he writes, "that he was home from the Spanish army, to return thither no more." The King of Spain offered, if he would stay, to augment the duke's pension from five thousand pistoles to ten thousand, besides according many other advantages to him. The Dukes of York and Gloucester, went on the 24th of November to the Princess-royal at Breda, stayed with her till the 2nd of December, and then returned to Brussels. Charles remained there, very poor. His hopes had fallen; he was much dejected, having pawned all his plate, and was served in nothing but pewter.†

* Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. iii.

† Ibid.

The Princess-royal stayed at Breda, enjoying the company of her brothers York and Gloucester, till the new year. She had her young son with her, and they were all very happy together.

That Mary was not forgotten or unappreciated in England, the dedication of 'The Worthy Communicant,' by Jeremy Taylor, to Mary, Princess of Great Britain and dowager of Orange, well proves. He says: "Although it is too great confidence in me, something a stranger, to make this address to so high-born and great a princess; yet, when I considered that you are the sister of my king and the servant of my God, I knew there was nothing to be expected but serenity, sweetness, gentleness, and goodness. . . . I shall therefore humbly hope that your royal highness will first give me pardon, and then accept this humble oblation, from him who is equally your servant for your great relations and for your great excellences. For I remember with what pleasure I have heard it told, that your highness's Court has been, in these late days of sorrow, a sanctuary to the afflicted, a chapel for the religious, and a refectory to them that were in need." After stating "that her name is deservedly dear to the sons and daughters of the Church of England," he adds: "But, royal madam, I have yet more personal grounds for the confidence of this address; and because I have received the great honour of your reading and using divers of my books, I was readily invited to hope that your royal highness would not reject it if one of them desired, upon a special title, to kiss your princely hand, and to pay thanks for the gracious reception of others of the same cognation." *

Early in January, she determined to return to the Hague, by water. Her two brothers escorted her as far as

* 'Worthy Communicant.' By Jeremy Taylor.

the water allowed, and she lent them her yacht to proceed towards Brussels, forming a resolution to meet again after she had accomplished her design of placing her son at the University of Leyden. *

She had been much gratified by the compliments she had received from that learned body, on the abilities and early promise of her boy, and their desire of completing his education. They made such obliging professions of friendship to her son, that she found it impossible to refuse their courteous offers, but returned her most grateful thanks, and promised that he should go to them.†

Previously to his departure, the Princess, his mother, had his portrait painted for his uncle Charles, who was very fond of the boy. She writes to Charles about it, from Breda, speaking familiarly of the young prince by his pet name :—

“PRINCESS-ROYAL TO CHARLES II.

“*Breda, 22nd March.*

“The uncertainty of the posts of this place, is the reason you have not received mine, of the 11th of this month. I did not then give you an account of Picuinéno’s picture, because it was not done ; but now, it will not be my fault if you receive it not shortly, the picture drawer having nothing but the clothes to finish, which he does in Antwerp. Nothing can be said which can deserve or express, in any degree, my thankfulness for that kindness you are pleased to show my son. I am sure if he does not prove, in all that’s possible, worthy of it, it will not be my fault—nor, I hope, his—for certainly he cannot be so much degenerate from father, and mother, and others ; besides the goodness you have now for him, when he is too little in age to be sensible of it.

* Samson’s ‘William III.,’ vol. i. pp. 352, 353.

† Ibid.

"My brother Harry went yesterday to see the town. He must be very well satisfied with it when he came home, for he had the snow and the wind in his face all the way. I expect him here this night, not a little tired."*

She writes again, a few days later to Charles, and apologises for not having sent him his watch, which he had carelessly left at Breda, at his last visit; and she dared not venture to send it, unless by a trusty person, for fear of losing it, the roads were so dangerous. She now sends it by the express, who was charged to deliver her son's portrait to Charles. She says:—

"FROM PRINCESS-ROYAL TO CHARLES II.

"Breda, 27th March.

"I send this bearer to Antwerp, to carry that which was necessary, to pay for my son's portrait, that if it were done he might deliver it to you. Therefore I hope you will receive it now. If not, the blame shall not lie on my side. I send you also your watch, that I have had some time, because I dared not send it but by an express. This place does give so little subject to write, that I fear to give you so often this importunity. Besides, we hear nothing but ill news, which, I need not tell you, does put me in no good humour; but as it comes from whence, I believe, some does not wish you prosperity, I hope at least most of it is false. We hear that the Estates has put one in prison at Rotterdam, at Downing's complaint of him for assisting the Spaniards."

The Princess wishes an order to be given to the captain of her yacht in July, to hold himself ready at Delfthaven, and she desires that her little grey bed may

* Lambeth MSS.

be put in the yacht for her use." She thinks "she shall accompany her brothers a little way, but is not sure.*

She thinks "in August to go to Amsterdam, and sends Robin, one of her attendants, to say that on Wednesday, in the evening, she shall arrive at Tieling, and from thence, on the morrow, at Amsterdam."

She continued to see her brothers York and Gloucester, very often, while she was at Breda and Tieling. They enjoyed these stolen visits to her and her son, communicating all the letters from England, and the hopes which the death of Cromwell, excited in the exiled royal family and their friends.

* Letters of King Charles's family, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

CHAPTER VII.

It was in vain for the Princess to hope for quiet. The friends of her son, were vehement that he should come into the assembly of the States-general, and formally take leave of them, previous to his departure for Leyden, and make and receive professions of affection. The State of Holland, alone, objected to this proposal, which was scornfully negatived with the remark: "The Prince has neither character nor quality sufficient to warrant his presenting himself, in so prominent a position." They might have said he was too young to come publicly forward, but Holland was always bitter and discourteous.

The Princess was persuaded that her son was gifted with superior talents, which would be properly estimated and brought to perfection at Leyden.* The magistrates of that town and the heads of the university entered fully into her sentiments, and offered every facility for his entrance into that famous seat of learning. They presented him with a fine mansion, handsomely furnished, for his residence with his governor.†

Previous to their departure from the Hague, the Princess, without regarding the uncivil negation of Holland, announced the desire of explaining the approaching departure of the Prince to Leyden, to pursue his

* Samson's 'William III.,' vol. i. pp. 352, 353.

† Ibid.

education, and his wish "to bid the deputies farewell, and assure them of his affection, constant remembrance, and devotion to their service."

The Princess, accompanied by her mother-in-law, the Princess-dowager, and the Elector of Brandenburg, who both approved the plan for the education of the Prince at Leyden, started on the 3rd of November, with her son, after they had taken their personal leave of their "high mightinesses" at the Hague. Their reception at Leyden was most gratifying. Monsieur Coeccrus, the high rector of the university, delivered a complimentary harangue in Flemish to the Prince. The Princess gratefully accepted their gift of the house for him, and the appointment of Professor Bernicus to direct his studies.*

She took a most tender farewell of her son, and returned the same evening with the Princess-dowager, who as well as herself, was highly satisfied with the courteous reception they had all received at learned Leyden.

The Princess-royal writes from Breda, soon after her son had commenced his studies at Leyden. "Two or three days before I came hither, a hundred men, from the city of Leyden, came to tell me how well my son advanced in his studies. They made many protestations of friendship, which I considered so advantageous I could not reject them, but thanked them, very gratefully, for their manifestation of their good will.†"

Greatly was the royal widow troubled about her son's French principality, on the Rhone, from whence he derived the title of Prince of Orange. His revenues were drawn from tolls, levied on the ships passing up and down the Rhone. These, however, were paid at a place not under the authority of the Prince of Orange, but in his interest.

* Samson's 'History of William III.'

† To Monsieur Heenvliet, from Breda, 6th of December.

The Count de Dona, nephew to the Princess-dowager of Orange, was governor of the town and castle of Orange. But the Princess-royal had appointed another gentleman to receive the tolls, to Dona's great displeasure. On which the King of France, taking advantage of the dispute, pretended to favour the Princess's authority, but in reality took means to appropriate her son's principality to himself.*

Copes, the Dutch envoy at Brussels, writes to their high mightinesses, to report his performance of the mission on which they had sent him to Breda, to deliver their letter to the Princess-royal, informing her, "that they had memorialized the King of France, in favour of her son, requesting that his principality of Orange might not be taken from him and his successors." "Her highness showed herself well satisfied with what they had done, and testified great affection and resolution to assist your high mightinesses in your good intentions," continues Copes, "and to second me in my endeavours; giving me, to that end, a letter to the King of France, and another to the Queen of Great Britain. Also it pleased her highness to recommend me to the Lord Jermyn, who hath great knowledge of business, and may be serviceable in the Court of France."† They were all mere babes in diplomacy.

Louis first ordered a frigate to attack the town and castle of Orange, and when Count de Dona attacked the frigate with his musketeers, sent four hundred troops to take possession of the fortress, a force it was hopeless for Dona to resist. About a fortnight afterwards the Count de Dona surrendered the castle of Orange to the King of France, for a consideration of two hundred thousand pounds, and thus ended this long vexatious business, which the Princess-royal had vainly endeavoured to prevent.

* Thurloe, vol. vii. p. 892.

† 17th March, 1660. Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol. vii. p. 872.

This was the root of William III.'s hatred to Louis XIV. and to France.

In March, 1660, the Princess-royal lost her old and faithful friend, Monsieur Heenvliet, the husband of her beloved governess, Lady Stanhope.* He was deeply regretted by the Princess and all the English at the Hague, but all griefs were swallowed up in the prospects of the restoration of the royal family. The Princess now undertook a journey to Antwerp, where she spent a few pleasant days: she was accompanied thither by her brothers York and Gloucester. The fortunes of the royal house of Stuart were in the ascendant. In April, 1660, the Princess-royal met her brothers at Breda with the greatest joy, and sent for her son, the young Prince of Orange, from Leyden, that he might see and embrace his royal English uncles, and participate in the general pleasure which then overflowed all hearts. She wrote to the States-general on the 4th of May, to announce to them in all due form that the king her brother had been invited by the Parliament of Great Britain to return to his dominions. Congratulations were immediately offered by the respective deputies of all the States to the Princess-royal, his majesty King Charles, and also to his brothers the Dukes of York

* After the restoration Charles II. gave Lady Stanhope permission, by his royal patent, to assume the style and title of Countess of Chesterfield, which she would have been, if her first husband, Henry, Lord Stanhope, had lived to succeed his father, the first Earl of Chesterfield. Her ladyship afterwards took Daniel O'Niel, one of the most faithful of the king's ministers, for her third husband, and died in 1667. Her son by Heenvliet, Charles Henry Kirkhoven, was created Baron Wootton and an English peer, inheriting the wealth and lands of Lady Stanhope's father, Lord Wootton. He died without posterity, and his honours were inherited by the younger son of his half-brother, Philip, Earl of Chesterfield.—'Letters and Memoirs of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield.' 'Collins's Peerage,' vol. vi., article Chesterfield.

and Gloucester. These messages were received by the Princess-royal and her brothers with all due respect and courtesy.*

A few days later, the deputies of Holland came to "beseech his Britannic Majesty, to grace them with his royal presence at the Hague, where such preparations for his reception should be made, as would testify their joy for the blessings which divine providence was showering on his head."

King Charles accepted their invitation with a degree of haughty civility, for the sake of their connection with his royal sister and her son, "who were, he assured them, among the dearest objects he had in the world ; also because he considered an alliance with them advantageous to his realms."†

The States passed a vote for the grant of three hundred thousand guilders, for the expense of the king's entertainment, and messengers were sent from Dort, Delft, and Rotterdam, to entreat his majesty to rest and refresh himself on the route from Breda to the Hague. The following Sunday, the 13th of May, public thanksgivings were returned, by all the ministers of religion at Breda, for the restoration of peace in England, the bells were rung in the evening, bonfires were kindled, and cannon fired, in token of the universal joy diffused by the intelligence.

The Princess-royal, and her brothers set off the next day for the Hague, proceeding in the Princess's coach to Moerdich, a small town on the Maese river, where thirteen yachts and numberless boats, of all sizes, were in waiting for the royal travellers. The Princess-royal selected the largest yacht for the accommodation of herself, her son, and her royal brothers, with as many of their train as it would hold. The King was so much pleased with this vessel, that he said "he would order one like it to be built

* Clarendon, vol. iii.

† Ibid.

for his own use, on his return to England." A burgomaster of Amsterdam, one of the deputies appointed by the State of Holland to attend his majesty, hearing this, told him "that a similar yacht had just been completed at Amsterdam, which he, in the name of that city, begged permission to offer to his majesty's acceptance." Charles graciously condescended to accept the present, from this most republican of all the United States, which put the deputies into high good humour.

The wind was rough, and the waters from the time of their emerging from the mouth of the Maese very stormy. The Princess-royal, as usual, was completely prostrated by sea sickness, and unable to taste a morsel of the luxurious dinner that had been prepared by the deputies of the States, for the refreshment of the illustrious voyagers.*

They did not reach Dort till near four P.M., where Charles had intended to sleep, but being met by messengers from the English parliament, urging him to make despatch in returning to his kingdom, he set sail at once for Delftshaven, and an express was sent off to the magistrates of the Hague, for coaches to be waiting to meet the party at Delftshaven, in time for their entering the Hague at seven the next morning.

The coaches were in attendance. Charles entered that of the Princess-royal, who sat by his side; the Dukes of York and Gloucester sat opposite. The young Prince of Orange hastened with his suite onwards, and headed the deputies of all the States, to meet and welcome his royal uncle of Great Britain, to the dominions of the United States.†

Having performed his mission, to the delight of his loving mother, the young Prince was received into her coach, and seated on the knee of one of his royal

* 'Theat. European,' vol. ix. pp 294-298.

† Ibid, pp. 216, 217.

uncles, entered the Hague, in triumph, at eleven in the morning.

King Charles and his attendants, were at this time in great distress for clothes, as well as money, the best of their clothes not being worth forty shillings, at the time the deputation arrived. He was so overjoyed at the seasonable presentation of the money, which had been sent to supply him, in his present need, that he called his brother the Duke of York, and his sister, the Princess-royal, to look upon it as it lay in the portmanteau, before it was taken out.

Samuel Pepys gives a lively account of the joy with which Lord Manchester and all the English deputation from the Parliament, arrived at the Hague, to invite the return of Charles II. back to England, to take possession of the realm, from which he had been so long banished.

Pepys went on shore, to see the Queen of Bohemia and the little Prince of Orange. "But the Prince was gone out with his governor, he came home about ten o'clock at night, and they had an easy admission. His attendance was inconsiderable for a prince, yet handsome, his tutor a fine man, and himself a very pretty boy."

Two days later, Pepys had the happiness to be introduced into the King's presence, with a little boy of whom he was taking care. "The king kissed the child very affectionately. Then," pursues Pepys, "we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess-royal's hands. After that," continues he, "I and the rest went to see the Queen of Bohemia, who used us very respectfully: her hand we kissed. She seems a very debonair but a plain lady.

"We went to see a house of the Princess-dowager's, in a park about a mile from the Hague, where there is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world."

The Princess-royal, her brothers, and the Queen of

Bohemia, dined in public every day, at a table arranged like two sides of a triangle. King Charles II. sat at the end where the two sides met; at his left hand sat the Princess-royal, with her son, the young Prince of Orange, by her side; the Queen of Bohemia at his right hand, by whom sat the Dukes of York and Gloucester. After dinner Charles always gave the healths of the States-general, and afterwards drank to all separately. A band of music always played during dinner. The King and his brothers, on the 18th of May, attended a review of the troops of the States, and the Princess-royal, permitted her son to be present at a grand entertainment, given by the Spanish ambassador.* On the Sunday, after divine service was concluded, King Charles II. was requested to touch a great number of persons for the evil, some of whom had come from distant parts of Germany. After which he dined in private, with his sister the Princess-royal, and his aunt the Queen of Bohemia. In the evening they all attended a magnificent entertainment, given to them by the States-general, in the palace of Prince Maurice; of which King Charles said, "he had visited several courts of Europe, and been present at many magnificent entertainments, but this banquet surpassed anything of the kind he had ever before beheld."†

The States, vied with each other, in their costly gifts to the lately scorned and slighted monarch. Holland presented him with all the crown jewels which they held in pawn, also the splendid bed given to the Princess-royal, in expectation of the birth of the Prince of Orange, which, heartbroken as she was, by the unexpected death of her fondly-loved consort, she had never had put up. The mynheers purchased it of her, for twenty thousand livres, and presented it to King Charles, with the addition

* De Thou's despatches.

† 'Theat. European.'

of draperies and bedroom furniture, of the most costly description, together with a choice though small collection of paintings by Dutch artists. They presented the two younger brothers of the Princess-royal, each with a purse of sixty thousand guilders.*

Charles was reluctantly detained by rough unfavourable weather at the Hague, for upwards of a week. When the weather cleared he desired to take a personal farewell of the States. They declared themselves unworthy of such an honour, but he persisted, and warmly recommended the Princess-royal and her son, his nephew, to their affections and care; and having been informed that what he said had not been distinctly heard in the assembly, he called for pen and ink, and committed his sentiments to writing, in these words:—

“My lords, as I am leaving with you the Princess my sister, and the Prince of Orange, my nephew, two persons whom I esteem beyond measure, I entreat you my lords, that you will take their interests to heart, and let them enjoy your hearty favour, on all occasions in which the Princess may solicit it, either for herself or for the Prince her son; in full assurance that your respect and favour towards her will be recognised by me, as though I had received it in my own person.

“CHARLES R.”†

The deputies of the States replied, by promising strict attention to his majesty's request; and the King, after expressing his thanks for the kindness and hospitality he had received from them, withdrew to take a last meal with his sister, the Princess-royal, and her son. They did not part till late.‡

* ‘Theat. European.’ De Thou's despatches.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

Early the next morning, upwards of fifty thousand persons stationed themselves along the dykes, and on the road to Scheveling, to enjoy a view of the royal brothers of their widowed princess, on their progress to their embarkation for England. As all the ships that had been sent for his transport and convoy, had republican names, the Duke of York visited them, and exercised his authority as lord admiral, by rebaptizing them with others, more suited to the loyal affection, at present manifested for the royal house of Stuart. Thus, the fine vessel called by Cromwell THE NASEBY, the duke changed to THE ROYAL CHARLES. That which previously bore the name of THE SPEAKER, was now, out of compliment to the Princess-royal, distinguished by that of THE MARY, and that which had, out of respect to the second protector, been named THE RICHARD, was changed to THE JAMES.

All things now being in readiness for the reception of the King, his brothers, and their loyal followers, they all set out for that port early in the morning, King Charles riding between his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester. He was preceded by the young Prince of Orange, Prince William of Nassau, husband of the Princess Louisa of Orange, and the Duke of Brunswick Lunenburgh. The Princess-royal, the Princess-dowager of Orange, her two daughters, the Queen of Bohemia, and the various ladies of their households, followed in their coaches. Also all the nobility of the Hague, proceeded after them to the sea beach, amidst the roar of cannon and musketry, and the responsive salutes from the British fleet in waiting to receive their king.

Charles dismounted on the shore, and took leave of the Princess Dowager of Orange and her daughters, Prince William of Nassau, the Duke of Brunswick Lunenburgh, and the other personages of consequence, who had shown

him attention. A boat, provided by the States, was waiting to convey him to the Royal Charles, into which the King, his ladies, and the young Prince of Orange, were handed; but presently after, one still more elegant met them, from the admiral's ship, carpeted and with glass windows. Into the English boat they all transferred themselves, and soon reached THE ROYAL CHARLES, where his majesty was received with the most loyal affection by all parties. The Earl of Manchester, offered the homage of his knee, the moment the sovereign stepped on deck; the royal standard of Great Britain was hoisted, and a climax of delight pervaded officers, sailors, and crew. A sumptuous dinner had been provided on board. Charles, the Queen of Bohemia, his sister, the Princess-royal, her son, the young Prince of Orange, with the two royal dukes, dined together. The king embraced and blessed his royal nephew with paternal tenderness, when the anchor was weighed and the sails spread. His majesty endeavoured to console his sister, by promising a happy meeting soon in England, but she parted in tears, and returned amidst the roar of the royal salutation from the Royal Charles, which was answered by the artillery at the Hague, and at Scheveling, till the British ships were fairly out of sight.

The Princess-royal, consoled herself for her separation from her royal brothers, by celebrating the birthday of King Charles, and his restoration to the throne of Great Britain, on the 29th of May, with a magnificent feast. Bonfires in the evening were lighted in all quarters of the town.

The Princess was next gratified by an earnest request from the republican town of Amsterdam, that she and the Prince, her son, would condescend to honour them with their presence at a fête, to be given on June 7th. As their magistrates had not been able to prevail on the King, her

brother, to grant them his company, they hoped she would compensate them for that disappointment, by acceding to their humble prayer. This Mary found it impossible to refuse, and she indulged the hope that they would bestow all the dignities her beloved husband had held, on her boy. She took him with her to Leyden, on Monday, June 4th, to be ready to start for Amsterdam. They were most honourably received in that seat of learning. All the students in the university, went out in procession, to meet their young fellow scholar and his royal mother, and brought them in, with great triumph, eighteen chariots having been prepared for their reception. All the guns the place could boast, were fired to welcome the illustrious visitors, and nothing but feasting and rejoicing took place all the time they stayed.

Their reception at Amsterdam, was far more splendid and complimentary. There were twenty pageants, representing, chiefly, the favourable change that had befallen the royal house of Stuart; and several full of hope, and promising a bright destiny to the Prince, who was represented as a phoenix rising from the ashes of his sire.*

An orange tree was introduced, bearing^{*} only one orange, to indicate that he was the sole hope of that illustrious house. The Holland East India house offered costly presents to the Princess and her son. The young Prince, followed by all the nobles of the district, rode through the city on the 9th of June; the people were delighted to see him; he returned to dine with the Princess, his mother. They both attended the principal church on the following day, which was Sunday. A state seat, lined with tapestry, and adorned with oranges and green foliage, had been provided for them, and they were the delight of all eyes.

* 'Theat. European;' De Thou's despatches.

They left Amsterdam the next day, escorted by a guard of honour. At Haarlem, they were received, equally well by the magistrates in their full dress, with orange scarfs and plumes. The town was decorated with wreaths of laurel, orange lilies, and roses. A band of music greeted their approach. They remained there four days, fêted by the magistrates, and treated with the greatest affection by the whole town. They proceeded to Leyden, on their way to the Hague, where they arrived on the 20th, and were greeted with a state reception also.*

The young Prince was much pleased on beholding a regiment of boys, bearing orange banners, who came to meet him and his mother, and greeted him as their general. They were all taken to the palace by his desire, and treated with wine and fruit, and he gave them each, with his own hand, a gingerbread cake at parting.†

The popularity of her son, inclined the Princess-royal to think that the States-general, whose annual meeting took place in July, would be agreeable to invest him with all the honours and offices, enjoyed by his late father, William II. She was deceived in this expectation. De Witt was decidedly opposed to conferring any of these dignities and offices of state, on the, as yet, untried boy, for him to exercise by deputy, for at his tender age it was not possible for him to act for himself.

De Witt was undoubtedly right, under existing circumstances, though much resented by the royal English mother of the Prince, who thus writes to the King, her now powerful brother and friend, Charles II., on the subject, requesting his influence and advice. She says:—

“Hague, 22nd July.

“I must first give you most humble thanks for your kindness to my son and me, before I give you an account

* ‘Theat. European.’

† Ibid.

of the succeeding, which truly has not been so successful as I could have wished for. De Witt continues so wilfully in the opinion I ought not to desire my son's designation to the offices of stadtholder and general, that it will give one many difficulties to surmount.

"This assembly finisheth the next week. If I can possibly, I will make some proposition, before they separate, that at their next coming together, which will be about a month hence, they may take some resolution, that at the least I may know who are our friends and who are not.

"If you have, at any time, leisure enough to speak to Monsieur Beverwort about it, I think it would do good; and if you please to tell him, that, according to your own belief, I have made some proposition for my son, and as he has always been my friend, you expect he will assist me, that all may happen to our good; for these, seeing here, that you expect I should make some proposition, it will be a great means to let them see your affection.

"But I hope you are well enough persuaded, that there is nothing that I would not do, to let you see how passionately I wish to serve you. I am going to Amsterdam, to see what the ships have brought home."*

The Princess was rash and unthinking in her politics, and she had always the Princess-dowager's party to contend against her.

Charles II. advised more temporising conduct, as he, indeed, had always done. This was not agreeable to his sister, who desired him to assume a decided appearance in her favour, and, indeed, to insist on the election of her young son as stadtholder, an election she never was happy enough to see.

* Lambeth MSS.

She writes again to her royal brother in the middle of the following August, thus:—

“Before now I was in hope to have Oudart here, but his being come puts me into many troubles, especially in that I hear that you are changed in your opinion concerning my son; but if it be true, and you continue in it, I fear it will be our total ruin in this conjuncture of time, that our friends are so well disposed. The party in the province of Holland, that are against us, though now wavering, are so few, that if you will but continue in your resolution, they will not be able to resist, for you will so encourage our friends, that they will not fear about themselves to be so. As for example, Zealand, who were strangely much encouraged to do what they did, with the assurance I took the liberty to give them, that the kindness to my son, would be acceptable to you. Mr. Beverwort I am confident is deceived into that opinion.”*

“I received” continues she, “a letter from the Queen, this last post, wherein she says ‘she will send for me into France.’ I have let her know you have a resolution of sending for me direct into England; therefore, for God’s sake, agree between you what I have to do, which I hope you will not consider as an unreasonable desire, since I have made the same to the Queen; and pray do not delay it, for I have great impatience to be gone from hence, and yet, rather than displease either, I would suffer the greatest punishment of this world, that is, live all my life here, for I know what it is to displease both of you to keep me from it again.

“I am to go to-morrow,” continues the Princess, “under the pretence of packing up all my things at the Hague, for England. I dine at my Lord Chesterfield’s.

* Lambeth MSS.

“I am very impatient to have the happiness of letting you see how entirely I am yours.”*

Thus we see that Mary, though looking forward, with inexpressible pleasure, to her visit to England, was much troubled by the contrary orders of her brother Charles, and Queen Henrietta Maria, her mother. In reality, she was under no necessity of yielding obedience to either; but although the widow of a sovereign prince, she always treated Charles as her elder brother and her king. In the darkest era of his misfortunes, when he was landless, crownless, and penniless, she always yielded him the reverence due to her sovereign, while to Queen Henrietta Maria, she demeaned herself as the most dutiful of daughters, regarding her not only as her mother, but as the revered widow of her dear and ever-lamented father, King Charles I.

Queen Henrietta Maria, had signified that it was her pleasure for the Princess-royal, her daughter, widowed Princess of Orange, to join her in Paris, and proceed to England in her company. It was in vain that Mary represented the length of the journey, and the increase of the expense of taking herself and suite so far out of their way. Henrietta Maria was determined to be obeyed, and reiterated her maternal commands.

The Princess-royal tells Charles,† “that the deputies of Zealand had that day their audience, in the assembly of Holland, concerning her son’s interest, but she does not know what their answer has been, and is only too confident it will not be very satisfactory, though she hears that Holland will do something more for her son, than they had

* Hounslardyck, 20th of August; no date of the year, but evidently 1660.

† Letter of the Princess-royal, Lambeth Library.

at first offered to her. She had not thought it possible to see her brother in England, and to find violent enemies against her son." She mentions the fact, "that some of the judges who had voted her father's death, were then in Rotterdam, where they keep a conventicle. She thanks Charles for the bill of exchange he had sent her, doubtless in consideration of some of the deep debts he owed her. She ends with "expressing a longing desire for the next week, when she hopes to set out for England, with the Queen her mother's consent, and is, in the mean time, entirely his."*

Poor Mary, little did she imagine that this voyage to England, on which she was reckoning with such feverish impatience, was to be her death. Death while yet in the flower of her days. Gay and happy, she next announces to her brother that she had received the consent of the Queen, her mother, to her voyage to England.

"At last," writes she, "I can give you an account of Oudart's arrival, whose tedious passage gave me the more trouble, when I found by him your infinite kindness to my son and me. I will not stand now making you those acknowledgments which I ought, hoping to have the happiness of seeing you so soon. I shall therefore, reserve all to that time, with the account in what condition our business is here. I shall now only tell you, that I have sent Sylvius into France, to give the Queen a relation of my going into England, besides your positive commands in it, which I make no question will make her do the same thing. I received no letters from her this week, which put me in some pain, but I hope with your assistance to satisfy her with my not passing through France. To-morrow I go to the Hague, where I intend to use all diligence to put the business, I have there, in train, in order to embark as

* Lambeth MSS., 9th September, 1660.

soon as the ships arrive, which I shall expect with much impatience.” *

Sylvius, whom the Princess had sent to Paris, to explain all to the Queen, her mother, was a confidential Dutch officer of her household, whom she accredited to explain to the Queen, her mother, the reasons which rendered it necessary for her to proceed to England with all despatch.

“Sylvius,” she says, “is returned, with the Queen’s consent and approbation for my going straitly into England. Without I had sent him to inform the Queen particularly, how necessary it was for me to go, I find her consent had not been so easily obtained. I have now, no other impatience left, but the arrival of the ships, which makes me every minute look to the winds. I do intend to go to town after they arrive. I do desire you not to give yourself the trouble of writing any more to me. Tuesday next, which is another post day into England, I will let you know the direct time I intend to go from hence.” †

She then reverts to state affairs. “Holland has taken yet no resolution concerning my son. I fear they have a mind to delay the business.

“The towns of Leyden and Tuckhausen are for the designation. The rest are divided, some for to have my son *Enfant d’Estat*, and others against all, except I will promise to desist from the design.” She attempts to have her son designated as Stadtholder. “This consideration lasts still, but,” she says, “it shall not defer my journey; for besides the impatience I am in to have the happiness to be with you, I do still believe we are not likely to get any reason from this province, except their interest presses

* Hounslyardyck, 3rd Sept., 1660 (suppose). To Charles II. Lambeth MSS. 30.

† Lambeth MSS.

them to it, which I hope from your goodness. This is all the trouble I will give you at this time, except assuring you nothing is more entirely yours than I am.”*

King Charles sent his faithful servant, Daniel O’Niel, over to the Hague, to assist the Princess-royal, in making her arrangements for her voyage to England. She was in some embarrassment about the residence she had given to Charles Kirkholven, the son of her old friend Heenvliet, by Lady Stanhope. King Charles had elevated this youth to the English peerage, by the title of his grandfather, Lord Wooton. He was a great favourite of the Princess-royal’s, who had preferred him to a high post in her son’s household, and decided that he, as an English peer, should take precedence of the Dutch gentlemen in the Prince’s service, and even of his *maitre d’hotel*, at which the Dutchmen were so much offended that they one and all threatened to resign. It was with great difficulty the Princess contrived to pacify and induce them to remain.†

King Charles and the Duke of York, both wrote to the States, requesting a favourable decision for their nephew. The answer arrived at length, stating that the States of Holland and West Friesland gratefully accepted the charge of educating their young Prince, settled on him forty thousand florins annually, and promised to recommend to the States-general his instalment into his late father’s dignities, as soon as he should be of age.

The Princess-royal, in returning her thanks for what they had done in favour of the Prince, her son, expressed her regret that they had abstained from investing him, at once, with the dignities held by his late father.* She then proceeded to Helvoetsluys with her son, who she

* Hague, 17th Sept. (No. 17.) Lambeth MSS.

† De Thou’s despatches.

designed to keep with her till the last moment. Then she wrote to the States, again, recommending her son to their care, and entreating them, "to pay all strict attention to his princely virtues."

The Princess-dowager, was offended that Mary had not mentioned her in her letters to the States, and wrote angrily to her on the subject of her letter, and also that the suddenness of her departure prevented her from paying the attention of a parting visit. The admiral of the fleet, sent out for the Princess by her royal brother, King Charles II., entreated her royal highness not to delay her embarkation, as the ships had already been waiting at the Brill, and their immediate return was necessary. The Princess, therefore, bidding an affectionate farewell to her aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, took a fond and passionate leave of her boy, who with the deputies of the States-general attended her to the sea shore, where she and her numerous suite, embarked in the *Tredaugh*, a very fine man-of-war, and set sail for England, accompanied by five other first-rate vessels and two frigates, sent out by King Charles for her convoy.*

They had a dangerous voyage, for the *Tredaugh* struck six different times on the Kentish rock, but by the care of her commander, the Earl of Sandwich, and his pilot, was got off without the loss of any life on board, though for more than an hour there was a fear that all on board were destined to a watery grave;† but by God's providence they all safely reached Margate, September 23rd (O.S.).

The Princess and her train, consisting of more than a hundred persons, came on to Gravesend, where she was met by her brothers, King Charles II. and the Duke of York, who came down in the royal barges to receive and

* Holland Correspondence State Paper MSS.

† Rugge's 'Diary.'

welcome her. But when she, on noticing the absence of her beloved brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester, learned the melancholy tidings that he had died of the small-pox on the 13th day of the month, and was buried on the 21st, in the twentieth year of his age, her grief was passionate and unspeakable. Not all the acclamations of the people, nor the royal salutes of cannon, from the Tower and the ships in the river, could rouse her from her grief, and it was observed how sad she was at her arrival at Whitehall.*

The marriage of the Duke of York with Anne Hyde, for several years maid of honour to the Princess of Orange, at the Hague, was the next trouble that disturbed her royal highness, on her return to England.

Nothing could exceed her mortification and anger, at the idea "of yielding precedence to one, whom she had honoured over much," she said, "by admitting her into her service as maid of honour."†

It is to be feared, that, in her anger, she encouraged Charles Berkeley, of the Duke's household, in his unprincipled attempt to set the Duke against his wife, by asserting that her conduct was so light she was unworthy of being Duchess of York, for that he, and not the Duke, was the father of the child whose birth was hourly expected, as heir presumptive of England.‡

The Duke, on this painful calumny gave himself up to despair, refused to eat, and was ready to dissolve his marriage with the traitress, who had been accused of deceiving him.

The following lines were addressed to the Princess-royal, on "her portrait, written by Anne Hyde, Duchess of York," while her maid of honour.

* Pepys' 'Diary.' Rugge's ditto. † 'Mémoires de Montpensier.

‡ Clarendon. Stannier Clarke's 'Life of James II.'

Heroic nymph ! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory, of the British court ;
Into whose arms the Church, the State, and all
That precious is or sacred, here, did fall.
Ages to come that shall your bounty hear
Shall think you mistress of the Indies, were
Though straighter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine ;
Like the blest oil the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure as you poured it out increased.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring ;
But, above all, a nymph of your own train,
Gives us your character, in such a strain
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.

Not even this eulogistic poem, of which the concluding stanzas pointedly declared to whom Mary was indebted for the revelation of her generosity to the exiled Cavaliers, could reconcile her to the elevation of her late maid of honour, Anne Hyde, to the rank of sistership to herself, and the necessity of yielding precedence to her, in the British Court, as the wife of the heir-presumptive of the crown. Fortunately the new Duchess of York was not in a situation to claim her rank, so she and the Princess-royal never met, though the possibility of such a circumstance embittered the delight, the Princess had anticipated, from her visit to London.

The Princess-royal, had, meantime, attended the chapel at Whitehall, and appeared at the fêtes and entertainments her brother, King Charles, had given for her amusement. She was then in the perfection of her charms, of which her portrait by Honthorst gives the best idea. There is no likeness of her either in England or Holland, so good as that picture.*

* Her majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, showed me Vandyck's portraits of Mary and her consort, William II., Prince of Orange, in

There is a fine painting of her in the museum at Amsterdam, by Van der Helst, in full face, a whole-length, dressed in rich white satin and pearls, holding an orange in her right hand, with a bunch of leaves. She is under a purple velvet canopy. Her complexion is that of a clear brunette, with rich dark eyes and hair, yet the picture is rather heavy, on the whole.

The Duke of York, having proceeded to Calais, with a fine squadron of the fleet, to conduct the Queen Henrietta Maria, and her youngest daughter, the Princess Henrietta Anne, to Dover, the Princess-royal accompanied King Charles, to meet them on their arrival, November 1st. Grief for the loss of Henry Duke of Gloucester, saddened the royal party, and they all wept passionately, for the absence of one so amiable and tenderly beloved.

King Charles presented the Princess-royal with a beautiful boat, in which she often was rowed on the Thames. It was lined and cushioned with black velvet, embroidered with her arms in gold and silver. She sometimes rode on horseback, when her trappings were also of black velvet, trimmed with silver lace and fringe.

She received from her royal brother and his parliament, the sum of ten thousand pounds, of her unpaid dowry, and everything appeared to tend to her happiness, in this world; when in the midst of pleasure and festivity, she was suddenly smitten down with the small-pox.

The Queen, her mother, hastily removed to St. James's palace from Whitehall, with her lovely young Henrietta,

her privy chamber. William is very handsome and chivalric; the Princess rather an ungraceful, unformed girl, but the attitude is ill chosen. Her majesty also showed me a beautiful miniature of the Princess, but it wanted individuality of character, and I considered Honthorst's by far the noblest delineation of all I saw, and decided on having an engraving from it for the frontispiece of my volume.

forgetting all maternal care and solicitude for her faithful eldest daughter, in her terror lest Henrietta should take the infection, and either die or be disfigured from its effects.

The Princess-royal, made a will on the 24th of December, and signed and sealed it, in the presence of her old devoted friends, Lady Stanhope, her son by Lord Stanhope, and her daughter by Heenvliet.

This as follows :—

“In the name of God, Amen.

“I, Mary, Princess of Great Britain, Dowager of Orange, &c., being visited with sickness, and probably at this time to exchange this life for a better, do, hereby, resign my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, trusting to His mercies, through the precious merits of Christ, my Saviour, to be saved body and soul, in the joyful meeting of eternal life. My body I bequeath to the earth, to be buried in such decent Christian manner, and in such place, as the King my royal brother shall be pleased to appoint, my desire being to be laid next the Duke of Gloucester, my late dear brother, if it may be with his majesty's liking. I earnestly beseech his majesty, as also the Queen my royal mother, to take upon them the care of the Prince of Orange, my son, as the best parents and friends, I can commend him unto, and from whom he is, with most reason, to expect all good help, both at home and abroad ; praying God to bless and make him a happy instrument to His glory—and to his country's good, as well as to the satisfaction of his nearest friends and allies. I entreat his majesty, most especially, to be a protector and tutor to him, and to his interests, by his royal favour and influence ; and to authorise, as I shall hereafter name, to be executors of this my last will and testament, desiring her majesty the Queen, my mother, to cause my son's

jewels, being those I found in his father's cabinet, expressed in a note of them, to be delivered unto him, or to some fit trustee for him. My other jewels, and all things else remaining after my death, properly belonging to me, I leave to the Queen my mother, so as my debts and servants' arrears and wages, in the first place, be duly paid and satisfied, as also the legacies, hereafter specified, to my servants and others. For which ends all my covenants, dues, and remaining affairs, claims, dues, profits, and accounts, may be well recovered and settled. I do hereby desire the Duke of York, my dear brother, to afford his aid thereunto, likewise the Lord Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, Willis Nicholas Oudart, my secretary, counsellor to my son, his commissioner here, who hath long and faithfully served my royal brother, his majesty now being, and myself. These three, whom his majesty is by me desired, as aforesaid, to authorise and give power to them and their sufficient substitutes, as the executors of this, my last will and testament; and of all further action, rights, claims, dues, and demands of mine, whether in and about the tutelage of my son, in Holland, or other provinces of the United Netherlands, and my quality of Regent in Orange. My portion yet unpaid in England, with the interest thereof, or other matters in my remaining desolate family; commending to their majesties both my women and men-servants, to the end that they may be honoured with some competent provision, for their better support and maintenance, as my good meaning was to do for them, had I longer lived. This I declare to be my last will and testament, declared at the palace at Whitehall, this 24th of December (old style), 1660.

“I bequeath and give to the Countess of Chesterfield, the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, and as much to Madam Howard; and I desire that to each other of my

maid-servants and men-servants, may be given so much apiece, as the estate I leave may bear, and may best recompense their faithful and good services unto me, for which I thank them.

“MARIE.

“By her royal highness’s command.

“N. OUDART, *Secretary*.

“Signed, sealed, and delivered, in the presence of us—

“EDWARD KER.

“ROBERT WHITE.

“WILLIAM DYKE.”

After the completion of her will, the Princess signed a paper to this effect:—“Having commanded Oudart, my secretary, to call for the most part of the ten thousand pounds sterling, given to me on the 13th of September last, and to distribute the same according to my orders, as he hath done; I assign the rest unto him, hereby to be also distributed as I have ordered, so as this present paper shall be a sufficient assignment and dischargement, from me, for the whole of the ten thousand pounds, aforesaid, which hereby I acknowledge to have received, fully giving this my acquittance for the same.

“*At Whitehall, the 24th of December, 1660.*”*

The Princess-royal turned faint when she had completed these agitating arrangements. The foolish physician insisted on bleeding her in the foot. Lady Balcarras, who was with her, observed her eyes wax dim, when this mistaken, and as it proved, fatal practice, was resorted to, and soon after the royal patient began to sink.

There was one thought which lay heavy on her mind, in the hour of death, her injustice to Anne Hyde, in winking

* From a contemporary copy in the Ashmolean Library, Oxford.

at Berkeley's false witness against her. This she acknowledged, and fully justified her with her failing breath. After this conscientious confession she became calm and happy.

Philip Earl of Chesterfield, who was present, says :—

“Not long after the Princess-royal died, by whose bed I was standing, when she changed this life, and could not but admire her unconcernedness, constancy of mind, and resolution, which well became the grandchild of Henry IV. of France.” Lady Mary Stanhope, his favourite sister, died the same year of the small-pox, 1660. The Princess-royal died, about four o'clock, on the afternoon of Dec. 24th, but according to the new style in Holland, January 3rd, 1661.

It was said, apparently without any foundation, that the Princess-royal was privately married to Henry Jermyn, master of the horse to the Duke of York, and nephew and finally heir to Jermyn Earl of St. Albans, whom it was pretended the Queen-dowager, Henrietta Maria, had married after the death of Charles I.

But the Princess, tender as her conscience was, would undoubtedly have acknowledged her marriage, if it had ever taken place, when in the sight of death; and the report seems to have originated from the angry letters of Charles II. to her, three years before the Restoration, which she so much resented; but there is no more mention of Henry Jermyn from that time till revived after her death in Pepys' gossiping diary.*

She was much lamented in England. In Holland there were great demonstrations of grief and affection for her memory. The States wrote a letter of condolence to King Charles in French. A dramatic poem, entitled “Tears for the death of her royal highness Madame Maria

* Pepys' ‘Diary,’ vol. i. p. 132. Note to Burnet's ‘History of his own Time.’

Stuart, Princess-dowager of Orange, daughter of his majesty Charles I., King of Great Britain, &c., who died in London, 3rd of January, 1661," was represented and recited by more than seventy persons at the theatre at Amsterdam. This poem of more than ten pages was written by John Vos, and is dedicated to Konstantyn Huegens, president of the council of the Prince of Orange her son.* Other tokens of respect were paid to her memory in Holland.

Her death caused much regret in London, and produced a strong impression, following so immediately on that of her brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester.

A small volume, destitute of facts; but overflowing with bombastical eulogiums and declamatory lamentations of their early deaths, was published in London, professing to contain the lives of Henry Duke of Gloucester, and Mary Princess-royal and dowager of Orange.†

The funeral of the Princess-royal was solemnized in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, December 26th, only three days after her death.

The infectious nature of the malady which conducted her to the grave, rendered hasty arrangements necessary for the sake of the living. The nobility assembled in the House of Peers, at night, to attend the remains of the Princess, which were brought about nine o'clock at night in solemn procession, by torchlight from Somerset House, through a line of guards of the Duke of Albemarle's regiment of foot.

First went gentlemen and knights, next the servants of the Duke of York, then the servants of the Queen, after whom came his majesty's servants, next those of the

* Royal Library, Hague.

† May's 'Lives of Henry Duke of Gloucester, and Mary Princess of Orange.'

deceased lady. Then two heralds before the Duke of Ormonde, lord-steward of his majesty's household, then Edward Earl of Manchester, lord chamberlain, after whom came Edward Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England, with the purse and macebearer before him. Then came another herald bearing the coronet of her royal highness, Princess-royal of England and Princess-dowager of Orange, on a cushion of black velvet, followed by the remains of the royal lady, carried by her own servants; the pall being supported by six earls, and the canopy over it carried by baronets.

His royal highness, the Duke of York, preceded by another herald, followed the corpse of his royal sister as chief mourner; his train was supported by persons of very high rank. In this order they came to Henry VII.'s chapel, where the remains of Mary Princess-royal of England, Princess-dowager of Orange, were interred in the vault of the royal Stuart line, beside those of Henry Duke of Gloucester.*

"I am sorry," writes Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, to his mother, the Queen of Bohemia, then at the Hague, "for this new affliction God hath sent on your royal family; whereof I am the more sensible because I know how near it toucheth your majesty's affection, which was ever great towards the deceased Princess, of whom you will ever find the want while you stay at the Hague. I pray God to comfort your majesty in all this great affliction, and to do me such grace that I may be able to contribute something—if not so much as my duty requires towards it."†

Indeed, the loss of her best niece, as Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, ever called Mary, was felt very deeply. The poor Queen was distressed, as her undutiful son acknow-

* Heath's 'Chronicle,' p. 470.

† Bromley Letters, pp. 228-9, date 21st January, 1661, N.S.

ledges, for money to procure proper mourning habiliments for her beloved niece ; but he had not the heart to assist her with the smallest contribution towards obtaining this testimonial of respect.

No memorial marks the spot where the remains of Mary of England repose. Her son, William Prince of Orange, became King of England twenty-eight years after her death. He did not raise even so much as a simple tablet to her memory.

Mary Princess-royal of England, as well as Queen Mary II. his wife, remain undistinguished in death in Westminster Abbey.*

* The old Princess-dowager of Orange, Amelia of Solms, daughter of John Albert, Count de Solms, the widow of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, established herself in the regency for her grandson, the young William III. of Orange, without a rival, on the death of the Princess-royal. She lived to see her grandson possessed of all the ancient dignities of his family, and she saw him display the military talents and political acumen, for which he became so famous. Amelia was distinguished for her wit and brilliancy of intellect. She had four daughters, Louise, married to William, Elector of Brandenburg ; Albertine Agnes, to the Prince of Nassau ; Henrietta, to the Prince of Anhalt ; and a fourth married to the Duke of Simmerin.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER I.

THE Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria, was born in St. James's Palace, at ten o'clock on the morning of December 28th, 1635, during a deep fall of snow, on the day of the Holy Innocents. She was baptized on the following Saturday, in the Chapel-royal of that palace, by Archbishop Laud.*

An especial embassy was sent by the United Provinces of Holland, and their Stadtholder, Frederick Henry Prince of Orange, to congratulate King Charles and his consort, on the happy event of the birth of the infant Princess. They brought the Queen, her mother, several rich presents on the occasion, among which were two costly china bowls, a massy piece of ambergris, and a most valuable and curious clock. To the King they presented two original paintings by Titian, and two by Tintoretto, to add to the rich collection of paintings with which that monarch was enriching Hampton Court.†

The Princess Elizabeth was very delicate in health, and spent her early infancy at Greenwich, Oatlands, and Hampton Court palaces. As she advanced in age the strong resemblance between the Princess-royal and her

* Laud's 'Diary,' folio.

† Sanderson's 'Charles I.'

was commemorated by Crashaw, the poet, in an ode comparing them to "two silken flowers on one stem."*

A third sister was born in 1637, and added to the family circle much joy, during her brief life; but she died before completing her fifth year. This was the Princess Anne, a most interesting and holy child, who, when dying, being reminded to pray, said to Mrs. Corrant, one of her nursery attendants, "I am not able to say my long prayer (the Lord's prayer), but I will say my short one, Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death;" and with these words on her most innocent lips, she expired.†

The Princess Elizabeth at her birth was appointed a regular suite of attendants, consisting of a nurse, three rockers, a groom of the back stairs, and menials of the nursery of inferior rank. She was soon placed under the care of the Countess of Roxburgh, state governess of the royal children. In early childhood her talents were precocious, and her sensibility exquisite. The Queen, her mother, in the temporary absence of King Charles, took her children to the vesper service, in her chapel in Hampton Court Palace. Elizabeth, who was not yet two years old, became restless, and to quiet her she was shown a book of devotion, belonging to one of the priests, containing, among other illustrations, a picture of the scourging of the blessed Saviour. "Poor man, poor man!" exclaimed the tender-hearted babe, and kissed the picture many times. The royal mother, much delighted, related this incident to the King as a trait of her child's devotion. Charles smiled and said, "She begins young."‡

* Crashaw's 'Delights of the Muses.'

† Fuller's 'Worthies.' The posthumous portrait of this child was introduced into the family group of the children of Charles I., with the infant Henry Duke of Gloucester in her arms, painted in 1641.

‡ Coneo's 'Despatches,' 29th March, 1639, Vatican Transcripts. Green's 'Lives of the Princesses.'

The King her father received a proposal of marriage for Elizabeth, when she was only five years old, from Frederick Henry, Stadtholder of Holland, for his son William, the hereditary Prince of Orange. This was at first entertained favourably, but when the miniature of the Prince was shown to the young Elizabeth, she very sagaciously observed: "He is very handsome, but, I think, better suited to my sister than to me."

The hint was finally taken, and the Princess-royal was substituted in the treaty, for her younger sister, to the great joy of the royal suitor; for Elizabeth, besides being far too young, was sickly, and her unfitness for such an engagement, was evident to the Dutch ambassadors.

The Princess Elizabeth first appeared in public in June, 1640, at the baptism of her infant brother, Prince Henry, on which occasion her brothers, Charles Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, were the godfathers, and the Princess-royal the godmother. Elizabeth was only one of the spectators of this solemn ceremonial, but a very attractive one, with her sweet earnest countenance, and her long fair ringlets, just confined from falling about her face, by a blue ribbon loosely tied.

She was, ten months later, an incognita spectator of the espousals of her beloved sister and the Prince William of Orange, from a window in the Queen's closet in Whitehall palace.

She had her place at the state dinner, on that occasion, and accompanied the Queen her mother and the bride and bridegroom, in the afternoon, in their walk through the parks.

Several months later, she was one of the joyous party, when the Queen and her eldest sister, with her brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, passed through the city in royal state, to meet the King on his return from Scotland; the last happy day they were permitted to

enjoy in their troublous pilgrimage. In the succeeding February, she had to bid farewell to her beloved mother and sister, whom she never saw again, for the Queen set sail for Holland, early in the year 1642, with the youthful bride of Orange. The King her father returned to London no more. The Prince of Wales and the young Duke of York, accompanied him into Yorkshire, and Elizabeth was left with her baby brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester, in St. James's Palace, under the care of the Countess of Roxburgh and Mrs. Murray, her governesses.

The Parliament, soon after, took possession of these harmless, unprotected innocents, although puzzled to find some fund for their maintenance. As early as May, 1642, Archbishop Laud, then under arrest, complained that seventy pounds of his rents were seized by the Parliament, to assist in the maintenance of the king's children.*

Lord Saye and Sele advanced a loan of seven hundred and eighty pounds, for this purpose, and the Parliament seized a little trunk, carefully sealed, from Sir David Cunninghame, the King's receiver for the tin mines in Cornwall, which he assured them was intended for the use of these children, then at St. James's palace.†

There was a humble petition presented by Thomas Atkinson, his majesty's faithful servant and chariotman, (coachman), who had been appointed, by the King and Queen, to the service of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, at St. James's palace, praying for his wages, which were in arrear. Parliament ordered Cornelius Holland, who had been lately appointed as paymaster to the Prince of Wales, to satisfy Atkinson, which he accordingly did, preferring the service of the Parliament to that of his royal master.‡

* White Kennet's 'History of England.'

† 'Journals of the House of Commons,' folio ii.

‡ Ibid.

The plague broke out and raged in the neighbourhood of the palace of St. James's, on which the Earl of Pembroke, who had the care of the royal children, was ordered to remove them to the house of Lord Cottington in Bread Street.* Thither the children were accordingly transferred, with their attendants. But the Princess Elizabeth, became so languid and generally indisposed, that her governess, Lady Roxburgh, sent to inform the Lords, "that the royal children were very incommodiously lodged in that house; the neighbourhood of a glass-house occasioning such unhealthy smoke, that the Lady Elizabeth was ill in consequence of the noxious vapour; therefore she begged to have them removed back to St. James's palace, unless a more salubrious situation could be found for their abode." The Lords communicated with the Commons on the subject, and in consequence the children were brought back to St. James's palace, and the Earl of Pembroke was ordered to overlook their removal, and cautioned that no plots for their escape should be attempted.†

Lady Roxburgh, now petitioned, that "a suitable allowance for the necessities of her royal pupils, should be accorded by Parliament, protesting that they were in want of everything." The Speaker of the Commons, after making careful inquiries into the truth of her ladyship's statements, declared in the House that "the destitution of the royal children was such that he should be ashamed to speak of it, or have the particulars publicly known."‡ The Commons then promised to take the matter into consideration, and in consequence directions were given to the officers of the Mint, that the sum of eight hundred pounds monthly, should be allotted to the maintenance of the royal children.§

* 'Journals of the House of Commons.'

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

The health of Lady Roxburgh began to fail, and the Commons consented, on the 17th day of February, that her husband, the Earl of Roxburgh, should be granted leave to come from Oxford, to visit his lady in London, bringing none other than his own personal servants, with him, and that he should only stay three days; but his licence was extended a week longer than the term, at first named.

The Countess of Roxburgh, continued ill through that anxious winter. Her royal little pupils, also were indisposed, and the cautious governess would not permit them to receive the care of any other than their accustomed medical attendant; for we find that the House of Commons, early in May, 1643, ordered that "Mr. Chase, the sworn apothecary of the Prince (query of Wales), shall have liberty to go, with his keeper, for four or five days, to administer physic to the King's children at St. James's."* The faithful apothecary was a prisoner at this time, and was not allowed to attend the royal children without a keeper or guard.

Lady Roxburgh, their beloved governess, was herself ill, and in spite of the assistance which she derived from his skill, departed this life early in the month of May, 1643.

The Commons graciously accorded a warrant, allowing the remains of this excellent lady to be removed to Scotland, for interment by her lord. They also permitted Lord Murray to send a servant to Oxford, to acquaint the King with the demise of this lady; but only on condition that the letter, which was to be confined to that topic, should be first read in the House.† This sad event, and the solemn preparations for removing the mortal remains

* 'Journals of the House of Commons,' 2nd May, 1643.

† Ibid, vol. iii.

of their beloved governess were, of course, most awful and afflicting to the little royal captives, but no pen has chronicled their feelings on this sad, and, to them, awful event.

The Commons voted "that the Lady Vere should have the government of the Princess and her brother,"* whom they nominated "the two young princes," and "that the concurrence of the Lords should be desired." The Lords were in no hurry to return an answer; so the Commons sent to request "that they would reply, concerning the appointment of the Lady Vere to be governess to the Princess, at St. James's." The answer of the Lords, was "that they would send an answer by a messenger of their own."† This they did not do, but voted "that the Countess of Dorset‡ should be appointed to the office of governess to the Princess Elizabeth." After some consideration, the Commons consented to the appointment of the Countess of Dorset.§

This lady was much esteemed by the King, and had been appointed by him to the post of governess to the Duke of York, in the year 1638; and of her his majesty had said, "she was a lady accomplished with all virtues." It was therefore considered by him fortunate that his poor children had fallen into such faithful and desirable hands.

The fortunes of the civil war had early separated the

* Lady Vere, was the daughter of Sir John Tracy, of Todington, in the county of Gloucestershire, and the widow of Horace, the first Lord Vere. She was also the mother of the wife of Oliver St. John. Lady Vere was an ancient lady, very wise and prudent, and not at all ambitious of having the care of the royal children, although a large allowance was proffered with them.

† 'Journals of the House of Commons,' 28th June, 1643.

‡ Ibid, 10th July, 1643.

§ Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir George Crcxdale, and wife of the Earl of Dorset. See Collins's 'Peerage.'

Duke of York from his noble preceptress, but she, in tender sympathy for his youthful sister and their infant brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester, consented to superintend the education of these deserted scions of royalty, to whom she nobly performed her duties, with not less than maternal care. Her prudence and devoted conduct, in this difficult position, were so exemplary as to command the respect of all parties. Meantime a committee, appointed by Parliament to sit at St. James's palace, ordered "that Mr. Cornelius Holland, its president, should take into his own possession the money recently paid by him to the late Countess of Roxburgh, which was ordered to be disposed for the providing the royal children with apparel."*

Finally an order was passed by both Houses, that the royal children should be supplied from the Mint, with diet, apparel, and other necessities. This order was, however, followed by a strict investigation of the principles and conduct, of all the members of their household, with a strict injunction "that all persons employed about both the brother and sister, should be compelled to take the covenant, and whoever rejected it should be dismissed without delay."

The Princess Elizabeth, much afflicted by this order, the object of which, she perceived, was to deprive her of all the faithful attendants who had fondly continued attached to her service, from her infancy; young as she was, she addressed the following brief appeal to the House of Lords:—

"MY LORDS,

"I account myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me, and strangers put to me.

* 'Journals of the House of Commons,' vol. iii.

You promised me that you would have a care of me, and I hope you will show it in preventing so great a grief, as this would be to me. I pray, my lords, consider of it, and give me cause to thank you, and to rest

“Your loving Friend,

“ELIZABETH.

*“To the right honourable the lords
and peers in Parliament.”*

The young Princess, with truly royal courage and dignity, put this note into the hand of the Earl of Pembroke, and requested him to present it to the House of Lords. This he did without delay, though possibly surprised, at such a commission from a little maiden not yet nine years of age.

Their lordships read the letter of the young Princess, with surprise and sympathy, sent it to the Commons, and inquired if the statement of the Princess were true. The Commons urged, in excuse for their proceedings, “that they had been informed there was a design on foot for removing the King’s children to Oxford.*” The Lords took up a high hand, and voted “that it was a breach of their privilege for the servants of the King’s children, to be displaced, without their approval,” and prevented the harsh proceedings of the Commons. They appointed a committee, from themselves, to visit† St. James’s palace, and inquire what would be necessary.

The Commons, were much offended at this check of their arbitrary proceedings from the Lords, who, regardless of their displeasure, proceeded to settle the household of the royal brother and sister. That of the young Princess, consisted of the Countess of Dorset, as lady governess, Lady Southcote, as lady of the bedchamber, two cofferesses,

* Whitelock’s ‘Memorials.’

† ‘Journals of the House of Lords.’

one of whom, Mrs. Lee, was retained at her own special request, four chamberwomen, a laundress, and a starcher; two physicians, of whom the principal was Sir Theodore Mayerne, six chaplains, and one household divine, two gentlemen ushers, a French master, and four pages, besides menials. Eleven servants were dismissed, and her former French master.*

It was further ordained, that the household chaplain should read prayers night and morning, that two sermons should be preached every Sunday, that the gates were to be locked at ten o'clock, and not re-opened without special leave of the chief resident officer, and that power should rest with the Lords to alter the regulations, and change the attendants as they might think proper.†

The Countess of Dorset, in the meantime, endeavoured, by all means in her power, to comfort and afford her protecting influence, to the young royal captives, and to supply to the sensitive Elizabeth, the place of the absent mother, whom she was no more to behold in this world.

Before Elizabeth had completed her ninth year, her hand was promised in marriage, by her royal father, to the learned and chivalric son of the loyal Marquis of Worcester,‡ Edward Lord Herbert, with a portion of no less than three hundred thousand pounds, which his majesty gratefully acknowledged, was in payment of the like sum advanced to him, in his great necessity, by the Marquis of Worcester and his generous son. The King bestows on the Lord Herbert, in this promissory document, the royal name of Plantagenet, which he empowers him to bear henceforth, and promises to confer the title of Duke of Somerset on him and his heirs male, for ever.§

* 'Journals of the House of Lords.'

† Ibid.

‡ 'Memoirs of the Marquis of Worcester.'

§ From the original document signed by King Charles I., in the

The Marquis of Hertford remonstrating that he was the rightful Duke of Somerset, Lord Herbert waived the title in his favour. And as the Princess Elizabeth was not in her royal father's possession, and the husband to whom she was thus vainly promised, was a zealous member of the Church of Rome, and Elizabeth a firm Protestant, the marriage could never have taken effect, even if she had been free to obey her royal sire's behest, instead of remaining, till her death, a hopeless captive in the hands of her father's foes.

Wholly unconscious of the matrimonial contract into which her royal father had entered on her behalf, the Princess Elizabeth was devoting her morning hours of life to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and had, already, acquired a knowledge of the learned languages in which they were written. Before she had completed her ninth year, she could read, with facility, the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, and was accustomed to study and compare passages of the Holy Book in all the versions in which it had been rendered, by the respective learned authors, who had devoted their talents to this important object.

The erudite William Greenhill, dedicated his exposition of the first five chapters of the Book of Ezekiel, to the Princess Elizabeth, and uses these remarkable words in his dedication to the young royal captive:—

“Your desire to know the original tongues, that you may understand the Scriptures better, your resolution to write them out with your own princely hand, in the hope to come to the perfect knowledge of them, breeds in us hopes that you will exceed all your sex, and be without equal in Europe.”

possession of the Duke of Beaufort, at Badminton. Printed at full length in Dircke's ‘Life and Times of the Second Marquis of Worcester.’

William Greenhill, had probably been presented to the studious young Princess, to whom he dedicated his book, or he would scarcely have been so conversant with her tastes and pursuits. The poor child, for such she was in years, although her mind was prematurely developed by the sweet uses of adversity, was happily inclined to improve her solitary hours of captivity by the study of the best of books. She thus beguiled the tediousness of her weary days, regardless of the many changes in her household, and the irritating interference of her royal father's foes.

Her preceptress in languages, was the learned Mrs. Makin, sister to a celebrated linguist and mathematician, named John Pell, through whose able assistance she acquired proficiency in French, Spanish, and Italian, quite astonishing at her tender years. The Countess of Dorset was herself, a patroness of literature. A work entitled "The Vanity and Mutations of the World," was dedicated to this excellent lady, by one of the philosophers of that period, so that, doubtless, the young Princess received great encouragement from the companionship and conversation of her accomplished governess.

The King was naturally anxious about his young children, and made an effort to extricate them from the hands of those in whose power they then were, by trying to negotiate an exchange between them, and several prisoners of the parliamentary party, who had been captured by him ; but the offer was rejected on the false pretence that the royal children were not prisoners, and, therefore, not in the position which rendered them subject to exchange.*

If not prisoners, why it may naturally be inquired were they treated as such, their faithful servants dismissed, and others appointed, at the will of those who persisted in detaining the royal children from their parents.

* Green's 'Lives of the Princesses.'

Some modern authors have asserted that the Princess Elizabeth broke her leg at this period,* but the post-mortem examination of her body, by Dr. Ernest Wilkins of Newport, proves that this statement is perfectly unfounded, for there were not the slightest marks of fracture on the bones of either leg, which must have been indelible had such accident ever occurred.

Notwithstanding the spirited interference of the House of Lords, the Commons were indefatigable in their attempts at forcing the covenant on the members of Elizabeth's household, and succeeded in ejecting the chaplains appointed by King Charles, under the pretext of popery. The change is thus described by one of the parliamentary writers:—

“All ill-disposed servants about them, were ordered to be removed, and good ministers placed in the room of bad ones, and to preach monthly by turns, at St. James's, reverend and godly Mr. Stephen Marshall and Mr. Obadiah Sedgewick, being appointed two and two of them, for this service. Much about the same time, by an ordinance of Parliament, there was again further order taken, for the more holy and happy institution and education of his majesty's two children, at St. James's, where several new officers and attendants, were appointed to wait upon the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, as namely: reverend, religious, and learned Mr. Torshell to be household chaplain, and that truly pious and gracious gentleman, Mr. Humphrey, to be comptroller, &c., and that those which were malignant, corrupt, and popishly affected, should be quite displaced and removed thence, and the former prelatiical priests to be also utterly cashiered and displaced, and in their stead reverend, truly pious, and orthodoxly learned, Mr. Stephen Marshall, Mr. Jeremiah

* Green's 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi. p. 346.

Whitaker, Mr. Carryll, Mr. Obadiah Sedgewick, and Mr. William Sparstone, were assigned to preach constantly before them, and by God's gracious and special blessing, to instil holy and wholesome principles into their princely hearts."*

A petition having been presented to the House of Commons from the Countess of Dorset, and disregarded for some time, the Lords sent to call the attention of the lower House to it on the 13th of July, 1644, stating "that the extremities of the Countess were very great."† What these extremities were is not explained, neither was the petition printed in the journals of either the Lords or the Commons; but it probably concerned the royal children, whose removal from St. James's palace followed immediately, for the Speaker gave notice to the court of guards "that there might be no stop to the passage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, with their servants and retinue, on their way to Chelsea, to the house of Sir John Danvers, on the morrow."‡

This Sir John Danvers, signed the death warrant of King Charles I., therefore we may imagine there could not be any great cordiality between the Princess Elizabeth and a person capable of such a crime. The royal children only remained in this uncongenial abode till September. They were then ordered to proceed to Whitehall, where they were domiciled during the winter of 1644-5. The celebrated linguist, Alexander Rowley, dedicated to "the peerless Princess Elizabeth," as he entitles her, his useful work, "The Scholar's Companion," a vocabulary of the Hebrew and Greek words used in Scripture, with their explanations in Latin and English.

* 'Vicar's Parliamentary Chronicles,' 4to. London, 1646. Part iii. pp. 99, 175.

† 'Journals of the House of Commons.'

‡ Ibid.

A great sorrow was experienced by the young Princess, in the summer of 1645, the death of her faithful friend and governess, the Countess of Dorset, who, refusing to abandon her royal pupils for the sake of her own health, and worn out by the anxious cares and disquiets of her situation, died in St. James's palace, at her post, to the no small trouble of the House of Commons. Aware of her declining health, they were then in treaty with the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, to transfer the care of the royal children to them. On the event of the Countess of Dorset's death, they were fain to induce the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, to give directions for the funeral of their predecessor, for which the necessary funds were furnished by the Commonwealth.*

The royal children were placed, for a short time, under the care of Lady Vere; but early in the autumn of 1645 they were transferred to the Earl and Countess of Northumberland. The earl's salary was three thousand pounds per annum for this charge, and his allowance for the diet of the Princess, her brother, and their suite of attendants, was nine thousand five hundred pounds a year. The servants' wages were in arrear, but the Earl insisted on their all being paid, before he entered on his office.

* Whitelock's 'Memorials.' Collins's 'Peerage.'

CHAPTER II.

THE Earl of Northumberland, before he consented to accept the office of keeper of the royal children, insisted that he should have liberty to treat them with all suitable respect as the son and daughter of his sovereign.* This condition was reluctantly granted, together with leave to remove them, for the benefit of their health, into the country. They spent the latter portion of the summer at the earl's splendid mansion, Sion House, near Richmond, surrounded with every comfort in that magnificent nobleman's power to confer, and were tenderly cherished by his amiable countess.

It was at that time the Princess Elizabeth addressed the following letter to her beloved sister, the Princess-royal, to whom she had occasionally written several short, but loving billets, previously, assuring her that she never would or could forget her. The present letter was evidently written to be sent by some person travelling to Holland.

“DEAR SISTER,

“I am glad of so fit an opportunity to present my love to you. I intended to have sent you some venison,

* ‘Journals of the House of Lords,’ vol. vii.

but being prevented at this time, I hope I shall have it ready to entertain you, at the Hague, when you return. Pray believe me to be

“Your most affectionate sister,

“ELIZABETH.

“11th September, 1645.

“*To my dear sister, Princess Mary.*”

Clarendon states “that the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, treated the royal children with all possible consideration and respect, but could give them no more liberty than they were allowed by the parliament.” That body, never tired of vexatiously interfering about the children of their sovereign, now called attention to the money paid for their support, which was declared to be much more than was requisite; and required the Earl of Northumberland to make such retrenchments as would enable him to maintain them on five thousand pounds a year, which was to be placed entirely at his disposal, and to cover all expenses, except the cost of the physicians and the wages of their servants, which the parliament was bound to discharge.*

The Earl of Northumberland was empowered to select for the residence of the royal brother and sister, either Whitehall, Somerset House, or St. James’s palace, also to take from the royal stores such tapestries, plate, and furniture as he thought proper for their use.†

The Earl selected St. James’s palace for the residence of the young Princess and her brother, and thither they and their attendants were removed in the spring of 1646. But on the surrender of Oxford, where the plague had just broken out, one of the articles of the capitulation was that the Duke of York, who had been left there by the King

* ‘Journals of the House of Commons.’

† ‘Journals of the House of Lords.’

on his putting himself into the hands of the Scotch army at Newcastle, should be sent to London, under the care of an honourable escort, to be placed with his younger brother and his sister, under the care of the Earl of Northumberland, at the cost of the parliament.

The Earl of Northumberland accordingly, on the 28th of July, proceeded to meet the young Duke, with a sumptuous retinue of coaches and nobles, on his arrival in the city of London, and conducted him in royal state to St. James's palace.* A vast crowd of the loving people, came out to greet and welcome the son of their absent sovereign, strewed the way with flowers and sweet herbs, and saluted him with joyful acclamations of love and loyalty.

There was a truly rapturous meeting between him and his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who had not seen each other's faces for more than five years.

The Oxford retinue of the young duke, was, however instantly changed for other officials selected by the Earl of Northumberland, who were probably not the most agreeable to his royal highness.

The sore sickness in London, in the month of August, caused the Earl of Northumberland to apply to the Lords assembled in parliament, for leave to remove the children of the King from St. James's palace, to his own house, at Isleworth, called Sion, to escape the danger of the infection. His petition was granted, but he was cautioned not to admit any of the King, their father's party, to speak to them.†

When the commissioners from the parliament, were deputed to see and confer with the King at Newcastle, the Earl of Pembroke was the only one, among them, who took

* Whitelock's 'Memorials.'

† Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion.'

the trouble of visiting the Princess Elizabeth and her brothers, preparatory to their departure, to enquire of them their small errands to their royal father.

Tidings of the disgraceful sale of the confiding sovereign, who had rashly trusted Argyle and his compeers, for the base lucre of English gold, at length reached his captive children; though of his sons, the Duke of York, only, was old enough to thrill with indignation, at the odious and unmanly conduct of the sordid leaders, who had condescended to perpetrate the deed. The Earl of Northumberland sought to comfort the royal children, by removing them to Hampton Court, in March, but before they had enjoyed the pleasant change of scene, many weeks, he was suddenly compelled to bring them back to St. James's palace, by the astounding news of the audacious seizure of the King, at Holmby House, by Cornet Joyce and his daring party of Roundhead troopers.

King Charles was meantime transferred to Windsor, where he hoped to find his children, having previously sent a request to parliament, that his three children might be permitted to join him there, and pass a few days with him.

This request was refused by the ruling powers, for fear of the children being taken out of their hands by the army.* The King returned in great dejection to Caversham House, in Berkshire, where he entreated General Fairfax to second his longing desire to see and embrace his beloved children, from whom he had so long been parted. The General being fully disposed to exert his powerful interest to obtain this pleasure for his afflicted sovereign, Charles wrote to the Duke of York as follows:—

* 'Journals of the House of Lords,' vol. ix. 'Journals of the House of Commons,' vol. vi.

“Caversham, 4th July, 1647.

“JAMES,

“I am in hope that you may be permitted, with your brother and sister, to come to some place betwixt this and London, where I may see you; and to this end, therefore, I command you to ask leave of the two Houses to make a journey, if it may be for a night or two; but rather than not to see you, I will be content to come to some convenient place to dine, and go back at night. And, foreseeing the fear of your being within the power of the army, as I am, may be objected to hinder this my desire, I have full assurance from Sir Thomas Fairfax and the chief officers that there will be no interruption or impediment made by them to your return, how and when you please. So God bless you.

“Your loving father,

“CHARLES R.

“Send me word as soon as you can of the time and place, where I shall have the contentment of seeing you, your brother, and sister.” *

The Duke of York, sent this letter to both Houses of Parliament, with the earnest entreaties of himself, and his brother and sister, that they might be permitted the happiness of an interview with the King their father. Sir Thomas Fairfax, wrote to unite his request to theirs, stating that this favour would highly gratify the King, and could by no means prejudice the interests of the parliament, promising to ensure the safe return of the royal children after two days' absence.

The House of Lords at once consented, and the Commons, after some hesitation, coincided with the Peers, on condition that the Earl of Northumberland, should accompany

* Rushworth. Whitelock's 'Memorials.'

his royal charges and ensure their return.* To this he cheerfully agreed, and he and the royal children started, before seven o'clock, on the morning of July 16th, to meet their beloved king and father, at Maidenhead, near Windsor. A long journey in those days, but the Earl of Northumberland had arranged to travel in the carriage, drawn by six stout horses, which contained the Princess, her two brothers, and himself. There were two other carriages with the female attendants of the Princess, and the equerries of the young Dukes her brothers.

The sympathies of the kind-hearted population of the district, through which they travelled, were manifested in a lively and picturesque manner on this occasion. They flocked in crowds to see the captive scions of royalty, on their way to meet their hapless King and father, greeted them with affectionate acclamations, and strewn the road through which they passed, with flowers, sweet herbs, and green boughs.†

After a pleasant journey, the young royal party and their attendants, arrived at Maidenhead, and rested at the Greyhound Inn, a full hour, before the King and his military escort came up.‡

It was more than five years since King Charles had seen Elizabeth, who was but a little girl of seven years old, when they parted. She was now rapidly approaching to early womanhood, full of sensibility and sweetness. Henry Duke of Gloucester, when last he saw him was an infant, under two years old : he had now completed his seventh year.

"Child, do you know me?" asked the King.

"No," replied the boy.

"I am your father," said the King, mournfully; "and it is not the least of my misfortunes that I have brought you

* 'Journals of the House of Commons,' Whitelock.

† Heath's 'Chronicle.'

‡ Ibid.

and your brothers and sisters into the world, to share my miseries.”*

James and Elizabeth burst into tears; the King kissed, embraced, and fervently blessed them all—placed Henry and Elizabeth on his knees, and tenderly caressed the young Duke of York, who had shared in some of his military adventures, and displayed courage and spirit beyond his years.

This meeting, between King Charles I. and his three captive children, was indeed so passionately touching, that it drew “iron tears down Cromwell’s cheeks,” who was an eye-witness of the scene, and told Sir John Berkeley, whom he afterwards encountered, “that he had seen the most moving sight, the meeting between the King and his children, that he had wept plentifully at the sight thereof, and shed abundance of tears at the recollection of it.”†

Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had attended the King from Caversham to Maidenhead, but, out of delicacy, did not intrude on the privacy of this scene, having been requested by his majesty to dine with him, the royal children, and the Earl of Northumberland, now made his appearance. The great respect paid to him by the attendants, induced the Princess Elizabeth to enquire who he was. On being informed that he was the General, she advanced to him, “courteously addressed him, and thanked him for the happiness she and her brothers now enjoyed, in the sight of their dear father, which she knew was procured by his goodness, and assured him she should always be grateful to him, and should it ever be in her power she should be only too happy to requite the favour.” The General assured her, in reply, that he had only performed one of the least of the duties he owed to the children of his

* Heath’s ‘Chronicle.’ Whitelock’s ‘Memorials.’

† Ludlow’s ‘Memoirs.’ Heath’s ‘Chronicle.’

sovereign, and requested permission to kiss her hand. This the little lady gracefully allowed.*

After dinner the children accompanied their royal father to Caversham, where apartments had been prepared for them to pass the night, and every accommodation was provided for them, at the expense of the Parliament. At the end of the second day, the Earl of Northumberland was compelled to remind the family party to separate. The children wept bitterly at parting, but were consoled, by the King giving them hopes that ere long they might meet again.†

In less than a week after their return to London, the plague again broke out, in the immediate neighbourhood of St. James's palace, and the Earl of Northumberland earnestly petitioned Parliament, for leave to remove his precious charge into the country, naming Sion House, as the fittest and most salubrious place for their retreat. Permission was at first granted by parliament, for the Earl to remove them to his own house, but presently revoked, and an order was given for placing the royal children in the heart of the city. The mansion of the lord mayor was chosen, and thither they were removed. Lord Car and Mr. Boynton, were commissioned to attend the Princess and her two brothers, and to request the lord mayor, in the name of both Houses of Parliament, to receive and take charge of them.‡ They only abode there a very few days, the inconvenience to the chief magistrate being manifest, and the Earl of Northumberland was entreated to take the guardianship of them again. The Earl objected the unpunctuality of the payment of the allowance for them, he

* 'Moderate Intelligencer,' 22nd July, 1647. 'Perfect Diurnal.'
'Perfect Summary.'

† Herbert's 'Two Last Years of Charles I.'

‡ Green's 'Princesses,' vol. vi.

had been promised, and stated that he was nearly two thousand pounds out of pocket, having been compelled to expend his own private property, for the needful expenses laid out on them and their train. The money was instantly paid, and he was requested to take the royal children to Sion House. He then said he would not prevent the King from seeing his own children, whenever his majesty wished for their company.

The Earl was too powerful to be denied, so Elizabeth and her two brothers, had liberty to meet their royal father whenever he desired to see them.

The King, escorted by a troop of the Parliamentary horse soldiers, rode to Sion House, on the 20th of August, to their mutual delight. On the 27th he hunted in Richmond Park, and afterwards dined at Sion House, with his three children, also on the 3rd of September. But the House of Commons took offence at these frequent meetings, which caused the Earl of Northumberland to move the House of Lords, "that he might, whenever he pleased, bring the royal children to the King, or admit him to see them at Sion House." His request was tacitly agreed to by the House, for it dared not be rejected. An apartment in Sion House, still bears the name of King Charles's room, having been fitted up for his use at these visits. The King expressed himself much pleased at the attention his children received from the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, to whom he gave great thanks for their care of them.*

The King having been removed to Hampton Court, his children were admitted to see him and ask his blessing. His majesty expressed much joy at seeing them with him, running and playing before him, for a long time in the

* Green's 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi. From the 'Diurnal' of the month of September, 1647.

garden. His faithful subjects, who were there, expressed also as much joy to see them all together. Another writer in the public journals, writing from Hampton Court, September 16th, says: "The King dined here yesterday; the Duke of York sat on his majesty's right hand. His majesty is very fond of him, and loving to all the children: he bears the young lady often in his arms."

The King, to whose mind the dark shadow of his impending fate often presented itself, took great pains to instruct his children in their duty, if his life should be shortened by the relentless malice of his foes. He reminded them, that the Parliament could do him no harm as long as he remained in the hands of the army, by the leaders of which despotic body, he was at present courteously treated; but if a change should take place, and he should be removed to a prison, he advised the Duke of York to lose no time in effecting his escape, and if he could, to make his way to Holland, where he doubted not he would be kindly received by his sister Mary, and her husband the young Prince of Orange; but warned him that the States-general, might possibly restrain the Prince from aiding him, or even displaying his affection to him as he could wish. He enjoined him, his little brother Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth, to render due obedience to the Queen, their mother, in all things—but forsaking the religion in which they had been baptized and bred, in which he, their father, had always found his greatest comfort in his darkest hours. He reminded them that when he should be taken away, their obedience would be due to the Prince of Wales, their elder brother, to whom he urged them, on his blessing, to pay all dutiful submission.*

* Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion.'

The Princess Elizabeth was then twelve years old, and possessed of maturity of mind far beyond her tender age. The King, her father, enjoined her never to be engaged in marriage, without the Queen her mother's express consent.* He did not speak of the promise he had made of her hand to the Lord Herbert, for that nobleman had broken the contract, and married the daughter of the Earl of Thomond, despairing of ever seeing or being permitted to wed the Princess, as she was in the hands of the Parliament, and he was a Catholic of the Church of Rome, upwards of twenty years her senior in age. The King charged his daughter to remain steady in her attachment to the Church of England, which, though at present under great persecution, was, he assured her, the best and most glorious church in Christendom.

The King was somewhat apprehensive that the Duke of Gloucester, being only just turned of seven years of age, might forget his instructions on religion; but they remained indelibly impressed on the heart of the little Prince. "For many years afterwards," says Clarendon, "when he was sent out of England, he made full relation of all these particulars to me, with that commotion of spirit, that they appeared to be deeply rooted in him; and he made use of one part of it, very seasonably, when there was an attempt to pervert him in his religion, and to persuade him to become a Roman Catholic, to advance his fortunes."†

The King also charged the little Prince, on his blessing, never to be made the instrument of the ambition of evil men, by consenting to assume the crown, which could not be his right as long as his eldest brother were in existence; and if he should be cut off, then the Duke of York would stand in his place.

* Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion.'

† Ibid.

The King having received a hint that it was intended to remove his children to St. James's palace, for the winter, where they would be prevented from farther intercourse with him, wrote the following letter to the Lord-general Sir Thomas Fairfax.

“CHARLES REX.

“We have received great content in the frequent repair to us hither of our children from Sion, and hearing that the Earl of Northumberland (under whose care they are) is now towards a remove with them to St. James's, so as they will be at a greater distance from us, we are desirous you will add this acceptable civility, to your former ones, as to write, effectually, to the two Houses of Parliament, that my Lord of Northumberland may be authorized once in ten days, or some such time, to give us the same satisfaction, of letting our children visit and remain with us here, for a night or two, the distance from London, wintry weather and shortness of days, not permitting such returns as they have hitherto observed. We shall account this a further comfort to us, and acknowledge it accordingly. Given at our honour at Hampton Court, the 10th of October, 1647.*

“*To Sir Thomas Fairfax, General.*”

The King's request, being preferred through so influential a person as Sir Thomas Fairfax, was not rejected, and the Earl of Northumberland was instructed to take the royal children to the King, whenever he required to see them, with liberty for them to remain a few days when they came to Hampton Court.† This was a great comfort to them and their royal father.

* Rushworth, vol. vii.

† ‘Journals of the House of Lords,’ vol. ix.

On the following Saturday, the royal children had the happiness of again meeting the King, their father, at Hampton Court, with permission to stay there all night. Again the King repeated his cautions to them, and begged them to be obedient to the Queen, their mother, if he should be taken off. The Princess Elizabeth was lodged in the royal gallery, near the apartment of the King, her father. The heavy tramp of the two sentinels, appointed to keep guard over their sovereign, so that he should not attempt to escape, disturbed the Princess, who was accustomed to the unbroken quiet of Sion House, and she complained to the King that the soldiers disquieted her, and prevented her from sleeping.

The King sent for Colonel Whalley, their commanding officer, and ordered him to request his men to be more quiet. Whalley replied, "that if the men made any noise it was contrary to his express desire, and that he would reiterate his orders that they should not disquiet her highness." But the Princess complained, the second night, that the men had again prevented her from sleeping. The King spoke again to Whalley on the subject, and begged that during his daughter's stay the men might be removed to a greater distance. Whalley replied, "that he could not give stricter orders than he had already done to the men, and that they had assured him that they had stepped so softly that they thought it impossible for her highness to hear them; but he was willing to remove them farther off, provided his majesty would be pleased to renew his engagement not to attempt an escape." "You had my engagement," replied the King, haughtily. "I will not renew it. Keep your guards."*

The King was painfully aware of the delicate state of his daughter's health, and regretted that he had

* Whalley to the Speaker Lenthall. Peck's '*Desiderata Curiosa*.'

condescended to ask a favour of the rude and unfeeling Roundhead soldier, who had, thus, coarsely reminded his sovereign that he was a prisoner, although in one of his own royal palaces. This was possibly the reason of his omitting to send for Elizabeth so soon again, to which he mysteriously alludes in the following brief letter to her.

“Hampton Court, 20th October, 1647.

“DEAR DAUGHTER,

“This is to assure you that it is not through forgetfulness that I have not, all this time, sent for you; the reasons for which, when you shall come, shall be told you by your brother James this evening, and so God bless you.

“Your loving father,

“CHARLES R.

“Kiss your brother Harry and my Lady Northumberland for me.”*

So precious, to the sensitive maiden, were the opportunities of seeing her beloved father, that when a longer time, than usual, intervened, without his sending for her to Hampton Court, she wrote tenderly to him to enquire the cause, to which the king returned this affectionate reply.

“Hampton Court, 27th October, 1647.

“DEAR DAUGHTER,

“This is to assure you that it is not through forgetfulness or any want of kindness, that I have not, all this time, sent for you, but for such reasons as is fitter for you to imagine, which you may easily do, than me to write; but now I hope to see you upon Friday or Saturday

* Additional MS. 3299, p. 150.

next, as your brother James can more particularly tell you, to whom, referring you, I rest your loving father,

“CHARLES R.”*

The happiness of the Princess Elizabeth and her captive brothers, in occasionally seeing their royal father, and receiving sweet counsel from his honoured lips, was too great to last. The great number of his loyal subjects who daily presented themselves at Hampton Court, to pay their duty to him, alarmed Cromwell, although Mrs. Cromwell and her daughters, were among those who sought the honour of a presentation to his majesty, and were honoured by a most gracious reception, which Mrs. Cromwell never forgot, or remembered without gratitude. .

But the general interest excited by the sovereign and his lovely, interesting children, becoming stronger every day, incendiary letters were addressed to Charles, intimating that he was in danger of assassination, if he remained at Hampton Court. He left it, in evil hour, on the night of the 11th of November, 1647, the Princess Elizabeth, having been removed back to St. James's palace, just before; where they soon after had the distress of hearing how their beloved parent and sovereign, had fallen into the hands of Colonel Hammond, by whom he was conveyed to his dreary prison of Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

* Ellis's 'Letters,' second series.

CHAPTER III.

DEEPER sadness fell on the Princess Elizabeth after the departure of her royal father from Hampton Court. She and her two brothers passed a melancholy winter at St. James's palace. She had been deprived of the company and consolation of her beloved governess, Mrs. Murray, afterwards Lady Halkett of Pitferran, who, while she was permitted to remain with her, was of the greatest service in directing her not to seek for comfort in the perishing things of this world, its glories and grandeur, but to look for aid from God, in all the afflictions that had been laid upon her and her beloved father, beseeching her always to remember that they were for her good, for that "whoever God loveth, he chasteneth."

The Princess and her two brothers, with their attendants, were permitted to take daily air and exercise, in the gardens of St. James's palace, and even to converse with the nobility and gentry, who came daily to pay their compliments to them. Among others, Colonel Bamfield, a gentleman of insinuating manners in the service of the Parliament, daily entered into conversation with the Duke of York, and presently made him understand that there was a plan formed for his escape, provided he could contrive to slip out of St. James's palace after dark. The Duke of York, being a bold, enterprising boy, readily

entered into the project. He, with his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, and the little Duke of Gloucester were accustomed to play at hide and seek every night after supper, and he generally found out such difficult places of concealment as to baffle all their ingenuity to discover him.

On the night of April 21, when it was his turn to hide, he went into his bedroom, where he locked in the favourite spaniel of the Princess, his sister, lest it should lead to a discovery by following him, as it was accustomed to do; throwing off his cloak and doublet, he slipped downstairs and through the garden, of which he had possessed himself of the key. Colonel Bamfield was there waiting for him, and conveyed him in a coach to the house of Surgeon Lee in Warwick Lane.

He was there joyfully greeted by the faithful governess of his sister, Mrs. Murray, who, without loss of time, arrayed him in a suit of girl's clothes which she had ready in a bundle. Colonel Bamfield then conveyed him down the river in a boat to Gravesend, where they embarked for Rotterdam.*

He had nearly been discovered on the voyage, for the captain, looking through the keyhole of the cabin, saw him laying his leg on the table, and pulling up his stocking in so unladylike a manner, that he told his mate he was sure his young passenger was no maiden, but a youth in female apparel.

This opinion reaching the ears of the fugitive Duke of York, he called the captain on one side, confided his identity to his honour, and asked him if he could find it in his heart to betray the son of his unfortunate king.

"No, no," replied the captain. "I will defend you, if necessary, with my life."

He safely steered his schooner through a squadron

* Clarendon. Rushworth.

of Parliamentary vessels at the Nore, and landed his perilous passenger, with Colonel Bamfield, in Holland the next day. There the young Prince obtained masculine apparel, and was dearly welcomed by the Princess-royal, his sister, and her generous consort the Prince of Orange, who had not seen him since the day of their espousals at Whitehall in 1641.

With what anxious hearts must his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, and even little Gloucester, have awaited the tidings of the young Duke's arrival at the friendly Court of the Hague, which, of course, they were long in receiving. The Earl of Northumberland, was much annoyed at the escape of the Duke of York, of which the next day he acquainted the Parliament. They, after a careful review of the circumstances, acquitted the Earl of any portion of blame, and allowed him to take the Princess Elizabeth and the little Gloucester, to Sion House, and to take great care to prevent their escape. All the attendants of the Princess and her young brother, were dismissed, and strangers placed in their service by the Earl of Northumberland, to the great grief of Elizabeth. She and her brother were removed from St. James's palace, to Sion House, and ordered by the Parliament to be kept in strict restraint.*

Sion House, that beautiful mansion on the banks of the Thames, replete with so many historical circumstances and fine paintings, and among such lovely scenery, would have been no unpleasant abiding place, but for the painful anxieties that weighed on the heart of the sad daughter of King Charles, and her longing desire to rest her aching head on the bosom of her mother, that mother whom she was to see no more on earth.

* Clarendon. Rushworth. 'Journals of the House of Lords' and 'Journals of the House of Commons.'

Sion House had been the prison of an unfortunate queen, who had been carried up that broad sparkling river, to die on a scaffold, untried, doomed by act of attainder. There, too, the spotless Lady Jane Grey, had been reluctantly compelled to pass a portion of her joyless wedded life, with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, her unbeloved father and mother-in-law, usurpers of the Percy honours. Lady Jane Grey's last voyage from Sion House, had been to the Tower, and to the scaffold. Was it possible for the youthful captive, Elizabeth Stuart, to forget the names and sad fates of the royal ladies, who had preceded her as occupants of the joyless state apartments of Sion House—one only a hundred and five years, the other, fifty-eight years previous to her own time. No pen has chronicled the themes of her melancholy musings, during the weary months the blameless Princess Elizabeth, and her innocent little brother, were confined at Sion House; but who that is familiar with the tearful stories of Queen Catherine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey, can doubt that they were often present, in fancy, to the young royal captive, during her solitary hours at Sion. None but Princes in adversity, can know how passing sad the calamities of royalty are to the royal.

In August, 1648, Parliament decided on mocking the King with the treaty of Newport in the Isle of Wight.

The Earl of Northumberland was one of the commissioners, so the Princess would hear from time to time tidings of her beloved King and father's health, during the tedious and deceptive treaty. The King, however, sent his faithful attendant, Thomas Herbert, to London, with various letters to his faithful friends, among others, one to the Princess Elizabeth, who had just been removed with little Gloucester to St. James's palace. Herbert waited

on the royal maiden, and delivered to her the precious letter, from the King, his master, of which he was the bearer. She received it with much joy, and gave Herbert her hand to kiss.

The letter was a passing sad one, and could scarcely have cheered the sad heart of poor Elizabeth, or that of her little brother Gloucester, but it was written by their honoured and much-loved parent, and that was enough for the sorrowful children. It was as follows:—

“14th October, 1648.”

“DEAR DAUGHTER,

“It is not want of affection that makes me write so seldom to you, but want of matter such as I could wish, and, indeed, I am loth to write to those I love when I am out of humour, as I have been these days past, lest my letters should trouble those I desire to please; but having this opportunity I would not lose it, though at this time I have nothing to say but God bless you.

“So I rest, your loving Father,

“CHARLES R.

“Give your brother my blessing with a kiss, and commend me kindly to my Lady Northumberland by the same token.”*

This tender, melancholy letter, shows how sad the imprisoned monarch was, when he wrote it.

The next day Elizabeth sent a most dutiful and affectionate letter to the King, her father, which Herbert faithfully delivered to his captive sovereign at Carisbrook. Unfortunately it has not been preserved.

It was at the failure of this deceptive treaty of Newport, Sir Philip Warwick records, “that the King

* Ellis’s ‘Historical Letters,’ second series.

turned away his head and leaned from the window, and the largest tears he ever saw shed by human eyes fell from those of his majesty, unobserved, as he thought, by the commissioners."

After the departure of the commissioners Charles wrote the following beautiful letter to his son, the Prince of Wales, which, as it is but little known, we take leave to insert, as not inappropriate to the brief memorials of his hapless daughter, the Princess Elizabeth.

"SON,*

"By what hath been said, you may see how long we have laboured in search of peace. Do not you be discouraged to tread those ways in all worthy means to restore yourself to your rights, but prefer the way of peace. Show the greatness of your mind rather to conquer your enemies by pardoning, than by punishing. If you saw how unmanly and unchristian this implacable disposition is in our ill-willers, you would avoid that spirit.

"Censure us not, for having parted with too much of our own rights; the price was great, the commodity was security to us, peace to our people. And we are confident another parliament would remember how useful a king's power is to a people's liberty, and of how much we have divested ourselves, that we and they might meet again in a due parliamentary way, to agree the bounds for prince and people. And in this give belief to our experience, never to effect more greatness or prerogative, than what is, really and intrinsically, for the good of your subjects (not satisfaction of favourites), and if you thus use it, you will never want means to be a father to all, and a bountiful prince to any you would be extraordinarily gracious

* Newport, 29th November, 1648. Letter from King Charles I. to his son the Prince of Wales, after the departure of the commissioners. Heath's 'Chronicle.'

unto. You may perceive all men trust their treasures where it returns them interest; and if princes, like the sea, receive and repay all the fresh streams and rivers, trust them that they will not grudge, but pride themselves to make up an ocean. These considerations may make you as great a prince as your father is now a low one; and your state may be so much the more established as mine hath been shaken. For subjects have learned (we dare say) that victories over their princes are but triumphs over themselves, and so will be more unwilling to hearken to change hereafter. The English nation are a sober people, however at present under some infatuation.

“We know not but this may be the last time we may speak to you or the world publicly. We are sensible into what hands we are fallen, and yet we bless God we have those inward refreshments that the malice of our enemies cannot disturb. To conclude, if God gives you success, use it humbly and far from revenge. If He restore you to your rights upon hard conditions, whatever you promise, keep.

“Those men which have forced laws which they were bound to observe, will find their triumphs full of troubles. Do not think anything in this world worth obtaining by force and unjust means. You are the son of our love, and as we direct you to what we have recommended to you, so we assure you we do not more affectionately pray for you, to whom we are a natural parent, than we do that the ancient glory and renown of this nation be not buried in irreligion and fanatic humour; and that all our subjects, to whom we are a political parent, may have such sober thoughts as to seek their peace in the orthodox profession of the Christian religion, as it was established since the Reformation in this kingdom, and not in new revelations; and that the ancient laws, with the interpretations accord-

ing to known practices, may once again be a hedge about them, that you in due time may govern, and they be governed as in the fear of the Lord.

“The commissioners are gone, the corn is now on the ground. We expect the harvest: if the fruit be peace, we hope the God of peace will in time reduce all to truth and order again, which that He may do is the prayer of

“C. R.”*

With foreboding spirits the Princess Elizabeth, and even little Gloucester, must have learned the agitating intelligence of the sudden rude removal of the King, their royal father, from Carisbrook Castle, by the army, to the more dismal prison of Hurst Castle.

Perhaps his halt at royal Windsor, from the 23rd of December to the 19th of January, inspired false hopes in the hearts of his dutiful but painfully anxious children. Hopes, alas, at variance with the dark shadow now impending over the dial of his shortening day, and his own prophetic warnings to them when last they met at Hampton Court and Sion House.

Who can describe the agonising days and nights of suspense and terror, that pervaded Elizabeth's heart, till the dread summons arrived for her and her little brother to come to London, and receive their death-doomed father's last farewell?

King Charles had excused himself from seeing his nephew, the Prince-elect, and others, who offered to come and pay their duty to him. Whitelocke's account of the parting between Charles and his children, is brief and pathetic. “The King's children came from Sion House to visit him at St. James's. He took the Princess in his arms and kissed her, and gave her two seals with

* Heath's ‘Chronicle.’

diamonds, and prayed for the blessing of God on her and the rest of his children, and there was great weeping.”*

But the artless, simple narrative given by the Princess herself, of this touching scene, is too precious to be omitted. She has thus endorsed it: “What the King said to me on the 29th of January, 1648, the last time I had the happiness to see him.

“He told me that he was glad I had come; for though he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he feared the cruelty was too great to permit his writing. ‘But, sweetheart,’ he added, ‘thou wilt forget what I tell thee.’ Then shedding abundance of tears,” continues the princess, “I told him I would write down all he said to me. ‘He wished me,’ he said, ‘not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die; it being for the laws and religion of the land.’ He told me what books to read against popery. He said that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also; and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them also. Above all, he bade me tell my mother, ‘that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last.’ Withal he commanded me and my brother, ‘to love her and be obedient to her.’ He desired me ‘not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that we should be all happier than we could possibly have been if he had lived.’† Then taking my brother Gloucester, on his knee, he said, ‘Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father’s head.’ Upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. ‘Heed, my child, what

* Whitelock’s ‘Memorials.’

† ‘Reliquæ Sacræ,’ p. 337.

I say ; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. But mark what I say ; you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live. Therefore I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commending him to God, and He would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised. His majesty also bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendations to all his friends."

He also bade Elizabeth "remember to tell her brother James, that it was his father's last desire that he should no longer look on Charles as his eldest brother, only, but be obedient to him, as his sovereign. That they should all love one another, and forgive their father's enemies, but not trust them, because they had been false to him, and he feared also to their own souls." He bade her "read Bishop Andrew's 'Sermons,' Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and Laud's book against Fisher, to ground her against popery." Then he gave her his pocket Bible, telling her, "it had been his constant companion and greatest comfort through all his sorrows, and he hoped it would be hers." Fervently he blessed and embraced both his beloved children, till feeling his own fortitude on the point of failing, he called in a broken voice to Bishop Juxon, the only witness of this heart-rending scene, "Have them taken away."

The children sobbed aloud. The King leaned his head against the window, endeavouring to suppress or conceal his tears, when, catching a view of them as they passed through the door, he rushed from the window, snatched

them once more to his bosom, blessed, and passionately kissed them again. Then tearing himself from their tearful caresses, he fell on his knees, and strove, by prayer, to calm the agony of that parting, which was to him the bitterness of death.*

What must it have been to his children? That young sensitive Elizabeth and the ardent little Gloucester. No sympathising pen, has told, how or where the forlorn ones passed that sorrowful night, or the dreadful morrow, 30th January, on which they knew full well the murder of their King and father would be perpetrated.

It is easy to surmise, however, that the Princess and her little brother, were hurried back to Sion House, the same evening, with all the speed six horses could exert, to avoid exciting the compassionate feelings of the spectators, whose sympathies would, probably, have been moved by recognition of the heart-broken children of their hapless sovereign, returning from their last sorrowful visit to him.

Why are these children held in captivity? might, and would, in all probability, have been asked on that occasion, had they been identified. What have they done? Why are they not restored to the Queen their mother? What harm could be apprehended from that pale, tearful girl, only just turned of thirteen, or that little boy of nine years old?

Shame, shame on an English Parliament, fighting under pretence of liberty, while keeping such guiltless babes in prison.

* 'Reliquæ Sacrae.' Rushworth's 'Collections,' vol. v. p. 604.

CHAPTER IV.

IN what manner the Princess Elizabeth and her little brother, received the tragic particulars of their royal father's death, remains untold. The events of the next two months, remain a blank in the history of the poor orphans. It appears, however, that some effort was made for their liberation, by the Earl of Northumberland; but chiefly on selfish motives, because the allowance, promised by the Parliament, had been so unpunctually paid, that he found himself a great loser by his office. He says:—

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“I have for some months past, been put to maintain the Duke of Gloucester and his sister, out of my own purse, and for want of those allowances which I should have received, by appointment of the Parliament, have run myself so far out of money, that I am altogether destitute of means to provide longer for them, or indeed for my own poor family, unless I may have what is owing to me upon these assignments.

“My apprehension, likewise, of practices upon the Duke of Gloucester, which probably may not be in my power to prevent, makes me think it necessary for me to acquaint your lordships that I cannot undertake to be answerable for him.*

* ‘Memorials of the Civil War,’ by H. Carey.

“The maintaining and safe keeping of these children being matters of state, I know not where, so properly, to apply myself for directions as to this council, humbly desiring that you may be pleased to consider how they may be otherwise disposed of, and that my looking upon this business of public concernment, may excuse the interruption that is here given to your great affairs by

“Your lordships’ humble servant,

“NORTHUMBERLAND.

“*Sion, April 6th, 1647.*”

Serious consideration was given to the Earl’s resignation of the care of the children of the late King. The Princess petitioned, “that she might go abroad to her sister, the Princess-royal, in Holland;” but on the 25th of April the Parliament voted, that “the Princess Elizabeth should not have liberty to go beyond seas,” carrying this barbarous resolution by one vote only. No reason was pleaded for the cruel decision of the pitiless despots, in thus dooming a guileless orphan maiden to a lifelong imprisonment, as it really proved.*

If the Earl of Northumberland had possessed the spirit of an English nobleman of ancient times, he would have appealed in behalf of his royal charges, to the Act of *habeas corpus*, and compelled Cromwell, Ireton, and Marten, to show on what pretence they constituted this innocent girl, who was still an infant by the common law of the realm, a prisoner. He would have asked what law she had broken, and in what manner she had given any of them offence. But Northumberland was afraid of exposing himself to the ill will of the lawless men, who had murdered their King, and shed the blood of Hamilton, Holland, and Capel on the scaffold, therefore he winked at their injustice.

* ‘Journals of the House of Commons.’

The House resolved to confide the royal children to the care of Sir Edward Harrington and his lady, with an allowance of three thousand pounds per annum, for their support, and requested that they should take the young Princess and her brother, to their country seat in Rutlandshire; but in two days' time the baronet and his wife, excused themselves from the charge of taking the late King's children; Sir Edward presenting a petition to the House, "showing that he and his wife are old and sickly, and that he is not able to walk abroad, by reason of the gout, much less to undertake so necessary and continued an attendance." Therefore Sir Edward begged that he might be excused.*

The next May the Countess of Carlisle, the Earl of Northumberland's sister, was offered the tuition of the royal children, by the Parliament, with an allowance of three thousand pounds a year for their maintenance,† but it was not accepted, probably because the Earl of Northumberland had been accorded a much larger allowance with the children.

The Earl of Northumberland proposed his other sister, the Countess of Leicester, for the post he desired to vacate. Early in June, 1649, the royal children were removed from Sion House, to Penshurst, in Kent, the Earl and Countess of Leicester being strictly ordered, by Parliament, that no other ceremony was to be used to the late King's children than to the children of the family, that they were to eat at the same table, and not to be addressed by any additional titles.‡

Under any other circumstances, how charming to a cultivated mind, like that of the Princess Elizabeth, would have been a summer residence in beautiful, classic Pens-

* 'Journals of the House of Commons.'

† Whitelock's 'Memorials.'

‡ Ibid.

hurst, the abode of Sir Philip Sidney, where his ‘*Arcadia*’ was written, and where Edward VI. had been accustomed to sport with “his Jane,” afterwards the Duchess of Feria, in their childhood.*

There also the maiden Queen, and many of those who had given brilliancy to her reign, had been accustomed to resort; but far more interesting to the daughter of Charles, was her domestication with the widowed Countess of Sunderland, the far-famed Sacharissa of Waller, Lady Dorothy Sidney, who with her young son was then staying at Penshurst.

“There,” says Clarendon, “by an act of providence, Mr. Lovel, an honest man, who had been recommended to teach the Earl of Sunderland, whose mother was a daughter of the House of Leicester, became likewise the tutor to the Duke of Gloucester, who was, by that means, well taught in the learning that was fit for his years, and very well instructed in the principles of religion, and the duty that he owed to the King his brother, all which made the deeper impression on his very pregnant nature. A tender affection sprang up between the young Prince and his instructor; a friendship, doubtless, very consolatory to the declining Princess Elizabeth, whose loving heart must have bled at the prospect of leaving that young boy, at her too probable departure from life, a lonely, friendless orphan, among unpitying strangers and relentless foes.

The Earl of Northumberland found it expedient to join his sister, the Countess of Leicester, in addressing a letter to the Parliament, requesting a suitable allowance for the maintenance of the late King’s children, which, though promised, had not as yet been given; whereupon the committee of the revenue were required to provide money for that purpose.†

* See ‘*Bachelor Kings of England*,’ by Agnes Strickland.

† ‘*Journals of the House of Lords*.’

Economy being the watchword of the regicide Parliament, in regard to these hapless children, whom they had insisted on detaining as their prisoners, they now made a further reduction of the number of their attendants, and the promised allowance to the Countess of Leicester, for their maintenance was diminished from three thousand pounds per annum, to two thousand five hundred, to her great indignation, for the Earl her husband had thought proper to scotch her personal allowance from him, four hundred pounds per year, on the speculation of what she might be able to make, out of the promised annuity of three thousand pounds for the maintenance of the royal children. The Countess, it seems, did not submit to the deprivation without an angry struggle on the subject with her lord.*

The parliament cautioned her ladyship against treating the children with unnecessary titles of honour, and ordered her to make them dine at her domestic table, with her own children. This order was contemptuously set at nought by the courageous Countess.

The Princess Elizabeth continued ill, having been so ever since the death of her beloved father. She was tenderly cherished and watched over, by the Countess of Leicester, but it was only too evident that every day was conducting the sorrow-blighted orphan nearer to the grave. She was visited by Dr. Treherne daily, but derived no benefit from his prescriptions. She had been too severely tried, and all the operations of nature had gone wrong.

Some insulting remarks there were in the journals, regarding the possible marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, who had now entered her fourteenth year, observing that she might probably be sent into the family of Colonel

* Blencowe's 'Sidney Papers.'

Pride, and perhaps become the consort of his son ! The Countess of Leicester prevented of course such annoying tittle tattle from coming to the eye or the ear of her melancholy, drooping charge.

The landing of Charles II. in Scotland, in 1650, caused a great sensation in England, and the Commons resolved to send his brother and sister beyond the limits of the Commonwealth. To have restored them to the longing arms of the widowed Queen their mother, or sent them to their sister the Princess of Orange, would have been tender mercy, but the tender mercies of the wicked are proverbially cruel. Those of the Council of State were barbarous, beyond the bounds of credibility, for in the whole extent of Great Britain they could select no other place to send the broken-hearted children of their royal victim but Carisbrook, oh Carisbrook ! where every stone would seem to chronicle their hapless father's sufferings and wrongs. How could Cromwell, Ireton, Marten, and Bradshaw, have found it in their hard hearts to send the unoffending orphans there ?

The very order to Colonel Sydenham, governor of the Isle of Wight, appointing him to receive the two children of the late King, was written and signed by Joseph Bradshaw, president of the Council of State, who had illegally insulted the King, their father, at his mock trial.

Although the Princess Elizabeth had been ill so long, she was pronounced capable of performing the long journey, and that without the attendance of a governess, maid of honour, bedchamber woman, or any other experienced lady to take care of her by the way. Two females were all who were allowed, namely, one Judith Briot, her gentlewoman, in plain words, her lady's maid or dresser, the other, Elizabeth Jones, her laundress,

both common servants. Anthony Mildmay, who had performed the office of carver to King Charles, was summoned with his wife, from Carisbrook, to receive the Princess at Penshurst, of the Earl and Countess of Leicester. The Princess Elizabeth, previous to her departure, confided to the Earl of Leicester two jewels, which had been given to her, for her own private property, and "requested him to take care of them, till she might send him more distinct directions what she would have done with them." This she specified also in a letter, which she left in his hands. One of the jewels was a pearl necklace, the other a diamond ornament. She then bade both him and the Countess of Leicester, farewell, and with her brother, the little Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Lovel, his tutor, and Sir Anthony and Lady Mildmay, set out on her dreary journey.

The rate of travelling in those days was so slow, and the roads so bad, that the scanty band of travellers did not reach Cowes till Thursday, August the 15th, having set out on the preceding Friday. For some unexplained reason, they remained there all that night, and the Friday, and did not enter Carisbrook Castle till Saturday, the 17th of August. Probably the Princess was overcome by her feelings, and unable to proceed. The result plainly shows that her journey to that ill-omened place was her death.

On the Monday after her arrival at Carisbrook, she complained of headache and feverish symptoms. She was worse next day, and her illness rapidly increased. She had no experienced matron with her, nor any other female attendants than her two maids; but on the third or fourth day of her sickness, it was judged necessary to call in medical advice, and Dr. Bagnall, a physician resident at Newport, was summoned to her aid, probably by

Colonel Sydenham, the Governor of the Isle of Wight; for there was no one, with her, who had authority for such a proceeding. Dr. Bagnall, finding her case was beyond his art to deal with, required further advice.

Dr. Treherne, the physician who had been accustomed to attend at Penshurst, was summoned. He did not come, but sent another physician, with remedies of election, having previously cast her horoscope, deeming it vain to employ other medicines than astrological preparations, for her relief. These fanciful prescriptions were, of course, unavailing. She grew worse from day to day, but her patience was unruffled, and her devout ejaculations edified all about her. Almost the last act of the Princess Elizabeth was to charge her brother's faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel, who was a watcher by her dying bed, to give her best remembrances to the Countess of Leicester, and tell her that the diamond ornament, which she had confided to the Earl of Leicester, to keep till she should dispose of it, she now bequeathed to the Countess of Leicester, wishing her to keep and wear it for her sake.* She also bequeathed her pearl necklace to her brother, the young Duke of Gloucester, as a memorial of her love.

Her female attendance was notoriously deficient. Nurses, perhaps, were procured by the care of Sir Anthony Mildmay or his wife; but these were ignorant women, and personal strangers to the royal maid. She had so longing a desire to be taken to her fondly-remembered sister, the Princess of Orange, that her sickness and her wish were mentioned to the House of Commons, by Sir Henry

* The Countess of Leicester and her lord had some trouble to obtain this precious legacy of the dying Princess, but at last they succeeded, as is proved by Mrs. Green, who has printed the document obtained from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on November 22nd, 1651. 'Lives of Princesses,' vol. vi. pp. 388-9.

Mildmay, the brother of Sir Anthony. Her prayer was granted, but she had already obtained her release.*

The Princess expired alone, on Sunday, September the 8th. "Her pale cheek resting on the holy book, which told her God was near, though all forsook." That precious book, her royal father's last gift, had been her companion and consolation through her weary, lonely captivity. Sir Theodore Mayerne did not arrive till after her death. He declares "that she died of a malignant fever, which constantly increased, she being far distant from physicians and remedies." This was not saying much for the professional skill of Dr. Bagnall, of Newport, by whom the poor Princess had been attended.

It has been stated, that her death was caused by a cold, caught in consequence of a heavy shower of rain falling, while she and her young brother were out on the bowling-green, the Monday after their arrival at Carisbrook Castle. It is possible they might have visited this spot in consequence of having been told, that it was one of the accustomed haunts of their royal father, who was fond of the exercise of bowls; but that either of the sorrowful orphans should have engaged in that, or any other pastime, so immediately on their introduction into the ill-omened place of his woful incarceration, is to the last degree improbable. Indeed, the feeble and debilitated state of Elizabeth's health would have rendered her entering into a vigorous and active sport impossible, even if her profound melancholy would have permitted her to wish it.

The Princess Elizabeth died in the fifteenth year of her age, and the eighth of her captivity. She had evidently suffered from the want of air and exercise, the deprivation from the lively sports of childhood, added to the deep

* 'Journals of the House of Commons.'

grief with which her young heart was oppressed, which was not the less poignant for being patiently suffered without a murmur.

The following exquisite lines, by her contemporary Welsh bard, Henry Vaughan, were addressed to Elizabeth:—

Thou seemest a rosebud born in snow,
A flower, of purpose, sprung, to bow
To heedless tempests, and the rage
Of an incensèd stormy age.

And yet, as balm-trees gently spend
Their tears o'er those that do them rend,
Thou didst not murmur nor revile,
But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile.

The room in which the Princess Elizabeth died is a small apartment facing the entrance towers of Carisbrook Castle. The boards of the floor are nearly gone, but the roof is still perfect. The body of the Princess was embalmed, and enclosed in a leaden coffin, and after lying in state for a fortnight, was removed to St. Thomas's Church, at Newport, in a borrowed coach, attended by her few servants. It was met and attended to the grave by the mayor and aldermen of Newport, in their robes. Elizabeth's mortal remains were interred in a small vault, constructed on purpose, in the chancel of the church, without funeral rites.

The letters E. S. were carved on the wall nearest the vault, to mark the place of her rest; but in less than a century all memory of her had passed away.

In digging a grave for a son of the Lord Delaware, in the year 1793, the vault containing the remains of the Princess Elizabeth was accidentally discovered in the chancel of St. Thomas's Church. The leaden coffin and urn remained in perfect preservation, though a hundred and fifty-three years had elapsed since they were first

deposited there. The discovery caused some little sensation at the time, but was again forgotten, till the demolition of St. Thomas's Church, when the vault was again thrown open to the eye of day.

The coffin was resting on two rudely arched stones. It measured five feet five and a half inches in length, and had a ridge in front where it closed, tapering down towards the feet. The inscription was roughly cut on three strips of lead: it was as follows:—

“Elizabeth, second daughter of the late King Charles.
Dec'd Sept 8th, MDCL.”

A post-mortem examination of the remains of the Princess, was made by the learned Ernest Wilkins, M.D.,* of Newport, proving that, although the immediate cause of her death, might probably have resulted from wet garments, she had long been suffering from softening of the bones, called rickets, a malady little known in England at that period.

Her hair was still preserved round the skull, it was of considerable length and silky fineness, of a fine light brown, approaching to auburn hue.

The part of the skull, most developed, is that named by phrenologists, the region of caution. The over development of that organ is said to indicate melancholy. The appearance of the bones indicated deformity, and also clearly proved that no fracture had ever taken place on either of her legs, as mistakenly asserted by some of her modern biographers.

After the church of St. Thomas at Newport was rebuilt, the remains of the Princess Elizabeth, were reinterred. A lovely monument was erected to her memory, at the

* I have been favoured by that gentleman with his scientific observations on the remains of the unfortunate Princess, from which I have abridged this account.—A. S.

expense of her Majesty the Queen, with a full-length statue, designed by the Baron Marochetti, from the portrait of this interesting Princess, in her Majesty's collection at Windsor. The attitude is most touching, representing her as she was found, with her cheek resting on the open page of the Bible, at our Lord's consoling promise to the afflicted:—"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

Her Majesty's inscription is as follows:—

"To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle, on Sunday, September 8th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church, this monument is erected, a token of respect for her virtues, and of sympathy for her misfortunes,

"By VICTORIA R."

After the afflicting death of his beloved sister, Henry Duke of Gloucester, remained a solitary prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, but attended by his faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel. He appeared nearly forgotten, for more than two years; but at length the princely boy induced Lovel to inquire, in his name, of the House of Commons, what steps he should take for the recovery of his liberty?

Lovel faithfully and courageously performed his mission, and Cromwell said "he was content that the son of the late King should have liberty to go beyond seas," and Parliament ordered that a warrant for five hundred pounds, should be given to Mr. Lovel, for the expense of the young Duke of Gloucester's transfer beyond seas. Mr. Lovel obtained permission to procure a ship for the passage of his young royal pupil. His orders were to embark at the Isle of Wight, and not to suffer the Duke to land in any part of England, whatsoever.

The Duke of Gloucester was rapturously received by his eldest sister, the young widowed Princess of Orange, and his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia. Both were desirous to detain him at the Hague, but the Queen, his mother, who had not seen him since he was in his second year, insisted on his joining her in Paris.

THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA ANNE.



CHAPTER I.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA was in very ill health, in the spring of 1644, suffering from rheumatic fever and a painful complication of nervous maladies, when the prospect of increasing her family added to her trouble. She was, at that time, at Oxford, which is proverbially cold and bleak.

She had a longing desire to try the warm springs of Bath, and there to await the birth of her expected infant ; but when she arrived at Bath, she found that city dilapidated, and without any of the comforts requisite for her sad state of health. So, after a wretched stay of two or three days, she proceeded to Exeter, where, at the brief but earnest request of the King, her husband, her favourite physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, came to visit her, accompanied by Sir Martin Lister. Sir Theodore Mayerne travelled in the Queen's coach, from Oxford to Exeter where the Queen had taken up her abode in Bedford House. There, on the 16th of June, 1644, she gave birth to her youngest daughter.

Very soon after this event, the Earl of Essex advanced to besiege Exeter. The Queen, who had not recovered from her confinement, sent to the Earl to request a safe conduct to Bath, for the restoration of her health. The Earl uncivilly replied, "that it was his intention to conduct

her majesty to London, where her presence was required by the Parliament, to answer for the war.”* It has even been said, that he proclaimed a reward for her head, but we doubt the truth of this.

Henrietta, perceiving that it would only waste time to negotiate, determined to withdraw from Exeter, without further ceremony, before she should be considered capable of leaving her bed. She consigned her new-born infant to the care of Lady Dalkeith, who had been appointed by the King, to fill the post of her state governess, and tenderly recommending her to the care of Sir John Berkeley, the brave and loyal governor of Exeter, she bade the poor babe farewell, and effected her escape from the besieged city, attended by Sir John Winton, her physician-in-ordinary, her confessor, and one lady.†

Sir John Winton, in his private account of the Queen's escape, declares that he walked on foot by the Queen's litter, nearly all the way to Falmouth. When he arrived there, he and the Queen learned that the infant Princess was suffering from convulsion fits, which induced the Queen to send him back to Exeter, to her relief.‡ He safely retraced his journey, and succeeded in relieving the tiny royal patient. News of the birth of this infant, having, meantime, reached King Charles, at Buckingham in August, he commanded that she should be baptized in Exeter cathedral, according to the rites of the Church of England. A handsome font was erected in the body of the church, under a rich canopy of state, and the Dean, Dr. Lawrence Burnell, chancellor of the church, performed the holy ceremony. The Governor, Sir John Berkeley, acted as

* Clarendon. Jenkins's 'History of the City of Exeter.' Oliver's 'Exeter.'

† Jenkins's 'History of Exeter.'

‡ Sir John Winton's private history of the escape.

godfather, Lady Dalkeith as godmother, assisted by Lady Powlett. Although the names of Henrietta Anne, were given to the royal neophyte, that of Henrietta, alone, is recorded in her baptismal register in Exeter Cathedral.

King Charles, after a series of victories, raised the siege of Exeter ten days after the flight of his Queen. He entered the town in triumph, and took up his abode in Bedford House, where Lady Dalkeith presented the infant Princess to her royal father. Charles bestowed a paternal embrace and blessing on the tender babe. He was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, who lodged in the Deanery. The loyal citizens presented him, with five hundred pounds in gold. The King, before he left Exeter, appointed Dr. Thomas Fuller, chaplain to his infant daughter, and assigned the major part of the excise of that city for her support, and having driven all threatening assailants far away, he gave her his farewell blessing, and left her at Bedford House, with her devoted governess, under the especial care of Sir John Berkeley, the Governor of Exeter, to whom she was recommended by the King. His Majesty returned to Exeter, September 17th, and took up his quarters at Bedford House, for nearly a week, at the end of which he took leave of his little daughter, for the last time, for he never saw her again. She was then barely three months old. Henrietta remained at Exeter for nearly a year. Her eldest brother, Charles, Prince of Wales, took up his quarters at Exeter for a month.

Soon after his departure, the city of Exeter was closely besieged by the army of the Parliament, under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax. There was then every fear of the people being starved into a surrender, from scarcity of provision ; but while all was in a state of blank despair in Exeter, there suddenly appeared an unhopd for supply.

for incredible flights of fine fat larks, poured into the famishing town; "whereof," says Fuller, our good Church of England biographer, who was then in Exeter, as chaplain to her infant royal highness, "I was not only an eye, but a mouth witness." They were as fat as plentiful, and sold at twopence and under, a dozen. The rich could have no better meat, and made pottage of them by boiling them down. Many natural causes were assigned for this visitation, which, of course, our quaint authority compares to the supply of quails in the wilderness, and evidently believes that they were expressly sent for the sustentation of the loyal men of Exeter, the defenders of their innocent royal guest.

The baby Princess, had the honour of frequently giving audience to her loving and faithful chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Fuller, who wrote, during his attendance on her several of his beautiful little tracts, full of quaint stories, for her use. He had them printed in loyal and suffering Exeter. The first of these is supposed to be 'Good Thoughts in Bad Times.' It was dedicated to Lady Dalkeith.

One day there was a little festival, among the sad circle of loyal ladies, in the besieged city, when the little Princess gave audience, in the arms of her governess and godmother, Lady Dalkeith, and received a copy of the work for her use, and early training in the reformed Catholic Church of England, from the venerable hands of its best historian, as the first-fruits of the Exeter press.*

* Thomas Fuller's 'Worthies of Repute.' The learned author of the 'Bio Britannica,' assures us this copy, though unhappily the Princess was brought up in a different religion, was carefully preserved for her, and valued when restored to her. He had seen it. Her name was written therein on two blank leaves, with palm leaves and a coronet painted, and on the leaves many of the choicest thoughts, inscribed in her hand; the book being bound in blue Turkey leather, her cipher,

The Queen was suffering great anxiety during the siege of Exeter, regarding the fate of her infant daughter. She had written to Lady Dalkeith, to remove the babe, as soon as the city was threatened with a siêge, but it was not in the power of Lady Dalkeith to obey her royal mistress. Both she and the child, were shut up in the city, and had to make the best of their ill luck. The Queen, wrote most angrily to poor Lady Dalkeith, on the subject, assailing her with the bitterest reproaches, for not removing the infant, at the first approach of danger; and not only did the Queen upbraid this faithful and devoted lady, but Lord Jermyn, also, wrote to Sir Edward Hyde, repeating all the Queen's displeasure, at the conduct of Lady Dalkeith, in not taking the little Princess away from Exeter, before the siege commenced.

Sir Edward Hyde answered Lord Jermyn in these words:—"In reply to your postscript* concerning the Princess and her governess, I think it will break her (Lady Dalkeith's) heart, when she hears of the Queen's displeasure; which, pardon me for saying, is with much severity conceived against her. Your notion seems to be, that an unfortunate friend is as bad as an unfaithful. I'll be bold to say, let the success be what it will, that the governess is as faultless in the business as you are, and hath been as punctual and solicitous, to obey the Queen's directions, as she could be to save her soul. She could not act her part, without assistance; and what assistance could she have? How could she have left Exeter, and whither could she have gone? She had just got the

or monogram, inscribed thereon. Fuller married a daughter of Lord Baltinglas, and had by her two sons. He died in 1661, having had just time to hail the Restoration, and greet his young Princess on her visit to Whitehall before her marriage.

* 'Clarendon Papers,' vol. ii. p. 203.

Queen's letter, when the Prince was last at Exeter, about the end of September. She showed it me, and asked my help. I durst not communicate, the season not being come, which was pointed out by the Queen, for her remove, which was when Exeter should be in danger to be besieged, which we had no reason to believe would be before the winter was over. It was no wonder, if they were not forward to leave that place till forced, since there they had complete subsistence, which nobody else had, and which they could not expect in any other place in England. On the enemy's advance, we had reason to believe our troops, then little inferior in number, would have stopped them awhile; and moreover a report was just then raised that we were carrying the Prince of Wales to France, which caused strange disturbance, and at Exeter, itself, people would have formally protested against it, had not the Governor prevented them. In Cornwall, at the public sessions, a petition was framed by the judges, that the Prince should be desired to declare, that no adverse fortune should drive him out of the kingdom, but it was suppressed by Killigrew. Even the servants spoke big, and vowed what they would do, if the Prince's removal were undertaken. Was this the time to remove the Princess? Had it been done, all security for the Prince's safety, would have passed away. The governess would have procured a pass to bring the Princess to Cornwall, had not her letters been taken at Dartwell, by which the design of transporting her transpired. You have now the whole story, and may conclude the governess could as easily have beaten Fairfax, as prevented being shut up in Exeter; from whence I hope she will yet get safely with her charge, to whom I am confident she hath omitted no part of her duty."*

* 'Clarendon Papers,' vol. ii. p. 203.

The siege of Exeter, was at length turned into a blockade, and the temporary supply of larks being exhausted, and the garrison suffering from famine, the brave governor, Sir John Berkeley, was under the necessity of entering into terms for the surrender of the loyal city on the 13th of April, 1646.

The little Princess left the city of Exeter, in as royal a manner, as was possible for the daughter of a fugitive King, to do; in the arms of her faithful governess, Lady Dalkeith, and escorted by the brave governor of the city, Sir John Berkeley, who, with his garrison, marched out with the honours of war. Sir John Berkeley, had stipulated for the Princess and her governess, to be allowed full liberty to proceed to any place in the kingdom, wherever it might be most pleasing for them to go, within twenty days after the surrender of Exeter, with all their plate, money, and goods; but it does not appear that these conditions were observed, for the little Princess and Lady Dalkeith were conducted to Oatlands,* where they were joined by the rest of the household, that had been appointed by the King, to wait on the child, and Lady Dalkeith had to pay all the expenses of the establishment, out of her own pocket.

It was in vain that the poor lady wrote to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and at last to the committee of the House, for the county of Surrey, sitting at Kingston, entreating to be repaid the money she had expended, for the maintenance of her young royal charge. No notice was taken of her petition for aid. At last, however, an order was passed on the 24th of May, by the House of Commons, "That the Princess Henrietta should be brought up to London, placed with her sister and brothers, at St. James's palace, and care taken that she should want for nothing† requisite to her birth

* Whitelock's 'Memorials.'

† Ibid.

and quality, but that the whole of her present retinue should be dismissed.

Lady Dalkeith was determined not to be separated from her precious charge, and addressed an earnest appeal to the Upper House, representing that she had been entrusted by the King, himself, with the care of the Princess Henrietta, and that he had sent her a positive injunction not to be separated from her royal charge; that, by the articles of the surrender of Exeter, it was also provided that the Princess was to be disposed of according to his majesty's direction; that she had preserved her royal highness, from a very weak to a very hopeful state of health; that she was best acquainted with her constitution; that she had disbursed a great sum of money, for the support of her highness and her family, since the treaty for the surrender of Exeter; that some objection had, she understood, been made upon the expense and inconvenience of dividing the King's children into two families; to which she had humbly answered, that she would cheerfully consent to remain with her highness at St. James's Palace, and be subordinate to my lord and lady of Northumberland, and to follow their directions concerning the Princess. "All my desire,"* continues Lady Dalkeith, "is now to be continued about her person, without being any kind of burden to the Parliament, or inconvenience to my lord and lady of Northumberland, resolving to bring such obedience as, I hope, shall make me acceptable. But if this be not satisfactory, I have only these requests, that I may be reimbursed the money I have laid out during my attendance and expectation of the Parliament's pleasure; that I may have a pass to send one to his majesty, to know his pleasure, without which in honour and honesty I cannot deliver up his child; and in

* Tanner MS. 59, Part I., p. 369. Bodleian Library.

the meantime (which 'cannot be long) I most humbly entreat there may be a present order for a weekly allowance for her highness and her family, which will enable me, with more patience, to expect the reimbursement of my money." This letter is dated Oatlands, the 28th of June, 1646.

As the Parliament deigned no reply to this earnest appeal, Lady Dalkeith determined to carry off the little Princess to the Queen, her mother, without further ceremony, or troubling the Parliament with more petitions on the subject of her maintenance. Having provided herself with a shabby ragged dress, for her own array, she disguised her graceful form, with an artificial hump, made up of pieces of old rags bundled together, which she sewed on one shoulder; then dressing her royal pupil, in a miserable old tattered dress, she called her her son, and gave her the name of Pierre, pretending to be the wife of a French valet, who was in the secret, and departed with her and the little Princess, on the 25th of July. The royal child, who was then two years and a month old, was indignant at seeing herself stripped of her rich dress, and arrayed in the shabby, squalid garments, Lady Dalkeith had provided for their runaway expedition, to the sea coast. She endeavoured to undeceive every one, whom she encountered on the way to Dover, by declaring "she was not Pierre, but Princess, and that the shabby dress she wore was not her own clothes." Fortunately her perilous explanations were not very intelligible to any one but her faithful governess, Lady Dalkeith, who carried her on foot most of the way to Dover. Sir John Berkeley kept Lady Dalkeith and her malcontent burden, in sight on her journey to Dover, where they arrived safely, though the lady was much fatigued with her unaccustomed travels on foot. From her first

resting-place she had sent the following letter to the female attendants of the Princess Henrietta at Oatlands:—

“GENTLEWOMEN,

“You are witness with what patience I have expected the pleasure of the Parliament. I have found it impossible to obtain any justice, to her highness, or favour to myself, or any of you. I was no longer able to keep her, which was the cause I have been forced to take this upon me. Be pleased to repair to his majesty, all of you, or as many of you as think fit. I then am sure you will enjoy the blessing of serving her highness, which, believe me, is heartily wished by me. It will be a great mark of your faithfulness and kindness to your mistress, to conceal her being gone as long as you can, and it will make your past service, more considered, and that to come more acceptable; and trust me, your divulging it will be of no advantage to you. Thus you may do it, seeming to expect her the day following after the receipt of this letter, and then cause to deliver this other” (which probably was enclosed) “to Mr. Marshall, after you have read it, and tell him—which is the truth—that I have removed her highness to a better air, whither you may, if you will, follow her.

“All her wearing clothes, woollen or linen, you may distribute amongst you. The little plate she hath Mrs. Case will have a care of. Her other things are to be continued with Mr. Marshall. I am so confident you will behave yourselves kindly and faithfully to your mistress, that you may yet more oblige me to be, what you shall always find me, which is to you all,

“A very hearty kind friend,

“A. DALKEITH.

“For her highness the Princess Henrietta, her gentlewomen.”*

* ‘Rushworth,’ vol. vi. p. 318.

It was not till Monday, the 28th of July, that the ladies communicated the flight of Lady Dalkeith and the abduction of the little Princess Henrietta, to the Parliament. It was then judged useless to pursue the fugitive governess and her royal charge. In the mean time they sailed in the common packet boat to Calais. When they landed in France all disguise was laid aside. Lady Dalkeith threw off her hump, dressed the little Princess according to her rank, and sent word to the Queen of their safe arrival in the French territories. The Queen, who had pined incessantly after this babe, received the welcome intelligence of her escape from England, with transports of joy, and immediately sent her carriage and a faithful escort, to meet her and Lady Dalkeith. Their first interview was with inexpressible rapture. The Queen thought she never could kiss and caress her recovered treasure enough.

Lady Dalkeith, who, by the death of her husband's father, had now become Countess of Morton, was regarded as the heroine of the Cavalier party, then in Paris. She was the niece of the late Duke of Buckingham, and one of the most beautiful of the handsome family of Villiers.

The courtly poet, Edmund Waller, who was then resident in Paris, commemorated her romantic exploit in rescuing the little Princess from the hands of the Round-heads, in a long New Year's ode, in which, speaking of her stratagem in assuming the artificial hump, to escape from the pursuit of her foes, he says:—

“When the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Became unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape,
When through the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.”

Then reverting to the infant Henrietta, he concludes his poem in this really spirited and poetic strain :—

“ Born in the storms of war, this royal pair,
Produced like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle less kind,
Less safe for her, than either sea or wind,
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty’s blown,
See her great brother on the British throne,
Where peace shall smile and no dispute arise,
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.”*

The Princess Henrietta continued at Paris, under the maternal care of the Lady Dalkeith, who had now assumed the title of Countess of Morton. It was in the midst of the revolutionary struggle of the Fronde. The Queen Henrietta Maria, was, in a manner, compelled to change her pleasant, and comparatively secure, residence at St. Germain, for the Palace of the Louvre, when the Queen-mother of France, Anne of Austria, desired to move, with her children, into St. Germain. The Queen of England was not alarmed at inhabiting the more dangerous Louvre, but was left, without proper maintenance, and was unable to procure either food or firing, in that distracted period.

Cardinal de Retz, gives a pathetic description of the melancholy position, in which he found both the Queen of England, and her little daughter, the Princess Henrietta, when he called on her majesty, to see her in her new abode. “ I found her,” he says, “ in the bedroom of her daughter ” (it was then past noon on the 11th of January, and snowing heavily, and there was no fire). “ You find me,” said the Queen, “ keeping my Henrietta company. I would not let the poor child rise to-day, for we have no fire.” The last faggot had been burned, and they had no

* Waller’s ‘ Poems.’

food, for the last loaf was eaten. Upwards of six months had passed since the Queen had been paid a portion of her pension, and the tradespeople would no longer supply her with the necessaries of life on credit. The cardinal, benevolently supplied the distressed daughter and granddaughter of Henry IV. from his own private funds, and stated the severe want in which he had found them, so touchingly to the French Parliament, that forty thousand livres were sent to their aid.*

In less than a month, after this event, the intelligence of the murder of Charles I. was received by Queen Henrietta Maria, and paralyzed her with grief. She was at last persuaded by her faithful friends, at Paris, to retire to the convent of the Carmelites in the Faubourg de St. Jacques, at Paris, till the first bitterness of her deep grief had subsided, leaving her young daughter, Henrietta, under the care of Lady Morton and Father Cyprian de Gamache, her Capuchin priest.†

The Queen was resolved to bring up the little Henrietta a Roman Catholic, and placed her under the training of Father Cyprian de Gamache. Gamache had no less desire to convert Lady Morton, who was always present at his lectures. One day the Countess said to her little pupil, "I believe Father Cyprian intends his catechism as much for me as for your royal highness."‡

The child, of course, confided this opinion to her tutor, who acknowledged that Lady Morton was right. Soon after, the Queen being present at the tuition, the Princess expressed a great wish that every one would believe in her religion.

"Since you have so much zeal, my daughter," said the

* 'Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz.'

† Madame de Motteville.

‡ MS. of Père Cyprian de Gamache.

Queen, "I wonder you do not try to convert your governess."

"Madame," replied the little Princess, with much earnestness, "I am doing as much as I can."

"And how do you do it?" asked the Queen.

"Madame," replied the Princess, with infantine simplicity, "I begin by embracing my governess. I clasp her round the neck; I kiss her many times, and then I say: 'Be converted, Madame Morton. Be a Catholic, Madame Morton. Father Cyprian says you must be a Catholic to be saved. You have heard him, as well as me, Madame Morton; so be a Catholic, my good lady.'"

There was some opposition, on the part of Charles II., to the Queen-mother's design of bringing up the Princess Henrietta in her own religion; but the Queen was so positive in this determination, that it was found impossible to dissuade her from it. Charles, who was persuaded it would militate against his own interests, endeavoured, both by his own persuasions and the reasoning of his council, to induce the Queen to see the matter in the proper point of view; but the Court of France was entirely of the Queen's opinion, and Charles, perceiving that he had no means of bringing his little sister up in the Protestant faith, took, at last, the easy way of letting his mother please herself in the matter.

The mock Court of Henrietta Maria, at Paris, was, meantime, filled with spies, and even Colonel Bamfield, who had been the means of contriving the escape of the Duke of York, from St. James's palace, in the spring of 1643, and carrying him safely over to Holland, had, in consequence of the neglect with which he had been treated by the Queen Henrietta Maria, changed his politics, and become one of Cromwell's spies. He gives the following particulars

* MS. of Father Cyprian Gamache.

of the ladies who were most trusted by her and her eldest daughter, the Princess-royal, at the Hague:—

“My Lady Stanhope,” he says, “maintains correspondence with her brother-in-law, Lord Newburgh, and with the Scotch king and others here. Some things, of which she has given advertisement, are said to have come from Mr. Peters, rather, I believe, through want of secrecy than fidelity. My Lord Rochester, pretends to have information of divers things from him. He brought information to the King, as the Queen told me, from the Earl of Narrina. The Lady Isabella Thynne, holds constant correspondence with the Marquis of Ormonde. I saw part of one of her letters. My Lady Morton holds correspondence with Sir Edward Hyde and Sir John Berkeley. I have seen many of her letters to the one.”*

The Lady Morton, on her husband's death, married her old friend, Sir John Berkeley, by whom she had a numerous addition to her family, but died of an inflammatory fever in the flower of her age.

After the untimely death of the Princess Elizabeth, the youngest son of Queen Henrietta Maria, Henry Duke of Gloucester, having obtained his liberty through his tutor, Mr. Lovel, was entreated by his sister, the Princess-royal, to reside at the Hague, but the Queen, their mother, insisted on his coming to her. His brother, Charles II., objected, lest there should be any attempts by their royal mother, to persuade him to join the Church of Rome. She, however, passed her word that there should not, and Charles left him with her.

Henry, with his brother James, attended the ministry of Dr. Cosins, their English chaplain, in a room in the Louvre, devoted to the service of the Church of England; but on the death of the Queen's confessor, Father Philips,

* Thurloe.

Montagu, a fierce convert to the Church of Rome, brother to the Earl of Manchester, was appointed to that office, and he persuaded the Queen and the Queen-mother of France, to forbid the exercise of the Protestant religion, within the walls of the Louvre. The only, other place where the worship of the Church of England, was celebrated, at that time, was in the house of Sir Richard Browne, ambassador from the late King Charles I., who continued nominally to hold that office for Charles II. Thither young Gloucester went every day, to the great displeasure of the Queen. She sent Gloucester to pass a month with her confessor, the Abbé Montague, at Pontoise. Gloucester was at first accompanied by Mr. Lovel, his tutor, but Montague sent Lovel away, and tried to induce Gloucester to enter the Jesuits' College. Gloucester was resolute in his refusal, and the Queen permitted him to return to Paris. She then dismissed his faithful tutor, Lovel, and charged the young Duke, on her blessing, to submit to her commands. He was still resolute, and sent for the Marquis of Ormonde, to support him in his resolution. Montagu pressed the unfortunate youth for his answer to the Queen. Gloucester replied, that he meant to continue firm to the Church of England. "Then," said Montagu, "it is her majesty's command that you see her face no more."*

Gloucester pleaded for a final interview with his royal mother. This was angrily refused. His brother, the Duke of York, went to the Queen, and earnestly pleaded for his brother, but only got angry words for his pains. Gloucester threw himself in her way, as she was entering her coach for Chaillot, knelt, and humbly begged her blessing; but she angrily turned away, leaving the poor youth overwhelmed with sorrow.

* Carte's 'Life of the Marquis of Ormonde.'

“What has her majesty said, that has so discomposed your royal highness?” asked the Abbé Montagu. “What I may thank you for, sir,” replied the Duke, sharply; “and I will repeat the same to you. Be sure that I see your face no more.”

It was now time for morning service at Sir Richard Browne’s chapel, which, accompanied by the Duke of York, young Gloucester entered, and sought consolation from attending divine service. On retiring to his own apartment afterwards, he found that the sheets had been taken off his bed, and no dinner provided for him; so that if it had not been for the kindness of Lord Hatton, who hospitably fed, and invited him to stay at his house, he would have had neither bed nor food.

That night he returned to the Palais Royal, to take leave of his sister, Henrietta, before the Queen returned from vespers at Chaillot. When he informed the Princess, that he was about to leave Paris, she began to cry and scream aloud. “Oh me, my mother! Ah me, my brother! What shall I do? I am undone for ever.”

The Duke, however, bade her farewell, and accepted the aid of the Marquis of Ormonde, who sold the last jewel he possessed, being the jewel of the Garter, to enable him to pay the expenses of their journey.*

The Princess Henrietta, continued to pursue her education quietly, at Paris. The Queen, her mother, cherished hopes that she might, possibly, be selected by the King of France, for his consort, but Louis, as before observed, was passionately in love with Marie Mancini, the niece of his prime minister, Cardinal Mazarin.

On the occasion of a private ball, in the apartments of the Queen-mother, as Mademoiselle Mancini was not present, Louis, who was now sixteen, selected her sister,

* Carte’s ‘Life of the Duke of Ormonde.’

the Duchess de Mercœur, for his partner, instead of taking the Princess Henrietta of England. The Queen-mother, rose abruptly from her chair, and taking Mazarin's niece from her royal son, reminded him that he must lead the Princess of England to the dance.*

Queen Henrietta Maria, alarmed at the anger of her sister-in-law, and the lowering brow of her nephew, immediately joined the group, and assured Louis that her daughter would not dance that night, having hurt her foot. The Queen-mother, said her son should not dance with a partner of lower rank. The result was, that neither Louis or Henrietta, danced that night.

The young King was in disgrace with his royal mother, who reproached him from time to time, and he sullenly answered "that he did not like little girls."

* Madame de Motteville.

CHAPTER II.

As the Princess Henrietta advanced towards womanhood, she became so graceful and captivating in her manners, that she commanded general admiration from every one in the French court.

She danced exquisitely, and played on all the instruments then in use. She had been accustomed, from her ninth year, to take a part in the ballets practised in the French Court, and was always much applauded for the elegance of her performance. But it was only occasionally that she appeared in these public exhibitions. Her time was more frequently spent in the cloistered shades of Chaillot, with the Queen, her mother, assisting at religious ceremonies, and engaged in devotional exercises.* She attended on the Queen, her mother, in her visits to the baths at Bourbon. They were sometimes joined by the Princesses of the royal family, but always enjoyed their return to the Palais Royal—the general residence of the exiled Queen of England and her daughter. Sir John Reresby, an English gentleman of fortune, travelling in France, after the death of Cromwell, sought an introduction to the widowed Queen of England, and her daughter, to whom some of the English paid their court at that time. “So I was,” he says, “better received.† I spoke French, and danced pretty well, and the young

* Madame de Motteville.

† ‘Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.’

Princess, then about fifteen, behaved with all the innocent freedom that might be. She danced with me, played on the harpsichord to me, in her own apartment; she suffered me to wait on her in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two great trees; and in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions."

Reresby, soon after, speaks with enthusiasm of a grand masque which was performed at the Louvre, where he says, "the young King and the Princess Henrietta of England danced to admiration."* "This young Princess," says Father Cyprian de Gamache, who never seems weary of praising her, "was of a rare beauty, a sweet temper, and a noble spirit. She applied herself to all the exercises fitting to her royal degree. She excelled all the most skilful in dances, in playing on musical instruments, and all similar accomplishments. The elegance of her person, her majestic carriage, and all her movements, so justly regulated, called forth the praises of every one who beheld her."†

There had been several attempts to engage her in marriage, commencing with the young King of France, her cousin, who had not only refused to listen to any suggestions for her hand, but even spoke of her in terms approaching to contempt, and told his brother Philip "that she seemed destined to be his wife, for it seemed that no one else would marry her." Philip, had, however, fallen in love with the fair English Princess, and with the full approval of the Queen, his mother, disclosed to the Queen Henrietta, his aunt, that it was his wish to make her his wife. Queen Henrietta Maria, received his proposal with unfeigned pleasure, but suggested the prudence of waiting till something, more distinctive, could be told about her dower.

* 'Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.'

† Father Cyprian Gamache's diary.

Immediately afterwards the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of Great Britain took place, leaving little doubt in the minds of the Queen, his mother, his sister, and her royal suitor, that everything suitable, in the way of dower, would in due time, be provided by the Parliament of that mighty realm, for the marriage of the Princess. The Queen-mother, had a thanksgiving service at Colombes, and fireworks before her palace in Paris, and thanksgivings the next day, at Chaillot, where the Princess received the following characteristic billet from Charles, written at Canterbury, the day after his landing at Dover.

“ Canterbury, 26th May.

“I was so tormented with business at the Hague, that I could not write to you before my departure; but left orders with my sister, to send you a small present from me, which I hope you will soon receive. I arrived yesterday at Dover, where I found Monk, with a great number of the nobility, who almost overwhelmed me with kindness and joy for my return. My head is so dreadfully stunned with the acclamations of the people, and the vast amount of business, that I know not whether I am writing sense or nonsense, therefore pardon me if I say no more than that

“I am entirely yours.

“For my dear sister.” *

Henrietta replied as follows:—

“ Colombes, 15th June, 1660.

“I have received the letter you have written to me by Mr. Proger, which has delighted me, no little, for to know that you have arrived in England; and at the same time that you have remembered me, has given me

* Green's ‘Lives of the Princesses,’ vol. vi. p. 427.

the greatest joy in the world; and in truth I wish I could see you, to express fully to you what I think thereupon, and you will see that it is true that there is no one more your servant than I."

Charles II. delighted his fair young sister, by sending her a present of a splendid side-saddle and horse trappings of green velvet, richly embroidered, and trimmed with gold and silver lace.*

This was, no doubt, the happiest period of Henrietta's life. She was just bursting into life and happiness; her engagement to her enamoured cousin, Monsieur Philip, Duke of Anjou, was now recognised by the royal family of France. He was the most passionate of lovers, and very handsome, although deficient in mental culture and accomplishments.

The marriage of the King, Louis XIV., to the Infanta, Maria Theresa of Spain, had just been solemnised, and the Queen-mother of France, her aunt, on the return of the King and Queen, from their bridal, took both the Queen of England, Henrietta Maria, and her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, to Fontainebleau, to introduce them to the young Queen, after which Monsieur gave an entertainment at his residence, at St. Cloud. The ball there was opened by him and the sweet English Princess, whose dancing was universally approved.

Henrietta writes to her royal brother, King Charles II., 12th August, from St. Colombes:—

"We are all shortly going to Paris, to witness the entry of the young Queen, which is to take place the 26th of this month. I will write an account of it to you, if my Lord St. Albans does not delay too long. No

* Green's 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi. p. 428.

one, I can assure you, can love you more than your humble servant.”*

The Queen Henrietta addressed an important letter to her son, Charles II., relating to the Princess Henrietta, and asking his consent to her marriage with Monsieur.

“Paris, August 14th, 1660.

“I arrived in this town yesterday. As soon as I got in, the Queen called to see me, and inform me that she came, on the part of the King her son, to tell me that they both unitedly begged me to be pleased to approve a request they had to make to me, which was that I would do Monsieur the honour to give him my daughter, in marriage, and that they had resolved to send an ambassador to you, to this effect; she, also, said many friendly things to me about you and myself. I answered her that the King and she, would do my daughter too much honour, and that I would not fail to let you know of this proposal. I beg of you to favour it. In the interim, before we can send the ambassador, I think you should give me permission to say that you approve it. I assure you that your sister is not at all displeased about it; and as to Monsieur, he is violently in love, and quite impatient for your reply. My Lord Jermyn is staying till after the entrée. The Cardinal has postponed him, promising to finish all that in time. The entrée will be to-morrow, so that he will be able to set out on Monday, at the latest.”†

The next day, the King, with his Spanish bride, made their state entrance into Paris. The Princess Henrietta, with the Queen, her mother, and the Queen-mother of France, watched the procession from the windows of the

* Lambeth MSS.

† ‘Green’s ‘Princesses,’ vol. vi. p. 422. From Lambeth MSS.

Hôtel de Beauvais, in the Rue St. Antoine. Monsieur, the future husband of the English Princess, splendidly attired, rode on a white charger, near the King, his brother, and his new sister, the Queen. The splendid cortège paused a moment, as they passed the Hôtel de Beauvais, to salute the royal group assembled at the windows.

The royal bridegroom and bride, Louis XIV. and Queen Maria Theresa, paid a state visit to Queen Henrietta Maria, and her daughter, the Princess Henrietta of England, on the 28th of August, with Monsieur, and took Henrietta with them on their drive, to the great joy of Monsieur. Up to this time their mutual cousin, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, had taken very little notice of the English Princess; but now she found that Henrietta was regarded with great admiration by all the French Court, and that she was soon to become the bride of Monsieur, whom she had hitherto regarded as her own peculiar property, to wed or not to wed, according to her pleasure, she determined to contest the point of precedence with the gentle English Princess; and she took the opportunity when the death of Henrietta's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, rendered it necessary for all the members of the royal family of France, to pay state visits of condolence, to the Princess Henrietta of England, on that melancholy occasion. The Grande Mademoisellè, as she was styled, on account of her great inheritance, had so little sympathy for her afflicted cousin, as to intimate to her, that she would not pay the expected visit of condolence, unless she were allowed the precedence; at least while she was the visitor of Henrietta. The Queen of England, was compelled to rouse herself from the indulgence of her maternal grief, to assert the rights of her daughter to precedence. She carried her appeal to the Queen-mother of France, who decided in favour of the daughter of

England, and represented to Mademoiselle d'Orleans, how wrong she was. But in vain. La Grande Mademoiselle protested that she would not pay the visit of condolence to the Princess of England, at all, unless she would concede the precedence to her, at least while she was her visitor; and she continued to absent herself, till the Queen Henrietta, thought proper to waive the punctilio, being satisfied with the decision of the French Court in her daughter's favour.* The Princess Henrietta conformed to the customs of the French Court, and received the visit of her guests in her bed.

A special ambassador, the Count de Soissons, was sent to England, with a formal demand from the King of France, for the hand of the Princess Henrietta, for his brother, Monsieur. The answer of King Charles II. was favourable and highly complimentary; but it was considered necessary that the young Princess and the Queen, her mother, should both go over to England, to settle all the punctilios of this momentous affair. Louis could not refrain from telling his enamoured brother that "he thought he need not be in so much haste to espouse the bones of the holy innocents"—a joke to which the extreme fragility of the young Princess had prompted her royal cousin of France.

A complimentary essay on Henrietta, dedicated to her future husband, Monsieur, only brother to the King, was written by the royal historiographer of France, M. de la Serre, stating the difficulty of portraying such perfect beauty as distinguished her, without letting the pencil fall from the hands that would depict such perfect charms as hers. After this highflown preface, he thus commences:—"Her figure is rich, her bearing serene, her hair most beautiful, her brow a mirror, reflecting the majesty of her race,

* 'Mémoires de Montpensier.'

and her eyes are matchless—in short, the sun sees nothing to equal her. The beauty of her soul can only be compared to that of her countenance. She speaks so agreeably, that the pleasure of hearing her is no less than that of seeing her. In singing, who can equal her? and in other accomplishments she is unrivalled.” But we can pursue this highflown strain of eulogistic flattery no further. It was no doubt appreciated by the enamoured Prince, to whom the portrait of the fair English Princess is dedicated by M. de la Serre.

The Princess Henrietta spent almost all her time in writing to her brother, Charles II., sometimes two or three letters a day. Many of these billets are preserved in the Archbishop of Canterbury’s library at Lambeth, but are really not worth the trouble of copying. The following will serve as a sample of her style.

“Mr. Fitzpatrick, the bearer of this, has begged me so much to write to you in his favour, that, although it is the third letter I have written to you in the same day, which will incur the risk of being importunate, I will venture it.”

Girl-like, she did not consider the value either of her own time or that of the King, her brother, who was much occupied with the affairs of the nation on his restoration.

Henrietta and the Queen, her mother, set out from Paris, on the 19th of October, leaving Monsieur in despair at parting with his future wife, and imploring her to hasten her return, that their marriage might take place the sooner. Henrietta and her royal mother, were escorted by Prince Edward of the Rhine, the son of the Queen of Bohemia, who desired to visit England in their company. At Beauvais, they were received with royal honours by the magistrates and citizens. They attended a service in the cathedral, and reached Calais on the 28th of the month, where, the wind being stormy, they did not

embark till the second day, when it was brilliantly fine. The Duke of York was at Calais, with a fine squadron of men-of-war, waiting to convoy them over to the British shore. He received them on board his own, the admiral's ship, with a royal salute, which lasted half an hour. Owing to the profound calm, they were nearly two days in effecting the crossing from Calais to Dover, and had to sleep on board. They were treated by the Duke of York, with a magnificent supper at his own expense. But remembering that the Queen and his sister, the Princess Henrietta, and almost all their attendants were members of the Church of Rome, and necessarily fasting, for it was the vigil of the feast of All Saints, he told them he had a fine piece of sturgeon in the ship, which should be at their service, and ordered it to be cooked for their regale. The next day the King came off to meet them when they were approaching Dover, and joyfully welcomed his royal mother and sister to the shores of England, once more.

Many sad and painful memories, oppressed the heart of the widowed Queen, as they neared the shore; but all was bright and new to the youthful Princess, who was too young to remember her perilous journey, with Lady Morton, to escape from that port, disguised as Pierre, in the ragged garments which had so much offended her royal ideas, of what her dress ought to have been, as "Princess." She was now at that sweet season when all her infantine troubles were forgotten, as though they had never occurred, and the roseate hues of hope invested the realities of life, with beauty and promises of joy.

They landed at three o'clock, and were conducted by the King to Dover Castle, where he had caused a splendid banquet to be prepared for their entertainment. Every member of the royal family had assembled there to welcome the royal voyagers. They were affectionately

greeted by the Princess-royal, who had come to Dover with the King, her brother, to enjoy the happiness of embracing them once more. The whole population of Dover thronged into the state dining-rooms to see them sup.

They all slept at Dover Castle that night, and the Queen had the imprudence to order the celebration of high mass, in the great hall, the next morning, before setting off for Gravesend, where they slept.*

That portion of the journey was performed in the royal carriages, but at Gravesend they all embarked in the King's state barges, which met them there, and they proceeded to Whitehall by water, saluted by all the ships in the river, and the Tower guns as they passed.

The river was thronged with boats, and rang with acclamations, more out of affection for the King, who was then in the zenith of his popularity, than for joy of the Queen, his mother's, return, the imprudent display of the mass, at Dover Castle, having naturally displeased the majority of the people. There were only three bonfires kindled that night in honour of her return to London. She held a great levée the day after her return to Whitehall, at which her lovely daughter, the Princess Henrietta, appeared, of whom Pepys in his diary records: "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but far below my expectations, and her dressing herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me." He concludes, like a most dutiful husband, that his own wife, good Mrs. Pepys, "standing near her, well dressed, with the unwonted decoration of two or three black patches on her face, did seem to him much handsomer than she."

The Queen and both her daughters, the Princess-royal

* Narrative of her chaplain, Father Gamache.

and Henrietta, were at that time residing with the King and the Duke of York, all together as one family, at Whitehall, in affectionate familiarity.

When Mr. Annesley waited on the Queen and her two daughters, from the House of Commons, to compliment them on their happy return to England, and to acquaint them with the vote of Parliament, endowing them with the noble present that had been accorded to them by the House, the Queen and the Princess-royal returned their thanks in a graceful and suitable manner; but the Princess Henrietta naïvely expressed her great affection and gratitude, for the kindness and generosity of the House, "lamenting that she could not do it so well in the English tongue, but desired," she said, "to supply her deficiency with an English heart."

The Parliament settled on Henrietta, for her dowry, forty thousand jacobuses, and the King her brother presented her with twenty thousand for a gift, to pay the expenses of her marriage.* The King of France bestowed on his brother the Dukedom of Orleans, Valois, and Chartres, which had fallen to the crown by the death of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, without heirs male. The French King, and his brother, agreed to endow the Princess with forty thousand livres a year, and to give her the Chateau of Montargis, handsomely furnished, for a private residence.† The fair Henrietta was perfectly satisfied with all the arrangements in her marriage articles, and considered herself as the affianced wife of Monsieur. The happiness of the royal family would have been perfect, but for the fatal illness of the Princess-royal, at Whitehall, which, as soon as it was discovered to be the small-pox, caused the Queen-mother to remove her darling Henrietta to St.

* 'Parliamentary History,' vol. xxiv.

† Marriage treaty. 'Journals of the House of Commons.'

James's palace, for fear of the infection either attacking her life or destroying her beauty. Immediately after the sad event of the death of the Princess-royal, on Christmas eve, a courier arrived from Monsieur, to express his earnest desire for the return of his beloved cousin and affianced wife.

The Princess Henrietta, with the Queen, her mother, commenced their journey to Portsmouth, on the 2nd of January. They slept the first night at Hampton. The next morning they were followed by the King and a choice company of his Court.

Unfortunately the Duke of Buckingham, though a married man, had fallen in love with the youthful Henrietta, and besought the King to permit him to have the honour of escorting the Queen-mother and the Princess to Paris.

He had crossed over from Calais, with these illustrious ladies, and rendered himself forward and disagreeable enough to both, so that it was entirely against their will that he now attached himself to their suite. He set off, without changing his dress or making any preparation for the voyage. The wind was at first favourable, but suddenly shifting, the vessel ran on a dangerous sand, and they were all in great danger of foundering. After some hours of peril, the good ship, the *London*, was got out of danger, but the Princess was very ill with an eruptive fever. The Queen, fearing it was the small-pox, insisted on the ship putting back into port. Physicians came on board, and declared the illness was not small-pox, but measles, and advised the royal patient to be carried on shore after the crisis was over.

They all landed. The Princess suffered a severe relapse, so that her life was considered in danger. King Charles sent two of his physicians to her aid, but her recovery

was, by many, attributed to her own sagacity in refusing to submit to the bleeding process, which had proved fatal to her sister the Princess-royal. The urgency of Monsieur, who having been fifteen days without receiving tidings from or of her, sent an express to enquire the reason of her silence, and to press her to return to France, induced her to set off, without further delay. She and the Queen and their suite, embarked the following day, January 25th, for Havre de Grace, where they arrived without further accidents. They were handsomely received in that town, with a royal salute of cannon, a procession of ecclesiastics, magistrates, soldiers, and citizens, and a triumphant flourish of trumpets. Here the weakness of the Princess rendered it necessary for her to repose for several days, and the ill-judged conduct of the Duke of Buckingham proved so annoying to the royal invalid, that the Queen, her mother, despatched him to Paris, in order to get rid of his troublesome assiduities.

They had intended to travel by Rouen, but the governor of Normandy warned them that the small-pox was raging there, like a pest, and many died of the infection every day. The Queen, therefore, for fear of losing her daughter, from the same malady which had, so recently, proved fatal to the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess-royal in England, gave up that route, and accepted the invitation of the Duke of Longueville, the governor of Normandy, to rest at his chateau, at a safe distance from the infected city. The Duke of Longueville met the royal ladies at the head of a noble procession, of the flower of the Norman nobility, welcomed them to Normandy, and conducted them to his stately chateau, where he feasted them and their suite.

The Queen, Henrietta Maria, held a grand reception on the following day, before she took her departure to

Pontoise, where she had promised the Abbot Montagu, her almoner, a visit. The Duke of Longueville, and his stately cavalcade of the Norman nobility, escorted the royal ladies part of the way towards Pontoise, till the Queen Henrietta Maria, insisted on their taking their leave of her and the Princess of England, her daughter.

At Pontoise the royal travellers were most honourably received by the Lord Abbot Montagu, the Queen's lord almoner. Soon after their arrival, while they were surveying the abbot's fine collection of paintings, jewellery, and porcelain, a mighty flourish of wind instruments announced the arrival of the King, Queen, and Queen-mother of France, with Monsieur, the lover of the Princess Henrietta, whom he regarded as his future spouse. He had not been informed that she had accompanied the Queen, her mother, from England, and was overcome with the pleasant surprise of seeing her. He stood with his eyes fixed on her, as if he feared she would vanish from his sight. At last he recovered himself, spoke to her, and kissed her, begged to hear all particulars of the voyage from her own lips, and listened, with rapt attention, to all her adventures.*

The King, Queen, and Monsieur, dined at Pontoise with the Abbot Montagu and the royal travellers, and in the evening took their departure to Paris.

The following day, Monsieur returned on the wings of love, to dine with his affianced and her royal mother, his aunt, and escorted them to Paris. They were met by the King and Queen of France, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and a great company of the chief nobility of St. Denis, and were, by them, conducted to their former abode, at the Palais Royal. After returning the visits they had received from these illustrious persons, with due ceremony, the Princess Henrietta retired with the Queen, her mother, to the

* 'Mémoires de Gamache.'

convent of Chaillot, there to await the arrival of the Pope's dispensation for the marriage. It did not come till near the end of Lent, a time when it was not customary, in countries where the rites of the Church of Rome were practised, to celebrate marriages; but the impatience of Monsieur was unconquerable, and the Queen, Henrietta's mother, agreed to waive formalities.

The contract of betrothal was performed in the Louvre, on Wednesday, the 30th of March, in the presence of the King, Queen, the Queen-mother, and Queen Henrietta Maria, the mother of the bride-elect, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, cousin of the contracting parties, the Prince and Princess of Condé, the Duke d'Enghien, the Duke de Vendôme, the Earl of St. Albans, ambassador from the King of Great Britain, brother of the Princess Henrietta, and other dignitaries of the courts of France and England. The bride elect, was richly adorned and elegantly arrayed; the dresses of all who assisted in the espousals were admirable.

The marriage was solemnized next day, March 31st, 1661, in the chapel of the Palais Royal, by the Bishop of Valence, in the presence of the King and Queen of France, the Queen-mother, and Queen Henrietta Maria, the mother of the bride.*

The King and Queen of France supped with the bridegroom and the bride, and the Queen of England; everything, even according to the report of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, being admirably arranged. She acknowledges the sweetness of manner and gracefulness, of the youthful bride, who possessed the secret of managing her figure, so that it was universally admired; although, adds Mademoiselle, "she was crooked, a blemish that even her husband, Monsieur, did not find out till after they were married."†

* Madame de la Fayette's 'Memoirs of Henrietta of England.'

† 'Mémoires de Montpensier'

CHAPTER III.

THE day after their marriage, the Princess Henrietta and her consort, received visits, and on that following she went to reside with Monsieur, in his apartments in the Tuileries. It was the first separation from the Queen, her mother, Henrietta had ever experienced, and they parted with sobs and tears. Almost every one in the Palais Royal wept from sympathy at the sight of their distress. The Queen, her mother, greatly deplored her child's early marriage to so weak and uneducated a Prince, and being separated from her, before she had acquired experience in life. Henrietta was only sixteen, her consort but three years her senior, and surrounded by dissipated young men, who persuaded him to assume the authority of a husband over the gentle and lovely girl, whom he had espoused. He introduced her to his friend, the Count de Guiche, the eldest son of the Marshal de Gramont, and desired her to pay him particular attention, as his early companion and friend.* Henrietta's natural courtesy disposed her to comply with the directions of her consort, and it was not long before De Guiche fell in love with her.†

The Duke of Buckingham, unwelcome as he was, intruded himself into the circle of Queen Henrietta Maria,

* Madame de la Fayette's 'Life of Henrietta of England.'

Ibid.

and his flippant conversation about Madame, as Henrietta was now styled, together with his gossiping regarding her and De Guiche, coming to the ears of the Queen-mother of France, she caused him to be informed by her order, that the King of France considered his visit at his court, had been quite long enough. This intimation succeeded in clearing the field of Buckingham.

Henrietta soon found out that her husband had neither talents nor education. Handsome he was, but feminine in his pursuits. He cared for nothing but dressing himself; indeed, the sarcastic wits of the court, whispered, that he amused his vacant hours in playing with a doll, an occupation to which he had been accustomed in the Queen his mother's antechamber, when a boy, and in knitting and netting, among her maids of honour.

It was a sad thing to consign a lovely intellectual girl like Henrietta, to the caprices of an uncultivated young man, whose unoccupied mind had no better employment than listening to the artful bad people, of both sexes, with whom he had surrounded her.

Although it is the fashion to revile the consort of Henrietta, unsparingly in history, it would be difficult to convict him of greater faults than puerility, eccentricity, almost childish ignorance, and peevishness of temper. He was valiant in battle, a general by intuition. Madame de la Fayette, who certainly held him in strong aversion, thus sketches his portrait. "Monsieur, only brother to the King, was excessively attached to the Queen, his mother. His inclinations were only conformable to the occupations of women, as those of the King, his brother, were manly and masculine. Philip of Orleans was beautiful and well made, but his beauty was feminine, and he thought more of attracting general admiration, than making conquests among the ladies, although he was continually in their

company. His self-love permitted him to form no particular affection excepting for himself." She adds, "that while paying every possible attention to his beautiful young wife, love was still lacking, for the miracle of inflaming his heart was not in the power of any woman in the world."

The royal family of France, greeted the arrival of Henrietta, in the Tuileries, with costly presents and attractive entertainments. On Holy Thursday she represented the Queen, who was in delicate health, by washing the feet of the poor women of the Queen's age, according to the custom of the court of France.

Henrietta, now released from maternal control, plunged giddily into the vortex of dissipation the court of Louis XIV. presented, and presently became the leader of every masque, ball, and those nightly promenades, which were witnessed, with much uneasiness, by the Queen of Louis.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière, then scarcely more than a beautiful child, had been presented to Henrietta, by Madame de Choisy, for a young maid of honour, and was very much petted and patronised by her royal mistress, before she grew up into one of the dangerous beauties of the court, with far more sensibility than sense, and, unhappily for herself, attracted the attention of the King, both from his loving Queen and wife, and his fascinating sister-in-law, Henrietta of England, to whose account his frequent visits at the apartments of Monsieur at the Tuileries, was attributed. After spending the spring at Paris, Monsieur and Madame, were invited to Fontainebleau, where the King saw her with all the improvement of person and manners, which her residence in Paris, and her near advance to sweet seventeen had effected. He then acknowledged his error, and vowed that "if he had ever said she was not the most enchanting, woman in the world, he was the most unjust person in it. He attached

himself to her with a degree of enthusiasm, as if he desired to atone for his former contemptuous opinion, and testified an excessive complaisance for whatever she said or did.*

The use Madame made of the boundless influence, she suddenly found she possessed, was, girl like, to devise and direct all parties of pleasure at the court, and Louis XIV. took no delight in any amusement which was not planned and led by his lovely sister-in-law. It was the height of a very hot summer, and Madame often went with her train of ladies, to some of those gushing springs of living waters, from which royal Fontainebleau derives its name. Her custom was to go in her coach of an afternoon, because of the heat, and return on horseback, at the sun's decline, followed by all her ladies in equestrian costume, wearing plumes of every bright colour in their riding hats.

Such a procession of ladies winding through the dark primeval forest, with their bright mistress at their head, fresh from the bath, at the glowing age of seventeen, was a sight which Frenchmen, of all ranks, remembered and discussed, long after the dust and ashes of an early grave had closed over the best and loveliest of the group.

The King, and the nobility of his household always came on horseback, to meet and escort Madame and her ladies through the forest to supper. After supper they all mounted in the fashionable open carriages, called caleches, and drove or walked by the canal, listening to the exquisite concerts of violins.

The Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, and the Spanish Queen consort, her niece, were offended at the lead the English Princess took at the court, and at her influence with the King, who devoted all the hours to his sister-in-law that he formerly spent with his mother and wife.

* Madame de la Fayette's 'Life of Henrietta of England.'

They were sure Louis XIV. had some attachment which interfered with his duties, and his extreme complaisance to Madame, his compliance with her every wish, and constant conversation with her, alarmed the jealousy of both Queens. Anne of Austria, called a consultation with the Abbé Montagu, the almoner of Queen Henrietta, and charged him to lecture Madame, to remind her of her extreme youth, and advise her never to form any parties without her, nor to attempt to attract the King in a different direction from the Queen, his consort.

Soon after, the Queen-mother awakened the jealousy of Monsieur, who testified much uneasiness at the gay parties in which his royal brother was ever in attendance on Madame. He had hitherto let them proceed without his presence, but now mixed himself up with them in a manner which permitted not a moment's repose either to the King or his wife. And then the Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, and Monsieur, remonstrated so earnestly with the King and Madame, on the sinister rumours they had raised in France, that both seemed to wake from a sort of dream, and wonder at their own conduct. On closer investigation, Monsieur and his mother, discovered that the King's attraction to the society of his royal sister-in-law, was for the sake, not of herself, but her young and lovely maid of honour, Louise de la Vallière.

"She was very pretty, very sweet, and very *naïve*," says Madame de la Fayette, who, nevertheless, draws a picture by no means consonant with the popular ideas of La Vallière, whom she describes as bounded in intellect, and deficient in that skill in animated conversation, which is the highest accomplishment in the appreciation of French-women.* "Everybody, however, considered her charming, and the young courtiers strove to win her love. The Count

* Madame de la Fayette's 'Henrietta of England.'

de Guiche was attached to her beyond every other person, and seemed greatly occupied with her. Her fortune was nothing, and she found herself exceedingly happy under the protection of Madame, until the King publicly transferred to her all his attention and assiduities." The Count de Guiche gave up the field to his formidable rival without further contention.

Henrietta was now likely to give an heir to Monsieur, but she did not allow herself much repose on that account, though her husband was anxious she should bring forth a living hopeful son. She visited the Queen her mother, at Colombes, in June, but Monsieur desiring to give a ball at his apartments at Fontainebleau, she returned thither to grace it with her presence, and also attended that which was given by the Duke of Beaufort, in the park, where the dancing took place in a saloon constructed among the trees brilliantly lighted with coloured lamps.*

Towards the end of the month Henrietta's mother, the Queen-dowager of England, paid them a visit. The young married couple and their suite, came out to meet and welcome her, and conducted her to the apartments prepared for her in the palace, where she remained a week in the society of her beloved daughter. The health of Henrietta, always delicate, was much injured by her reckless dissipation, and no advice from her mother could induce her to adopt a more prudent course of life. The summer passed away, her mother left her in great anxiety, apprehending that she would never have strength to give life to her expected babe. 'She was thinner than ever, pale, and almost suffocated with the perpetual cough, that allowed her no sleep, without the constant use of opiates. Towards the end of November she travelled to Paris, in a litter,

* Madame de la Fayette.

attended by Monsieur. Her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, was already there awaiting her. The physicians ordered Madame to keep her bed, and prescribed perfect repose, but she insisted on seeing company all day in her chamber, where ballets, vaudevilles, and all the favourite amusements of the court were performed.* She rallied, and came into public again, and pursued the same reckless course; but at length, on the 27th of March, 1662, she gave birth to an infant daughter.†

Both Monsieur and herself, were greatly disappointed at the sex of the child, although it was a most lovely babe. The King and Queen of France, came to congratulate her, as early as six o'clock in the morning, and Monsieur received the whole day the compliments of the court. He confirmed the selection made by the mother of the babe of Madame de St. Chaumont as her governess, in preference of Madame de Motteville, who was recommended by the Queen-mother and Queen Henrietta Maria, as the fittest person for that office.‡

The baptism of the infant Princess took place on the 21st of May, in the chapel of the Palais Royal, and was performed by Montagu, Abbot of Pontoise, the almoner of Queen Henrietta Maria; who, with the King and Queen of France, were sponsors for the babe, and gave her the name of Maria Louisa. The whole court was also present at the service.

Running at the ring was afterwards performed by the King, Monsieur, and other noble personages, in splendid costumes. The ladies were spectators of these games, and distributed the prizes. Henrietta and her consort, subsequently retired to Colombes, to pay a long, quiet farewell visit to her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, who was

* Madame de la Fayette.

† 'Gazette de France.'

‡ Ibid.

about to leave France for a sojourn in England. They escorted her as far as Beauvais on her journey. They did not separate without abundance of tears shed by Henrietta and her mother, who had never before parted for long. Monsieur and Madame returned to Paris, and the Queen took the road to Calais.*

Early in the following year Henrietta wrote to the King, her brother, by Lady Stuart of Blantyre, whose daughter, la Belle Stuart as she was called, had been one of her ladies of honour, but had now, through her recommendation, obtained an appointment in the household of Catherine of Braganza, Charles's queen.

"I would not willingly," she says, "lose the opportunity of writing to you by Lady Stuart, who is bringing her daughter over to be one of the ladies of the household of the Queen, your wife. Were it not for this I could not have parted from her (la Belle Stuart) without pain, for she is the prettiest girl in the world, and one of the most skilful dressers.

"I have received one of your letters in reply to those I sent you by Crab. It is impossible to feel more joy than I do at the thought that we may meet once more. Your majesty is, indeed, the dearest thing in the world to me, and I rest your very humble servant."†

The consort of Henrietta, no less eager for pleasure than herself, conducted her to Chantilly, where they were both magnificently entertained by the Prince de Conde for two days. They received all honours, and enjoyed concerts and hunting matches, besides examining the Prince's inimitable collection of paintings. These entertainments were suddenly interrupted by the illness of Louis XIV.'s consort and infant daughter, of both of whom Henrietta thus writes to the King, her brother. "The Queen is much better, but

* 'Gazette de France.'

† Lambeth MS.

the new-born Princess has been, these two days, in such bad convulsions, that her death is expected every hour; so that the compliments you would make on her birth are useless, as I fear much she will be dead ere they arrive.”*

The very day after the funeral of the French Princess was solemnised, a grand ballet took place, in which both the royal father of the infant and Henrietta, took parts, and were much applauded.†

Henrietta proved useful in settling a fierce dispute for precedency, which took place the following summer, in the court of Louis XIV., in consequence of the English ambassador, Denzil Lord Hollis, once one of the most rabid republicans in the court of Charles I., insisting that his carriage should be allowed to go before those of all the Princes of the blood, when he presented his credentials to the King. This was refused, and he would not appear unless his claims were allowed. Henrietta, however, suggested, as an expedient, that his presentation should take place at St. Germain's, and thus avoid the collision, which would probably have occurred, had the contending parties met while the question was undecided.

In his despatch relating this dispute, Denzil Hollis condescends to bestow some commendations on Henrietta's conduct in this difficult matter. He says: “I must do Madame right, who only hath by her dexterity carried on and managed all this business, and brought it to that point where it now is.”‡

Hollis continued so troublesome in his conduct, that Henrietta complained to the King, her brother, of his intolerable pride and folly, in a lively letter, in which she mentioned her little daughter, now two years old, in whose behalf she had invested some money in the East India

* Lambeth MS.

† ‘Gazette de France.’

‡ Hollis Despatches.

Company of France, assuring Charles that the little Princess was growing up very pretty, and the image of him. Charles merrily replied :—

“I hope my niece will have a better portion than what your share will come to in the East India trade. I believe you might have employed your money to better uses than to send it off on so long a journey. I hope it is but a compliment to me when you say my niece is so like me, for I never thought my face was even so much as intended for a beauty. I wish with all my heart I could see her, for at this distance I love her; you may guess, therefore, if I were upon the place, what I should do.

“I am very sorry my Lord Hollis continues those kind of humours. I have renewed by every post my directions upon it, and have commanded him to proceed in his business and not to insist upon trifles. I am newly returned from seeing some of my ships which lie at the Nore, ready to go to sea, and the wind has made my head ache so much that I can write no longer; therefore I can say no more but that I am yours.”*

Henrietta was again likely to increase her family; but always careless of herself, she attended a masque at the Louvre, one evening, when her foot unluckily catching in a ribbon loop, which hung down from her masking dress, she would have had a very severe and heavy fall if a gentleman had not caught her and broken it, so that her accident was confined to a sprain, which confined her to her couch for nine days. But she suffered no ill effects from the accident. She went with the court to Fontainebleau, and mixed in the gay world as usual, and on the 18th of July, 1664, she gave birth to a son, in the presence of the King, the two

* Letter of Charles II., quoted by Mrs. Green, from the collection of M. Donnadien. ‘Lives of the Princesses,’ vol. vi. p. 472.

Queens, his wife and mother, her own consort, and other members of the French court.* Her consort, Monsieur, wrote immediately to her brother, Charles II., to announce the joyful news to him. Louis himself wrote to Charles by Montagu, the almoner of Queen Henrietta Maria, who was in waiting to convey the joyful news to his royal mistress, as she had not yet returned from England.

"We have this morning," writes Louis, "received the accomplishment of our wishes, in the birth of a son, whom it has pleased God to give to my brother. To render the blessing more complete, nothing can be more favourable than the health both of the mother and child. You need only be pleased to estimate my joy by the greatness of your own."†

The English ambassador, Hollis, writes in August: "Madame looks as well as I ever saw her look in my life, that is, as well as possible, and has grown so fat, that my compliment to her yesterday was, it was well she had good witnesses (meaning of the birth of her son), else nobody would believe she had brought forth such a lusty young Duke, to see her in so good a plight so soon, and the young Duke is as lusty and as fine a child, as ever I saw."‡

The Queen-mother of France, Anne of Austria, was especially delighted with the birth of her hopeful grandson, as the Dauphin was a very sickly child, and had not much probability of living to wear the crown of France.

Her offer of adopting the daughter of Monsieur and Henrietta, was gratefully accepted by both parents. Henrietta might now have enjoyed tranquillity; but the evil women by whom she was surrounded caused all manner of sinister reports to be circulated of her.

* 'Gazette de France.'

† Green's 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi. p. 474.

‡ *Ibid*, pp. 474-5.

The worst of these incendiaries was Madame de Soissons, one of the Mancini sisters, and Mademoiselle Montelais, who both made a tool of the amiable, but weak La Vallière. Monsieur partly saw through the evil influence they exercised, and told the Queen, Anne of Austria, his mother, "that there would be no peace for his consort or himself with the maids of honour they had in their household, and he should take upon himself to dismiss two of them without delay."

Accordingly the Maréchale du Plessis, the superintendent of their household, by the order of Monsieur, the next day informed Mademoiselle Montelais and her companion in banishment, whose name is not mentioned, that they were to withdraw themselves from the Tuileries palace at the hour when they usually went out in his coaches. Mademoiselle de Montelais entreated Madame du Plessis to let her take away her caskets; if she did not Madame would be ruined. Madame du Plessis told her she would ask Monsieur's leave, but without telling him the reason.

Monsieur was rather shocked at being thought capable of detaining the young lady's ornaments. He desired that they would take all that belonged to them. Madame du Plessis was not aware of the service she had rendered her mistress, for away with these caskets went three or four letters which De Guiche had lately sent to Madame during their negotiation regarding his departure from Paris.*

Before Madame was awake Mademoiselle de Montelais and her caskets were cleared out of the Palais Royal. When they were gone, Monsieur entered his consort's chamber, saying, "Madame, I have sent away two of your maids." While his wife looked at him with the utmost

* Madame de la Fayette. 'Mémoires d'Henriette d'Angleterre.'

amazement, he left her apartment without saying another word.

An explanation subsequently took place between Madamé and her consort, at which Madame avowed "that she had seen the Count de Guiche only once since it had been forbidden, and that' he had written three or four times."*

As Monsieur had received precisely such amount of intelligence, he was wonderfully softened. He greatly enjoyed the authority he had exercised, and dismissing all frowns from his brow and bitterness from his words, he embraced his wife, and retained no anger for any one except the maids of honour. All his cares were exerted to prevent Madame from having any communication with Mademoiselle de Montelais, and as she had been very intimate with Mademoiselle de la Vallière,† he obtained orders from the King preventing her from being with his wife, henceforward. In fact, they had very little communication together afterwards.

It is not difficult to perceive from this passage, that the maid of honour they so unceremoniously ejected with the busybody Montelais, was Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Philip of Orleans has been unmercifully abused and calumniated by historians, but his conduct is far from bearing out the hard words they lavish on him. Excepting his boyish folly in forcing his favourite De Guiche to admire the young beauty Henrietta, his conduct was not unreasonable.

Madame promised her husband that she would break all acquaintance with De Guiche: she promised it likewise to the King. Monsieur had been very jealous of the King his brother's frequent visits at the Palais Royal, till he discovered they were not to his consort, but to her beautiful

* Madame de la Fayette, 107.

† Ibid, 108.

maid of honour, Mademoiselle de la Vallière ; but even then he very properly said, "the King ought to have respected his household, and not polluted it with his libertinism."

Mademoiselle de Montelais, who had found a retreat at the house of a sister, would not rest quiet. She wrote two long letters to Mademoiselle de la Vallière, on all the preceding commotions. In her letters she gave La Vallière directions, how she was to behave to the King, and what she should say to him. It is to be feared that La Vallière babbled everything that occurred to Louis XIV., for these letters he saw, and put himself into a most remarkable rage concerning them. He sent to capture Mademoiselle de Montelais by means of an exempt, by whom she was hurried away from Paris to the convent of Fontevraud, where she remained with nothing to do, but to say her prayers, and no other royal personages to confer with, than the statues of our earlier Plantagenet kings and queens, the King having strictly interdicted her from speaking to a human creature—a terrible penance, considering the activity of her tongue.

The evil persons, by whom Madame was always surrounded, made it their constant study to excite ill will between her and her consort, by misrepresenting everything she said or did, so as to excite his jealousy. Elizabeth Charlotte, his second wife, daughter of the Elector Palatine, renders due testimony to the innocence of her beautiful and graceful predecessor. "The late Madame," says she, "was very unfortunate in being surrounded by the greatest intriguers in the world, and confided in those who made a point of deceiving her. Young, gentle, and full of grace, she had no idea how wicked they were. They made it all their study to breed quarrels between her and her husband." *

* 'Memoirs of Madame Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess d'Orleans.'

It happened one day that Henrietta went into the suite of nursery apartments, where her children were, with their governess, Madame de St. Chaumont. The Count de Guiche was there, and from what passed, she inclined to the suspicion that he came for the purpose of seeking an interview with her. But before anything could pass, the valet de chambre, Lanza, entered hastily, and told them that Monsieur was coming upstairs, and made a sign that the Count de Guiche should conceal himself, behind the door, till he should have passed, which accordingly he did; but Lanza ran against Monsieur, in his haste to open the door for him, and set his nose a bleeding. Madame and the governess, ran with handkerchiefs, to stop the bleeding, covered his face, and De Guiche made his escape in the confusion. These foolish stratagems and attempts at concealment in a very natural incident, gave an appearance of evil to a really innocent circumstance.*

According to the etiquette of the French court, every one was expected to speak loud enough to be heard at table, by all the company; but the Count de Guiche assumed incapacity for speaking audibly, by declaring himself to be ill with pulmonary consumption, and in order to corroborate his assertion, he ceased to eat solid food, and lived on milk diet for nearly a year. In consequence he spoke in a whisper to every one, and thus enjoyed the pleasure of conversing with Madame in a tone inaudible to her guests.

The impending hostilities between England and Holland, occupied the thoughts of Madame far more than anything else, all this period, as her letters to her brother Charles II. bear witness. She writes to him on the 27th of May, telling him "she hears the Dutch fleet has sailed, and she fears the encounter will be furious between their

* Related by Elizabeth Charlotte, the second wife of Monsieur.

navy and that of England. "A thought," she says, "that makes me tremble." She, however, consoles herself with the reflection of Charles's usual good fortune, and assures him she will always be alive to his interests, for no one can love him more than she does.*

While her mind was in this painful state of excitement, she was told, that the fight she so much dreaded had taken place, that the Dutch had gained a decisive victory, the Duke of York's ship had been blown up, and he slain.

This report was the very reverse of the fact. James Duke of York, had won the greatest battle ever fought between England and Holland, taken or destroyed twenty ships, and blown up the ship of the Dutch Admiral Opdam, with all his crew of five hundred men. This great battle was fought off Lowestoff.

The frightful tale of the defeat and death of her brave brother, produced so fearful an effect on Henrietta, that she fell into strong convulsions; and after two or three days, premature labour ensued, and she was delivered of a dead daughter, to the great indignation of her lord, who treated the loss of the infant, as a serious crime on the part of his poor wife.

Henrietta, was sufficiently recovered, on the 22nd of June, to write a long letter of congratulation to her brother, King Charles II., in which she mentions her consort, in very friendly terms, as partaker of her joy for the great triumph of the British navy over the Dutch. She speaks, as if Monsieur and she had rejoiced together, for the great victory. "In fact," she says, "you should hold Monsieur in favour, for the sentiments he has uttered on this occasion, and for the manner in which he expresses himself about everything that concerns you."†

Monsieur, had written himself, to his royal brother-in-

* Lambeth MS.

† Ibid.

law, to congratulate him upon this brilliant victory, but his letters are never very interesting.*

Madame warmly counsels Charles to take the opportunity of this signal victory, to make peace with the Dutch, which would put an end to bloodshed and the great expense of continuing the war. "As to glory," she continues, "you have nothing more to gain." She then alludes, with great feeling, to the death of one of the loyal British noblemen, slain in this action. "I cannot conclude," she says, "without telling you my grief for the death of the poor Earl of Falmouth, as well on account of the regard, I know you entertained for him, which he so justly deserved, as because I thought him greatly my friend. Indeed, on the very day on which I felt so joyful for your success, I could not refrain from a hearty fit of weeping."†

Henrietta, notwithstanding her animated letters to Charles II., continued in very delicate health for several weeks, in the course of which, her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, returned from England, hearing of the continued indisposition of her daughter. Monsieur showed her with great pride, his blooming boy, the little Duke of Valois, then turned two years old.‡

Henrietta was drawn into a dangerous intrigue, as it appeared, through the vile arts of the Marquis de Vardes, a gentleman of the bedchamber to Louis XIV., who endeavoured to insinuate himself into her confidence to betray her secrets. He was the intimate friend of the Count de Guiche, whose passion for her was only too well known to the court. He persuaded Madame, that De Guiche had not only forgotten her, but was devoted to another lady; while he wrote to De Guiche, tales of

* Monsieur to King Charles II. State Paper Correspondence, 17th June.

† Lambeth MS.

‡ Madame de la Fayette.

Madame's coquetries with the Prince de Marillac, the eldest son of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who had indeed excited the jealousy of Monsieur, by his extravagant admiration of Madame. De Guiche, being hurt and offended by these tales, wrote of Madame bitterly in reply to Vardes, who showed his letters to Madame, without having informed her of his own sinister reports, which had elicited these bursts of spleen. She was, of course, deeply offended, and a complete estrangement followed. Vardes next attempted to alienate the favour of the King from Madame, and to a certain degree succeeded. His perfidy was, however, made known to Henrietta, by the Countess de Soissons,* one of the Mancini sisters, who was desperately in love with him, and out of jealous ill will to him, revealed all his evil doings, and completely unmasked his conduct to her royal lady.

Henrietta told the King, but Louis had been so earwiggled by Vardes, that, to her infinite displeasure, he paid but little attention to her revelation. In the mean time the Count de Guiche returned from Poland, whither he had been sent from Lorraine, having greatly distinguished himself. He had a private interview with the King, to whom he related all his really innocent correspondence with Madame, and received a full pardon. Even Monsieur condescended to associate with him; but Madame, who was in ill health, did not appear,† and refused to accept letters from him. He was so simple as to employ the treacherous Vardes, who boasted of enjoying Madame's full confidence, to deliver a letter from him. This she positively refused to receive. Vardes had previously shown the letter to the King, and assured his majesty that she would receive it, as she was only deceiving him and her consort, when she pretended to have broken with De

* Madame de la Fayette.

† Ibid.

Guiche. Finding her inexorable, Vardes was compelled to leave her, and the King presently after entered.* She immediately told her royal brother-in-law, of the object of Vardes' interview, and so fully enlightened Louis as to his proceedings, that he vowed to punish him severely for his next offence against her. Soon after, the Chevalier de Lorraine, the illegitimate brother of the Duke de Lorraine, and a great favourite of Monsieur, spoke to Vardes of his love to one of the ladies of Madame's household. Vardes, who was full of ill will against Madame, told him "he was foolish to think of the maid, when he might aspire to the mistress."†. This insolent inuendo, being reported to Henrietta, filled her with indignation, and she instantly complained to the King, and requested him to banish Vardes from France. Louis only sent him to the Bastile; till finding he was visited by many friends, to whom he continued to traduce Madame, he sent him to his government at Aigues Mortes, and expressly prohibited him from ever returning to court again.

Madame and Monsieur went to a masked ball, in a hired coach, in simple dominoes, while the members of their suite went in their state coaches, magnificently dressed. At the foot of the stairs they encountered a group of masks, whom Monsieur, enjoying the fun of his incognito, proposed Henrietta and himself joining. He took one of the ladies by the hand, and Henrietta allowed one of the gentlemen to take hers, but scarcely refrained from an exclamation of surprise on discovering, by an injury that had maimed his right hand, that it was the Count de Guiche, who, at the same moment, recognised her, by the perfume of her head-dress. Silently leading her up the stairs, De Guiche, when he saw Monsieur at a convenient distance, and fully engaged with his unknown

* Madame de la Fayette. †

Ibid.

party, entered into a full explanation, which was reciprocated by one from Madame, in which the falsehoods of Vardes were made manifest to each. They then parted, for Madame had caught somewhat uneasy glances of her husband, and was soon after descending the stairs, when her foot slipped, and she would have fallen down several of the stairs, but the Count de Guiche, who had lingered, started forward and saved her, by catching her in his arms.

In the early part of the new year, the King induced his fair sister-in-law to arrange a ballet, to be called the birth of Venus, which was to be performed at the Palais Royal, and herself was to enact the part of Venus. The scenery was to be splendid. Monsieur was to take the character of the day-star. Four of the hours were to warn the goddess of beauty that she must ascend and take her place among the celestial dignitaries. The opening scene displayed a fair expanse of sea, in which Tritons were sporting, and these announced the birth of Venus, who appeared seated on a lovely throne of mother-of-pearl, surrounded by twelve of her ladies, representing Nereids. Then the day-star Monsieur, and his attendant hours, summoned her to the celestial regions, and she majestically ascended, to the sound of enchanting music. In the second scene Venus received the homage of the marine gods, the philosophers, poets, and classic heroes of antiquity. At the finale, Henrietta and the King appeared in the characters of Alexander and Roxana, and danced, while flattering verses were recited and sung in their praise.* This ballet was repeated with great applause, till Henrietta grew weary of performing the same heartless foolery, and finally deputed the character of the Queen of Beauty, to one of her ladies. The year of 1665,

* 'Gazette de Paris.'

which commenced so gaily, ended with severe suffering and deadly sickness to the royal mother of the King and Henrietta's husband. Anne of Austria was dying of a painful cancer, which for some little time recalled the royal votaries of pleasure, to attendance in her sick chamber. But, after a time, they all took the dying Queen's leave to attend the festivals of the new year, and deserted the post of duty for ball-rooms, concerts, and comedies. The royal invalid was conveyed to Paris, and for a few days appeared better, but her painful symptoms returned, and after a tender farewell to them all, she expired January 18th, 1666, leaving the bulk of her property to the little daughter of Monsieur and Henrietta, Maria Louisa, afterwards the consort of the King of Spain.*

Monsieur was much afflicted by the death of his royal mother, whom he loved better than anything in the world. Madame, also, mourned her death, she having always treated her with great tenderness, and was a true friend to her. Madame paid the last mark of respect, in her power to her royal mother-in-law, by walking as chief mourner at her funeral, at St. Denis, wearing a train of seven ells in length, which was supported by the Count de Alban, her chief gentleman in waiting. Henrietta was led by her husband Monsieur, and performed her part in the mournful pageant, with her accustomed grace and good feeling.

* Madame de Motteville.

CHAPTER IV.

THE year 1666 had opened sadly with the death of Henrietta's mother-in-law and kind friend, Anne of Austria; but it was destined to bring deeper sorrow to her in its close. Her only son, the Duke of Valois, was stricken with illness, which at first was attributed to teething, and not much regarded. It did not prevent the mother from attending her usual round of balls, fêtes, and comedies. She acted her part as one of the Muses on the 2nd of December in a court ballet at St. Germain; but hearing that her boy had taken a severe cold, immediately afterwards, and was in a high fever, attended with convulsions and delirium, she remembered that the ceremony of his baptism had not yet been solemnized, and in a great fright ordered the Bishop of Valence, to perform that important ceremonial without delay. The sick infant received the names of Philip Charles, after his father and his uncle, Charles II. of England. He expired on the 8th of December, two days after he had been admitted into the Christian Church. The grief of his mother was frantic, but of course unavailing. The want of sympathy between her and her consort, embittered her anguish. Monsieur felt deeply the death of his lovely and hopeful boy, but it was a selfish affliction on his part. Instead of weeping with his wife, and endeavouring to soothe her

sorrow, he declaimed on his own sore misfortune, in being thus bereaved of his only son, and bitterly insinuated that this misfortune, might have been avoided by maternal care and watchfulness on her part.

The little Prince was at the attractive age of two years and four months. He was passionately regretted by the people, for the weakly constitution of the Dauphin, rendered him very unlikely to fill the throne of St Louis. The infant Duke de Valois was laid in state, and visited by many of the nobility, and all degrees of national mourners. The King, came to perform the rite of asperging the bier, and then paid a visit of condolence to Monsieur and Madame, and inquired their wishes as to the manner of the interment. They both decided on the remains of the little Prince being privately consigned to the royal vault at St. Denis.*

The governess of the royal infant, and the Bishop of Valence, at the head of a long train of coaches, conveyed the body to St. Denis, and delivered it to the monks, by whom it was received with due respect, and all befitting honours paid.†

The bereaved parents, received the condolences of all the foreign ambassadors and the great nobles, of their own court. They soon forgot their grief, and within a month after the funeral of their passionately regretted son, they gave a masked ball at the Palais Royal, and for many weeks plunged into the brilliant dissipation practised, then, annually at the Carnival.

This giddy round of pleasure affected the health of Henrietta, which was always delicate, and was followed by an abortion, which endangered her life, and produced

* 'Gazette de France.'

† Ceremony of the interment of the Duke de Valois. 'Gazette de France.'

such fearful exhaustion, that for a quarter of an hour every one thought her dying or dead, as her consort informs Charles II., with a great appearance of concern; and attributes an attack of fever, he had himself suffered, to his anxiety on account of the state to which he saw his wife reduced.

Henrietta was confined at St. Cloud, during several months, by deplorable weakness, but had the comfort of the society of the Queen her mother, who remained with her. Her husband paid her occasional visits, till summoned to attend his royal brother into Flanders, where, to his great delight, he was given a military command, and acquitted himself so well as to acquire great fame. He rejoined Henrietta, at Villers Coterets, in October. There Henrietta's health failing again, he wrote on the 28th to Charles II., and, speaking of her indisposition, says,—

“Madame begs me to excuse her to you, that she does not write, but for six days she has had headaches, so severe, that she has had her shutters always closed, and has been bled in the foot, and tried many other remedies, but they have not relieved her at all.”*

She was, however, so well recovered in a few days, as to join the six days' hunt at Versailles, in commemoration of the feast of St. Michael, on which occasion the Queen and she appeared in the costume of Amazons, at the head of the ladies of their respective households, and appeared to suffer no inconvenience from their long continued equestrian exercise.†

In the following spring, James Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II., visited Paris, and was warmly recommended by his royal father to the notice of Henrietta. She treated him with affectionate famili-

* State Paper MS.

† ‘Mémoires de Montpensier.’

arity, both in public and private, superintended the orders for his dresses, and introduced him to the French court, where a splendid fête was got up out of compliment to him.* Notwithstanding the alleged near relationship, between Henrietta, and the reputed son of her beloved brother, her consort was jealous and sullen at the attention paid by her to the young Monmouth, and conducted himself very unpleasantly to her about him.

Henrietta, had soon a sorer grief to sustain, in the sudden and unexpected death of her tenderly beloved mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, who had been her greatest comfort in all her matrimonial infelicity. Madame had been too ill in the summer of 1669 to pay her usual visits to her mother, at Colombes, having often been compelled to keep her bed for days together. She was near her confinement again, and had been forbidden by her medical attendants, to use the slightest exertion, having suffered so severely from her last premature confinement. The Queen, her mother, therefore visited her at St. Cloud, where Madame gave birth, on the 31st of August, to a second daughter.

Monsieur, who had hoped for another son, to replace the deeply-regretted loss of the Duke of Valois, thus alludes to his disappointment, in a letter to one of his female friends, the Marchioness de Sablé. "Were it possible, Madame," he says, "for you to have so ill an opinion of me as to think that I could have forgotten you, it would only need this sorrow more to increase my other griefs; and without flattery, I should be more sorry to lose your friendship than I have been at having only a girl, when I had hoped to have had sons, and have none."†

* Charles II. to his sister. Dalrymple.

† Green's 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi. p. 516.

But now a deeper grief was to come upon his consort and him. He had always loved his royal aunt, the widowed Queen of England, better than anything in the world but his lost mother. He hastened to Colombes at the first news of her death, hoping to find her still living, and to perform her last wishes; but when he arrived she had been dead some hours, and was lying calm and motionless, as if asleep. After being certified that she would wake no more, he returned to St. Cloud, to break the melancholy tidings to her daughter. The distress of Henrietta, who was not yet out of her lying-in chamber, was intense. The King and Queen of France, came instantly to soothe and offer all the consolation Henrietta was capable of receiving in her affliction; but in four days she was left to struggle, in comparative solitude, with her unutterable grief, for her consort accompanied the court in a progress to Chamborde, which occupied more than a month, during which the mortal remains of the Queen, her mother, were entombed among her royal ancestors at St. Denis.

This solemnity took place September 12th, 1669. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, walked as chief mourner, supported by the Duchess de Guise. The Princess Henrietta was not able to attend, for she had not been confined quite a fortnight. But a much grander ceremonial took place at the conventual church of Chaillot, forty days after the death of her royal mother, out of tender sympathy for the feelings of the much afflicted daughter of the august foundress of that convent.*

Both Madame and Monsieur, were present on this occasion. The church was hung with black, and in the centre of the choir was a platform ascended by four

* Recital of the Abbess of Chaillot.

steps, on which rested a bier, covered with black velvet, having the armorial bearings of the late Queen, Henrietta Maria, daughter of France and Queen of England, worked in gold at the four corners. A wax effigy, exactly resembling her, reposed thereon, under a stately black canopy.

Monsieur and Madame, having taken their places, the late Queen's almoner, Montagu, commenced the service, and the eloquent Bossuet delivered a most pathetic historical sermon, on the life and vicissitudes of the deceased Queen; but in the midst of his grand funeral oration, after describing the perils which environed her at the birth of her youngest daughter, at Exeter, he electrified the congregation, by diverging from the late Queen, and addressing the following impassioned sentences to the Princess, her daughter, in allusion to the perils of her unconscious infancy.

"Princess! whose destiny is so great and glorious, were you then on the eve of being rendered a captive to the enemies of your royal house? O Eternal, watch over her! Holy angels, rank around her cradle your invisible squadrons, for she is destined to our valiant Philip,* of all the princes of France most worthy of her, as she is most worthy of him. Gentlemen of France, God did in truth protect her. Lady Morton, two years afterwards, withdrew this precious infant from the hands of the rebels. Unconscious of her captivity, but feeling her high birth too powerfully to conceal it, the royal child refused to own any name or rank, but her own, and persisted that she was no other than the Princess. At last she was brought to the arms of her mother, to console her for all her sorrows, and finally to contribute to the happiness of a great Prince."

* Bossuet's 'Oraison Funebre.'

Little could the eloquent preacher have been aware how small was the share of felicity secured to either Henrietta or her consort, by this union. They were probably drawn more together by their mutual grief for the loss of her whom Bossuet commemorated, and his touching allusions to the events of the early youth of the lovely weeping Henrietta.

Tenderness for each other was for a brief season revived, on this solemn occasion, but the revival was evanescent. Monsieur could not forgive the mental superiority of his wife, and the charm her winning manners exercised over the mind of his royal brother.

The loss of Queen Henrietta Maria, was severely felt both by her daughter and Monsieur. There was, now, no one to mediate and persuade them into practising their duties to each other, especially the duties of self-control and forbearance from angry words and jealous reproaches. There was one thing in which they acted with generous unanimity of purpose. Monsieur placed Montagu, the almoner of his deceased aunt, at the head of his ecclesiastical establishment, and Madame received her mother's aged friend, the Père Cyprian Gamache, into her household, as her almoner; but he did not long survive to enjoy the bounty of his young royal patroness, or to weep over her untimely death.

Henrietta gradually recovered her health, and appeared once more in the gay world. The following glowing portrait of her was given by Philip, the second Earl of Chesterfield, in a letter to his friend the Countess of Derby, in the last year of Henrietta's life.

“The Princess, whom all the world so much admires, at the first blush, appears to be of the greatest quality, and has something in her looks, besides her beauty, so new and unusual, that it surprises the beholders. Her statue

(stature) is rather tall than otherwise. Her shape is delicate, her motions graceful. Her eyes are sparkling and yet compassionate, and do not only penetrate the thoughts of others, but often also express her own; teaching, as it were, a language yet unknown to any but the blest above. Her lips do always blush, for kissing the finest teeth that ever yet were seen; and her complexion is unparalleled. Her bosom moving little worlds of pleasure, and so sweet an innocence shines in her composition, that one would think she had never heard the name of sin. Yet the freedom (ease) of her carriage, and the pleasantness of her discourse, would charm an anchorite; and yet there is something of majesty, so mixed with the rest, that it stifles the birth of any unruly thought, and creates love mingled with fear, like that inspired by deity. Her wit is most extolled by all that hear her, for she has not only a peculiar talent in finding apt similitudes, and in the quickness of her repartees, but in the plainest subjects of discourse she finds something new, which pleases all her auditors. But now as to her mind (temper). Though always generous, it is so changeable, and seems incapable of any lasting friendship, for she is never long satisfied with herself, or with those who endeavour to please her.”*

Henrietta, was often importuned to use her influence with her royal brother-in-law, Louis XIV., for persons in disgrace, and banished from the court of France, that they might have permission to return to that “fool’s paradise.” The governess of her daughter, Madame St. Chaumont, sister to the Chevalier de Gramont, the reputed author of the famous ‘Memoires de Gramont,’ made daily intercession to her Princess, to obtain the recall of the Chevalier to the

* ‘Memoirs and Letters of Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield,’ p. 158.

French court, where he had been banished for exceeding the latitude allowed in gambling, duelling, and other profligacies. He had retreated to the court of Charles II. After five or six years spent there he fell honourably in love with the fair Elizabeth Hamilton, one of the reigning beauties of that court; but she positively refused to marry him, until he should be received, in Paris, with the distinction due to his early valour, in the wars under the great Condé.

The ceaseless exertions of his sister, and the intercessions of Madame with the King, caused some hope that their representations had not been in vain. Madame St. Chaumont, indeed, urged him to cross the sea and plead his own cause with the King. The fair Hamilton, whom he consulted in the matter, urged him to lose no time in complying with the advice of his loving sister. His reception, on his arrival at the Hôtel de Gramont, was anything but cheering. His elder brother, the Mareschal de Gramont, appeared alarmed at the sight of him. The Chevalier produced his sister's letter urging his return, and dwelt on the good influence of her mistress, Madame.

"Do you wish to know the real state of the case?" said the Mareschal, in reply. "It is true that our King told Madame, that you had declined some preferment offered to you by King Charles, and declared himself pleased with your conduct on that occasion. Madame interpreted this into permission for your return. And our sister, being very far from possessing the wisdom for which she gives herself credit, writes to you as if she had obtained leave for your recall. Listen to the truth. Madame spoke to me yesterday, when the King was at dinner, in congratulation, saying you would soon be here. While his majesty on the contrary, when dinner was over, commanded me, if you arrived at home, to send you away

directly. Here you are! Set off back again immediately."

Some months, afterwards, better success attended the intercessions of the loving sister with her kind mistress. Henrietta at last persuaded her royal brother-in-law, to legalise the return of the Chevalier, who had married Miss Hamilton in England, and settled down into the semblance of better behaviour. Charles II. writes thus to his sister when they came to bid him farewell:—

"I writ to you yesterday, by the Count de Gramont, but I believe this letter will come sooner to your hands, for he goes by way of Dieppe, with his wife and family. And now I have named her, I cannot choose but again desire you to be kind to her, for besides the merit her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived. She will pass for a handsome woman in France, though she has not yet recovered her good shape, lately lost, and I am afraid never will."*

Henrietta, was much troubled, in her own house, by the impertinent conduct of her consort's great favourite, the Chevalier de Lorraine, the illegitimate brother of the Duke de Lorraine. He was very handsome and dissipated, and assumed an authority in the family, very displeasing to Madame, and all her complaints were treated with disregard by Monsieur. Madame de St. Chaumont, seeing how sorely mortified Henrietta was, mentioned her annoyance privately to the King. Louis immediately spoke to his brother on the subject, and reproved him for permitting his minion to render his consort uneasy. Monsieur, much offended at his royal brother's interference, took Henrietta to Villers Coterets, where she was reluctantly compelled to pass some time in the society of her sullen husband and his unpleasant favourite, the Chevalier de Lorraine.

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 26.

The only consolation she enjoyed was the friendship of Madame la Fayette, who had, some time previously, commenced, at her request, the biography of Henrietta of England, under her own eye, and to which Henrietta had at various times contributed occasional passages, with her own hand. Of this life, which was left in a fragmentary state at Henrietta's death, we, like all her previous biographers, have availed ourselves largely.

Unfortunately for her, the Bishop of Valence, Monsieur's almoner, who was her firm friend and wise counsellor, had offended the King, in his manner of preferring a request from Monsieur, that his royal brother would give him the government of Languedoc, vacated by the death of the Prince de Conti. The King told him that the Princes of the blood, in France, were never happy, but at court, and begged to remind Monsieur, that they had agreed he should never have any government. He sent a letter to Monsieur, refusing his request, but so kindly worded, that captious, as he was, he could not take offence.

The bishop, next advised Monsieur to request admission to the royal councils. The King returned a direct negative. Monsieur, highly offended, vented his displeasure on the bishop, who had been the unsuccessful medium, through whom both his requests had been preferred. He behaved with such unprecedented surliness, that the bishop, finding his duties were rendered unpleasant to him, expressed to Madame, his wish to resign his post. She entreated him to look over Monsieur's ill manners, and remain, for her sake.

Monsieur, finding himself tolerated, redoubled his insolence to the bishop, till at last the unfortunate almoner took the first moment of privacy, with Henrietta, to say, "For Heaven's sake, Madame, let me go out honestly by the door, to save Monsieur the trouble of throwing me out of the window."

She reluctantly consented, and the poor bishop tendered his resignation to Monsieur, who accepted it with the ungracious observation, "that he had done well to leave voluntarily, as he had thus saved himself from a compulsory dismissal." Soon after Monsieur ordered the bishop to retire to his diocese, and on his refusal, he threatened to procure a sentence of exile from the King. "Monsieur will find that a much easier matter than to obtain a government," was the rash retort of the persecuted bishop, now quite out of all patience with the unkind manner of his treatment. This *bon mot* being repeated to the King, so offended his majesty, who construed it into a breach of confidence, in regard to the private matter on which he had been employed to communicate between the royal brothers, that he was banished from Paris.

Henrietta, who valued his advice, and was accustomed to consult him on all affairs of difficulty, vainly strove to obtain his pardon from the offended sovereign. Louis was inexorable. She then employed Madame de St. Chaumont to enter into a private correspondence with the exiled bishop, instructing her to ask how an interview between him and Madame could be accomplished. He, in reply, stated the impossibility of quitting his exile unrecalled. Henrietta entreated him not to deny his aid to her in her difficulties. Thus urged by a Princess to whom he owed so many obligations, the bishop asked and obtained permission, from the King to proceed on family business to Limousin. When there he put off his episcopal dress, and travelled, with great speed, in the habiliments of a private gentleman, to Paris, where he was to meet Madame, for a long consultation; but the haste with which he travelled, and the agitation he experienced at breaking his parole to the King, and the danger he felt he was incurring, threw him into a fever, that retarded him on his

journey ; so that he was long before he reached Paris, where he took up his quarters in a shabby house in Rue St. Denis. He immediately despatched his nephew and travelling companion, to inform Madame, through Madame de St. Chaumont, what he had done and where he was. Some discrepancy in his disguise, and his mysterious proceedings, excited the suspicions of his host, and he was denounced, to the police, as a notorious forger and coiner, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered. The poor bishop was terrified one morning, by a visit from the police, and the declaration that they came to arrest and convey him to prison, as the notorious forger and coiner, of whom they had been long in quest. The hapless bishop, tried to clear himself from this charge by displaying six thousand good pistoles, which he had in his valise. The police were inexorable, and told him their warrant for his arrest was positive. He requested a private interview with the chief, M. de Grais, to whom he declared his name and rank. Drawing then out his crozier from under his bolster, he pathetically intreated De Grais to spare his honour, by not betraying him, and his life by not removing him to a prison, in his wretched state of health. De Grais promised to wait till he could receive instructions from court. The bishop, employed the interval in destroying all the papers in his possession, that could in any way implicate Henrietta, and sent a trusty messenger to inform her what he had done, so that she was safe whatever might be his fate.

The King refused to believe that the supposed coiner was the Bishop of Valence in disguise, saying it was impossible, for the bishop was at Limousin.*

The following droll account of the manner in which Monsieur communicated the intelligence of the arrest of

* Choisy's '*Mémoires*.'

his cidevant almoner, to Henrietta, is thus related by Vernon, an English official, then residing in Paris, in one of his despatches:—

“ They say that Monsieur, in dressing himself before he went to St. Germain, broke the business to Madame, and said, ‘ Madame, do you not know that Monsieur, the Bishop of Valence, is in Paris ? ’ She answered ‘ that she thought he would not be so indiscreet as to come contrary to the King’s order.’ So Monsieur combed his head, and a little while after said, ‘ Yes, Madame, it is true ; he is in Paris, and he is again in prison.’ Whereupon she said ‘ she hoped they would consider his character, and use him with respect.’ ”*

Henrietta, sent Madame de St. Chaumont to the King, to plead for the unfortunate bishop, but Louis was not disposed to submit to a direct act of disobedience to his authority ; and, unfortunately, among the bishop’s papers was found a note from Madame de St. Chaumont, proving her knowledge of the bishop’s visit to Paris. The King sternly advised her to resign her post in Madame’s household, if she wished to avoid a dismissal. Relying on Henrietta’s influence with her royal brother-in-law, Madame de St. Chaumont hesitated, but Mareschal Turenne, was presently sent to Henrietta by the King, with a formal mandate from his majesty, requiring her to dismiss Madame de St. Chaumont, without delay. Henrietta felt that she was compelled to obey, which she did, with a passionate burst of sorrow ; for she knew that Madame de St. Chaumont, was punished for her fault, and she was much attached to her, for she had been the governess of her children, and her faithful friend and companion, for nearly eight years. She desired to place Madame de la Fayette in her room, but the King compelled her to accept the Mareschal

* Green’s ‘ Lives of the Princesses,’ vol. vi.

Clarembault, a stern fanatic, personally disagreeable to her, and much disliked by the young Mademoiselle, her daughter, who, though not quite eight years of age, was quite old enough to have likes and dislikes of her own.

At this very time, Henrietta was engaged in an important political scheme, by Louis, to act as a secret agent between him and her brother, King Charles II., in their negotiations for dissolving the peace with Holland, and dismembering that country, which, under the sway of the pensionary De Witt, and his republican coadjutors, was becoming far too powerful for England; had crushed the young Prince of Orange, and almost blotted out his pretensions to the military sovereignty, he claimed, in right of his father, William II. Louis XIV. was prepared to claim the Spanish Netherlands in right of his consort, the Infanta Maria Theresa of Spain, if the sturdy independence of De Witt could be destroyed. Mean time King Charles almost frustrated the views of his ally, Louis, by entering into a treaty with Holland and Sweden, well known in the history of that period, as the Triple Alliance, which, if Charles had faithfully observed and kept, would have defeated Louis's designs on the Spanish Netherlands. It seems, by the following letter to his sister, he had entered into it in consequence of a temporary pique with Louis. He says:—

“I believe you will be a little surprised at the treaty I have concluded with the States. The effect of it is, to bring Spain to consent to the peace, on the terms the King of France hath avowed he will be content with, so I have done nothing to prejudice France, in this agreement, and they cannot wonder that I provide myself against any mischief this war may produce; and finding my proposition to France, receive so cold an answer, which in

effect was as good as a refusal, I thought I had no other way, but this, to secure myself. If I find by the letters that my Lord St. Albans is come away, I do intend to send somebody else into France, to incline the King to accept of this peace.”*

Instead of listening to Charles’s proposal of his joining in the Triple Alliance, Louis did his utmost to break it. He offered Charles a share in the spoils of Holland, a yearly subsidy of eight hundred thousand pounds, to pay any expenses his change of policy might cause; and in case Charles could be induced to declare himself a Roman Catholic, to assist him against any rebellion of his subjects.

It was expedient for the most profound secrecy to be observed, in the negotiations for the private treaty, between Charles and Louis, and both agreed to choose Henrietta, as the principal instrument of their correspondence; and made her promise to conceal everything from her weak and mischievous consort, whom they knew was not to be trusted in anything of the slightest importance; for he was surrounded by spies and traitors, to whom he revealed every matter that was confided to him, and they sold all the intelligence, they thus obtained, to Spain or Holland.

Monsieur, perceiving a secret was withheld from him, was very angry, and tormented his luckless consort, day and night, to disclose the purport of the frequent long and mysterious conferences, that were carried on between her and the King his brother, but nothing could induce her to tell him. Political matters alone, she assured him, engaged the attention of the King and herself.

“He had a right to be informed of their precise object,” he said, “whatever they were.” “That,” she replied,

* Dalrymple’s Appendix.

“was impossible, surrounded as he was by traitors and spies, who sold all the information he could obtain of his royal brother’s affairs to the enemies of France.”

He, however, discovered that it was intended for his consort to go to England, for the purpose of meeting her royal brother, Charles II. He hinted to Louis, that he was well acquainted with the nature of the business, which had been so carefully concealed from him. Louis sent for Henrietta, and reproached her with having divulged this important state secret. She assured the King, “that she had kept it from every one, and most rigidly from Monsieur, as she well knew he was not to be trusted with any matter of importance.” There was only one person, besides the Kings of France and England, who had by King Louis XIV. been entrusted with the knowledge of the matter, and that was the Mareschal Turenne. The King sent for him, and asked him if he had revealed the projected treaty against Holland, and Madame’s journey into England, in these brief words.

“Have you told any one of the proposed expedition against Holland, and of Madame’s journey?”

“How, sire,” stammered the Mareschal. “Does any one know your majesty’s secret?”

“That is not the point,” said the King, sternly. “Have you not mentioned it?”

“I have not said anything about Holland,” replied Turenne, “but I will confess all to your majesty. I was afraid that Madame Coatquen, who wished to travel with the court, might not be of the party. I did but hint to her, that Madame would go to England, to see the King her brother. I only said that, in order that she might take her measures early, and I ask your majesty’s pardon,” he pitifully added. The King beginning to laugh, said, “Then you love Madame de Coatquen, Monsieur?”

“Not exactly,” replied the old Mareschal, blushing, “but I have a great friendship for her.” “Well, well,” said the King, “what is done is done, but tell her no more secrets; for, if you love her, I am sorry to inform you, that she loves the Chevalier de Lorraine, to whom she repeats everything, and he tells everything to my brother.”*

The Chevalier de Lorraine did everything in his power to aggravate the evil temper of Monsieur, against his hapless consort. The King sympathised with her, and promised that the mischief-making Chevalier, should be banished, on the first tangible cause of offence he gave. It was not long before the Chevalier coveted two abbeys, in Monsieur’s appanage, who asked the King to confirm his grant of them to the Chevalier de Lorraine. The King drily refused, giving no reason but his will, that he did not choose the Chevalier de Lorraine, to have that property which belonged to the church. Monsieur, in a rage, made use of language highly unbecoming and offensive to the King, on which Louis ordered his guard to arrest the Chevalier when he was closeted with Monsieur, and send him prisoner to Pierre Encise, at Lyons.

Monsieur hastened to court, and throwing himself at the feet of the King his brother, bathed in tears, pleaded for a revocation of the imprisonment of his favourite, but pleaded in vain. He then protested he would leave the court, and never return till the Chevalier de Lorraine was recalled. The King was inexorable, and Monsieur retired to vent some of his anger on Henrietta, ordering her to leave Paris with him, for Villers Coterets, without delay. Mademoiselle de Montpensier gives the following account of his demeanour the evening before their departure.

* ‘Mémoires de Choisy.’ Green’s ‘Lives of the Princesses,’ vol. vi. p. 529.

“I went to the Palais Royal,” writes she, “where I found Monsieur very much out of temper. He complained of his misfortunes, and said ‘he had always lived with the King, his brother, so as not to deserve the treatment he had just received; that he should go away to Villers Coterets, for he could not stay at court.’ Madame showed sympathy with Monsieur’s sorrow. She said to me, ‘I have no reason to love the Chevalier de Lorraine, because we did not agree well together; yet I pity him, and I am heartily sorry for Monsieur’s vexation.’ She made this speech, with the air of a person interested in everything that could grieve him, yet in her secret heart she was very glad of it, for she was in complete union with the King, and no one doubts that she had a share in the Chevalier de Lorraine’s disgrace.”*

Thus we see Mademoiselle de Montpensier gave Henrietta no credit for her gentle sympathising conduct to Monsieur, on whom also it made no favourable impression. He carried her off the next morning to Villers Coterets, where he gave vent to his anger in the following letter to his brother’s faithful minister, Colbert.

“*From Villers Coterets,*

“*2nd of Feb., 1670.*

“MONSIEUR COLBERT,

Since, for some time past, I have thought you one of my friends, and you are the only person, amongst those who have the honour of approaching his majesty, who have given me marks of friendship, in the fearful calamity which has just befallen me, I trust you will not be displeased at my requesting you to say to the King, that I am come here in an extremity of grief, and finding myself obliged to leave him or to live at court with shame; that I entreat him to consider what the world would say, if I were seen

* ‘Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier,’ vol. vii. p. 280.

cheerful and tranquil, amidst the pleasures of St. Germain and the Carnival, whilst an innocent Prince, the best friend I had in the world, and attached to me, lingers for my sake in a miserable prison, banished to a distance from me. Moreover, the manner he was taken was the most marked affront I could receive, having been a long time uncertain whether it was against my own person that evil were designed, my chamber having been long environed on all sides, by guards, the door as well as the windows, so that all my servants, in alarm, came and told me, they knew not whether it was against me, they were come. Besides, the King, sent to ask my wife what part she would take. This showed that he wanted to authorise her to fail in her duty towards me—that of going with me. In spite of all these reasons, if I had thought myself useful to the King's service, I should never have left him; but the manner in which he has treated me all his life, thoroughly convinces me of the contrary. I know that in the mood in which I am now, I could only be disagreeable to him, and that it would even give him pain to have constantly before his eyes a brother, whom he has driven to the extremity of despair, which would be annoying to him and most shameful to me. If I durst, I would entreat the King to place himself in my position, and to think what he would do under similar circumstances; to give, me himself, such advice as he thinks becoming to me; and to let everybody see that he has given it to a brother, who has never, all his life, studied anything but how to please and be agreeable to him, as all my conduct might have given him to understand." Monsieur, goes on to say, "that if the Chevalier de Lorraine had been culpable, he should have been the first to banish him, but that he had never thought of anything but how to gain his majesty's esteem and good graces."*

* Green's 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi.

Colbert, in reply to this letter, proceeded to Villers Coterets, under the idea, that a personal conference was all that Monsieur required, to return to his obedience and cordiality to his royal brother; but Monsieur refused to appear at court, unless, the Chevalier de Lorraine were recalled. But the King, attributing his brother's unwonted firmness, to the instigation of his mischievous favourite, ordered Lorraine to be transferred to the Chateau d'If, and prohibited from either writing or receiving any letters. This order elicited a fresh burst of rage from Monsieur.*

Louis, to console his sister-in-law, for the misery of spending a month in the unbroken solitude of her sulky husband's society, sent her a present of jewels, lace, perfumes and gloves, and twenty purses, each containing a hundred Louis d'ors, with a most obliging message, intimating that as Madame had not been at court this Carnival, and therefore unable to draw at the King's lottery, his majesty had put in several chances for her, and that it was her good fortune which had won these purses.

Henrietta's chief anxiety was how to obtain her husband's consent to her journey into England, for though, he affected great complaisance towards the English ambassadors, he still remained in so evil and suspicious a temper, that she would not venture to introduce the subject to him. Her brothers, Charles and the Duke of York, had written to Monsieur, telling him that the King and Queen of France, with Madame and their whole court, were about to travel on a state progress into Flanders, and would pass near Dunkirk or Calais; and that as they had an earnest desire to see their beloved sister, they entreated him to permit her to cross over to Dover, and pay a short visit to her English friends. These letters were written and despatched

* Green's 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi.

as early as January, and soon after Lord Falconbridge, attended by his secretary, Dodington, was sent over by King Charles, to wait on Monsieur, and press him for his consent. They arrived, just at the unlucky crisis, when Monsieur was suffering great irritation about the arrest of his favourite, the Chevalier de Lorraine. Louis advised the delay of the letters and visit of the envoy, till his brother should be in a better temper. Lord Falconbridge kept in the background, but his secretary, Dodington, was sent to Villers Coterets to visit Henrietta.

The following is his official narrative of their interview.* “Madame received me with all imaginable kindness, much beyond what a man of my figure could pretend to, and did me the honour to give me a full hour’s private discourse with her; and perceiving that I was not unacquainted with her affairs, and flattering herself that I had address enough, or at least, inclination to serve her, she was pleased to tell me she had designed to see the King her brother at Dover, as this court passeth by Calais to Flanders; that this King had received the motion with all kindness, and conceived the ways of inducing Monsieur to accomplish it, which was that both her brothers should write to Monsieur, to that effect, which they had done; but the letters coming hither a day or two after the Chevalier de Lorraine’s disgrace, Monsieur, fell into so ill a humour with Madame, even to parting of beds, that the King of France, commanded the letters not to be delivered to Monsieur, until he was better prepared to receive such a motion. That since his [Monsieur’s] coming to Villers Coterets, he began to come to himself, and she [Madame] thought if the King of France approved of it, the letters might now be delivered; in order to which, her highness gave one of those three

* French correspondence in the State Paper Office, 21st February, 1670.

letters into my hand, and desired that my Lord Ambassador Montagu would presently, on my return, despatch away one to St. Germain, to get the King's permission, that my Lord Falconbridge might bring them with him to Villers Coterets, and deliver them to Monsieur.

"The King of France, is extraordinary kind to Madame, and hath signified it sufficiently in all this affair of the Chevalier de Lorraine, whom he disgraced on her account, and on her request also it is that Monsieur is now invited to court, although he seems not to take notice of it. She is even adored by all here, and questionless hath more spirit and conduct than even her mother had, and certainly is capable of the greatest matters."*

Sir Ralph Montague, the English Ambassador, as suggested by Madame, to his secretary Dodington, and approved by Louis XIV., proceeded to Villers Coterets, and presented the letters from his sovereign and the Duke of York, with all requisite ceremony to Monsieur, who condescended to receive the ambassador of his royal brother-in-law, most courteously. Lord Falconbridge followed on the 22nd of February, and was also received graciously by Monsieur. He gives the following description of his confidential interview with Henrietta. "Madame's reception was obliging beyond expression. She has something particular in all she says or does, that is very surprising. I found by her, that although Monsieur, were at that time, in better humour than he of late had been, yet he still lies apart from her. That she wanted not hopes of inducing his consent to her seeing the King, my master, at Dover or Canterbury, this spring, as this court passes into Flanders, nor is this King unwilling to second her desires in that particular; and to say the truth, I find she has a very great influence in this court, where

* French correspondence, State Paper Office.

they all adore her, as she deserves, being a Princess of extraordinary address and conduct.

“The next day, after my arrival at Villers Coterets, M. Colbert came thither from this King, on the account of her highness, to invite Monsieur to court; who, although he would not see by whose hand it was wrought, did yet accept of the invitation, and declared he would return this day to St. Germain, as accordingly he did.”*

Monsieur was heartily glad to be released from his month of self-imposed solitude, at his country palace at Villers Coterets. He travelled in the same carriage with Henrietta, Colbert, Montague, the English Ambassador, and Lord Falconbridge, and proceeded the same night to St. Germain. Madame followed him the next day. Both were affectionately received by the King, who gave them rich presents, and celebrated their return to his court, with great rejoicing and sumptuous entertainments. It was however, observed, that Madame looked pale and thin. She was indeed in much weaker health, than before she left the court, and had not benefited by her reluctant residence at Villers Coterets.

* French correspondence in the State Paper Office, 23rd February, 1670.

CHAPTER V.

AN apparent reconciliation followed the return of Monsieur and Madame to court; but quarrels still were frequent between them, and Monsieur occasionally passed days without speaking to his lovely wife, and reproached her, when he condescended to break his sullen silence, with grievances long past, and as she had hoped, forgotten. He complained of her to their mutual cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, using language so offensive in regard to her, that Mademoiselle told him "he ought to speak with more respect of her, as his cousin, his consort, and the mother of his children, and formerly the object of his love." On which he declared that he had never loved his wife more than a fortnight after their marriage, and continued to speak in the most spiteful terms against her.*

Mean time Louis XIV. caused Lionne, one of his ministers, to write to Colbert, telling him to inform the King of Great Britain, of his ill success when he endeavoured to obtain Monsieur's consent to Madame's voyage into England; "for Monsieur replied in as contrary a manner as possible, and flying into violent fits of rage, declared that he would not even let Madame take the journey into Flanders. However, Colbert, who came to

* 'Mémoires de Montpensier,' vol. ix.

talk to Monsieur about it yesterday, thought Monsieur was a little softened, by the reasons he, Colbert, gave; and the King did not wholly despair of conquering the obstinacy of his perverse brother. Louis wrote himself to Colbert's brother in England, as follows:—

“I will not tell you what I have done, to instil into my brother's mind the proper disposition, and to conquer the great repugnance he feels for this voyage. It would be too long and not to the purpose, so I come at once to what I have obtained from him. As my sister has at different times spoken to my brother, on the substance of our negotiation, excepting the secret particulars, which, as this letter is going by post, I will not name, of which my brother knows nothing at all, he has made it a point of honour, that if this affair is to be concluded, his wife should not carry off all the honour alone; and he has fancied that by crossing over himself into England, when the thing should be made known to the world, the principal part of the glory would be attributed to him. And on this ground, from which he declares he will not swerve, he has proposed, that the Duke of York, should cross the sea to pay me a visit, and then he would go with my sister to Dover, to see the King of England; adding that he shall not go as far as London, nor suffer my sister to go there for any consideration, whatever. When I objected to him,” continues Louis, “that the King of England would wish, reasonably enough, to converse with his sister as much and as freely as he liked, he assured me that he would not interfere with him as to that, but when they were together, after a few compliments, he would retire of himself, and leave them all the time and opportunity they could desire in their intercourse. All this depends on what I have already said on the passage of the Duke of York, to visit me, either at Dunkirk or Calais, as

may be most convenient for him or as we shall agree, without which my brother would not go to Dover, nor would I, indeed, allow him.”*

But now Henrietta, put in her cogent objections to the, not unreasonable, terms, on which her consort had consented to her visiting England. She had determined to go without him, and she exerted her eloquence to persuade the King, that, even if Monsieur were in the best temper in the world, the treaty, of which he was, at present, in ignorance, might not please him or his secret advisers, and he might, and in all probability would, render it impracticable. She stated her objections to Charles II., who replied that he could not spare the Duke of York, out of his realm, at present, therefore the arrangement made by Louis and Monsieur, was impracticable; but he sent Lord Godolphin to Paris, to entreat Monsieur, not to refuse him the favour of his sister's society, for a few days, and as every one knew, how anxiously he had requested it, his honour would be involved, should it not be granted. He promised withal, that Madame should have precedence of every lady in England, the Queen, alone, excepted.”

Monsieur was still disposed to refuse, but the King, his brother, sternly told him, “that as the proposed journey of Madame, was for the interests of France, he would no longer be trifled with, and should expect no further opposition.”

Monsieur, then ungraciously consented to his consort's visit to Dover, but limited her stay to three days, and peremptorily forbade her to go to London.†

Henrietta was charmed at having carried her point, and prepared for her progress with the court to the north of France, and her voyage to England. The King, her

* Green's 'Lives of the Princesses,' vol. vi., from M. Miguel's 'Negotiations,' vol. iii. pp. 77, 78.

† Ibid.

brother-in-law, presented her with two hundred thousand crowns, to enable her to appear suitably to her rank, as the second lady in France. She was desirous, previous to her departure, to have her infant daughter, Mademoiselle de Valois, baptized. This solemnity was performed at the Palais Royal on the 8th of April, 1670, by the almoner of Monsieur; the Dauphin, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier, acting as sponsors in the presence of the King, Queen, Prince de Condé, the Duke and Duchess d'Enghien, and others of the chief of the French nobility. The royal party were magnificently entertained at dinner by Monsieur and Madame.*

All things being now arranged, the royal progress commenced on the 28th of April. The party in the King's coach, consisted of the King, Queen, and Dauphin of France, Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier. A splendid train of nobles and ladies, were in attendance, with the officers of state, belonging to the King's and Monsieur's households, and an ample escort of the King's guards on horseback. All things were favourable, but the weather, which, alone, was adverse, for the rain fell in ceaseless torrents, regardless of the annoyance it caused to royalty, and finally broke up and flooded the roads.

On approaching Landrecies, where they had arranged to sup and sleep, the governor's son, rode up in great haste, to apprise their majesties that the Sambre had overflowed its banks, and blown up the bridge, with the great rush of its swollen waters, rendering their further progress impracticable. Part of the carriages and attendants of the illustrious travellers, having been sent forward, to arrange all things comfortable for their majesties and their party, had crossed the bridge in safety, and arrived at their destination. This rendered the unfortunate party only more

* 'Gazette de France.' 'Mémoires de Montpensier.'

comfortless, as they had neither *sacs du nuit*, valises, or attendants, to arrange their couches for the night, in the only shelter procurable in the dark and pouring rain. This was only a large barn, on a farm close by their compulsory halting place, where King, Queen, Dauphin, Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier, with ladies, nobles, officers of state, and male servants, were all crowded together in pitiable confusion. To increase their trouble, they were all fasting and hungry, the long journey and inclement weather having sharpened their appetites.

Soup and a few chickens, were at last, procured from the farmers and peasants, in the neighbourhood. But the soup was insufficient for the numbers waiting to be supplied. The poultry were all alive, and had to be killed and dressed in haste, for the supper of his most Christian majesty, his Queen and company; and when at last placed before them, there were neither knives, forks, nor spoons, so that they had to tear them to pieces, as well as they could. Forgetful of the solemn etiquette of royalty, one snatched a wing, another a leg, as they best could manage to clutch any portion of the scanty supply of food.* They had drunk the soup, after it was cool enough, out of the wooden bowls and cups, in which it was brought to them. The Spanish Infanta Queen, was much shocked at the violation of etiquette, to which the whole court was reduced on this occasion, but more particularly, when informed by the King, that they must all sleep in the same room, at any rate, the royal party and the ladies; but as this barn had an inner compartment, that was reserved for the *élite* of the party and the ladies. Madame and Mademoiselle de Montpensier, were disposed to laugh at the whole adventure, but they lay down with their fellow travellers, on the straw mattresses, which

* 'Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Memoirs,' vol. ix.

had been procured from the peasants, for their accommodation. A couch was prepared for the Queen, of the cushions of the royal coach, and the cloaks and shawls, that had been provided for wraps on the journey. The whole of the company lay down to rest in their travelling dresses, having no toilets for the night. It was late before the temporary arrangements were completed, and their majesties and the rest of the royal party lay down to sleep. Tired and worn with the journey and its various discomforts, they all slept soundly, but la grande Mademoiselle, who alone was awake, when the premier of France, Louvois, came at four o'clock in the morning, to inform his majesty that the bridge had been repaired, and the road made passable.

They all rose, the painted portion of the court ladies looking wofully faded, and without the means of improvement, as their dressing-cases, and Abigails were all at Landrecies. However, such as they were, they proceeded on their way, at the order of his most Christian majesty, and entered the town in melancholy plight. Henrietta was ill when they set out, and under medical care, reduced to a milk diet, and now appeared wholly dropping into the grave, from bodily weakness, exhaustion, and the fatigue and discomforts, of this weary journey, its restraints and ceremonials.

When they arrived at Douay, a grand reception awaited them, and while the civic authorities of that town were addressing a long complimentary harangue to the Queen of Louis, Henrietta, tired with her long standing, and feeling the approach of faintness, stole to a secluded nook behind the Queen, and ventured to rest her wearied limbs by sitting down. But the egotistical pride of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, flew on fire, at the idea of the English

* 'Mémoires de Montpensier,' vol. ix. pp. 31-53.

princess taking the liberty of sitting down, while she was standing, so she came in a mighty hurry, and flung herself on a seat by her side. The harangue happily soon ceased, but the Queen was shocked at the freedom taken by the second and third Princesses of France, in her presence, and made her complaints to the King. Louis XIV. was not the man to endure an injury of the kind; the gentle and delicate invalid was lectured on her fault, and the robust and daring Mademoiselle sharply taken to task, who declared she saw her cousin sitting, and therefore she sat down also, her rights, as the daughter of the King's uncle, being at least, equal to those of the daughter of a younger aunt.

"I did not presume," continues La Grande Mademoiselle, "to tell her she ought to stand, but I purposely placed myself close to her Majesty, to afford her the opportunity of correcting her mistake, and at the same time letting her know that Madame had no more right to sit down in her presence than I had."

The King, who does not appear to have been in his most courteous mood, expressed himself with great acrimony at Henrietta's dereliction from her duty to his Queen, at which he was seriously offended.

"Monsieur," continues Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "spoke to me about it, and said, 'I was more to blame than Madame, because I knew better than her, what was proper to be done.' I told the King, what Monsieur had said, and the King observed, 'that he thought me to blame in remaining seated,' on which she repeated her opinion, 'that Madame had no more right to be seated than herself.'"

It is scarcely to be wondered, after La Grande Mademoiselle had played this malicious trick, and drawn on the poor drooping Henrietta the reproofs of both the King

* 'Mémoires de Montpensier.'

and Queen, that the delicate invalid was low-spirited the rest of the journey. The only nourishment she swallowed was milk, and when they halted for the night she retired to her apartment, and lay down to repose. The King, when his passing ill-humour was over, showed the deepest solicitude for her, and treated her with great tenderness. Far different was the conduct of his brother. "When in the coach," records Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "he would say very disagreeable things, even to her face. Among others, when we happened to speak of astrologers, he observed, with a grin, 'That it had been predicted that he should have several wives, and from the state Madame was now in, he had reason to put some faith in the prediction.' All this appeared to me as silly as it was hard-hearted, and our silence showed what we thought of him. Remonstrances would have been unavailing, and only have recoiled on poor Madame."†

It is to Mademoiselle de Montpensier's lively pen, we are indebted for the events of this journey, in the royal coach, that gorgeous moving mountain, of gilding and heavy decorations, which had to find accommodation within for eight travellers: the personal grandeur of Louis XIV.; his Spanish Queen, with all her stiffness of etiquette; the sickly Dauphin, a personage of immense consequence; the monkeyish vivacity, and occasional waspish ill-nature of Monsieur, and the uncomplaining sufferings of his declining consort; with the satirical importance of Mademoiselle, herself, who was so observant of the frailties of every member of the illustrious group, and blind to her own.

The weather improved towards the latter end of the journey, and Monsieur relieved them of his disagreeable society, by riding at the head of the regiment of cavalry, with his drawn sword in his hand, acting as their colonel.†

* 'Mémoires de Montpensier.'

† Ibid.

His absence from the royal coach was an unspeakable relief to his sick consort, as may readily be imagined. On their arrival at Courtray they found messengers from Charles II. awaiting them, with letters urging the visit of Madame, for her brother was already at Dover expecting to receive her. Monsieur appeared exceedingly annoyed at this announcement, especially as there was no invitation for him, which, notwithstanding his savage behaviour to Henrietta, he had evidently expected to receive. He declared that he had long repented giving his hard wrung consent to her voyage, and was now prepared to exert his authority as her husband and forbid her to go. The King sternly interposed his royal command to prevent further opposition from his brother, telling him it was his pleasure and for the good of France that Madame should go, and he would have no more opposition to his will.

Monsieur then sullenly submitted, and accompanied his consort and the rest of the royal party to Lisle, where they all arrived on the 23rd of May. There they were splendidly received, but the delicate state of Henrietta's health prevented her from appearing at all the public manifestations of joy that were shown at the coming of Louis with his family and court to that city. In the quiet seclusion of her own apartment she had a private interview with M. de Pomponne, resident minister of Louis XIV. in Holland, who had come to pay his respects to his royal master; but Louis, being engaged in listening to the congratulatory orations of the officials of Lisle, Pomponne paid his visit to Henrietta, of whom he thus speaks. "I confess I was astonished to find such grasp of mind and capacity for business in a Princess, who seemed only born for the graces which are the ornament of her sex. I found that she was informed of the orders I have constantly had not to enter into any solid alliance with the States,

but to amuse them with useless negotiations. She knew the King's intentions to resent the part they had taken in the Triple Alliance, and showed great indignation at Sir William Temple, for the dislike to France, which he could not hide. However, she assured me that he would not be long in a condition to hurt us. From what the King had said to me, in general, about the hopes which he had of bringing back the King of England to his interests, and from what was confirmed to me by Madame, it was easy to guess that the voyage of this Princess to London, was not confined to the simple pleasure of seeing the King, her brother."

"When Madame set out from Lisle, for her embarkation at Dunkirk," proceeds Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "every one came to her to bid her adieu, and many can bear witness to the sorrow she felt, at the manner in which her husband conducted himself, towards her. He attended her, however, to the water's edge. The Earl of Sandwich, and his fleet, despatched by King Charles for her transport, had been already a week at Dunkirk, waiting for her; the wet weather had delayed the progress of the French court so long.

Henrietta embarked immediately she arrived, with her numerous suite, seven ladies of the bedchamber, the Count and Countess d'Alban, her secretary, medical attendants, chaplains, ushers, and five maids-of-honour, among whom was Mademoiselle de Querouaille, afterwards the mistress of Charles II., whom he subsequently created Duchess of Portsmouth."*

* Among other false statements connected with Henrietta's visit to England, in 1670, it has been confidently asserted by shallow or calumnious writers, that she brought over this woman, to be Charles's mistress, and left her there for that purpose. But the simple fact was, that although Mademoiselle de Querouaille attended Henrietta to England, as her maid of honour, and attracted much admiration from the King

Henrietta was also attended on her voyage to Dover, by Mareschal du Plessis, the Count and Countess de Gramont, the Bishop of Tournay, Abbé Chaumont, Monsieur l'Avocat, and others, who, with their attendants, swelled the number of her followers to upwards of two hundred persons.*

The morning was fine, and the squadron was seen from the heights of Dover. The King, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and others of the British court, rowed out a mile to meet her. The Duke of York had been compelled to return to London, so his was not among the familiar faces that greeted the longing eyes of Henrietta on her first return to England.

Dover Castle, the most beautiful and attractive of all the marine palaces of England, had been fitted up for the reception of the King, his beloved sister, and their suites. The weather was beautiful, and Henrietta appeared to derive new life from the change, and, most of all, from being relieved from the presence of her jealous and un-courteous husband, whose recent unkindness to her, on their last journey, still rankled in her mind, and disposed her to make an urgent attempt to escape from his intolerable yoke; but in vain, for Charles would not listen to her entreaties, to grant her an asylum in England. "Much as he loved her," he told her, "it could not be. She must, when her mission was accomplished, return to her connubial misery, and endeavour to make the best of her hard lot."

and others, she returned to France, with Henrietta, and came not back to England, till the following November, five months after the death of that unfortunate Princess, having obtained the post of maid of honour to Queen Catherine of Braganza, and then became the mistress of the King, and the mother of the Duke of Richmond. She was a most troublesome and unprincipled intrigante, one of the pests of that reign.

* 'Gazette de France.' Lingard's 'History of England.' 'London Gazette.' 'Theat. Europe.'

The absence of the Duke of York, which had been purposely contrived by King Charles, to rid himself of his ill-judged zeal for the Church of Rome, whose tenets he had recently embraced, was favourable to the ratification of the secret treaty. Charles, who was then, of no religion, whatever, had repented of the article which engaged him to avow himself of that creed, and do his utmost to induce his subjects to imitate his example; had, resolved to withdraw his consent from that absurd and impolitic clause, which would be sure, if attempted, to plunge his realm into a bloody civil war. Louis, who had engaged to assist him in case of resistance from his subjects, perceiving that he should risk involving himself in an expensive and long-protracted course of hostility with the people of England, if he insisted on Charles fulfilling this article of the treaty, determined to place the conquest of Holland in the foreground. The main object of Henrietta's mission, was to insist on that point. She presently perceived that Charles was inclined to back out of that portion of the treaty which affected his changing his religion.

He pleaded the aversion of his people to popery, and told her he had many misgivings on that subject himself, so that she was convinced of his determination to remain, as he had sworn at his coronation to be, a defender of the Protestant faith. It was on this account, that he had secured the absence of his more honest brother, James, who, inspired with all the zeal of a young and fiery convert, would have endeavoured to commit the King to the declaration of his affection for the unpopular creed of the Church of Rome.

The treaty was, however, signed and sent off to Paris, for Louis's full assent, on the 1st of June, before the return of the Duke of York, and Charles released from

that most impolitic article, engaging him to avow himself a member of the Church of Rome.

It has been erroneously asserted, by several shallow historians, that the Prince of Orange, William III., was at Dover, with his uncle, King Charles II., and his aunt, Henrietta, Duchess d'Orleans; but though invited he did not come. He was probably aware of the nature of the secret treaty, which was for the dismemberment of Holland, then under the authority of the pensionary De Witt, who had contrived to exclude William from all power and authority in the States, and the offices exercised by the Prince, his father. But William bided his time, and was unwilling to become a party to this attack on the republic, or to accept the offer that provision should be made for him out of the spoils of his country, guaranteed by Louis at the request of King Charles of Great Britain, his uncle.

When the Duke of York returned to Dover, he found that the treaty had been finally concluded between King Charles and Louis, through the diplomatic talents of their sister, Madame of France. James disapproved of the treaty, but it was of no use complaining, so he joined the merry party to Canterbury, which was arranged for her recreation; the Duke's company of players having prepared a splendid ballet and a comedy, which was there performed, and brilliantly attended by the court, his majesty, and Henrietta and her suite. A rich collation followed.

Queen Catherine and the Duchess of York arrived at Dover, towards the close of Henrietta's visit, and the affectionate regard with which they treated her, increased her desire to stay in England, but Charles would not permit her permanent stay. She had already exceeded Monsieur's leave of absence, and he was exigent for her return.

Time passed but too swiftly. She was treated with adoring fondness by the English court, and vainly sighed to remain in her native land.

Charles presented her with a generous present, towards the expenses of her homeward journey, and told her he wished her to leave him one of her jewels, as a token of affection. She promised compliance with his wish, and told her pretty maid-of-honour, Mademoiselle de Querouaille, to bring down her jewel-casket, that he might make his choice from whatever she had. Charles detained the fair *suivante* by taking her hand, telling his sister "that was the jewel he coveted,"* and begged her to leave Mademoiselle de Querouaille behind on her return to France. Henrietta told him "that she had received the maiden from her parents, who were of a good, almost noble, family, in Brittany; that she considered herself bound to protect her from all dishonour, and would take her back to France with her." Resisting all the remonstrances and entreaties of the enamoured monarch, she kept her word.†

The following lines were presented to Henrietta, before her embarkation, by the courtly poet, Edmund Waller, who, upwards of twenty-three years previously, had immortalised her first governess, the Countess of Morton, for effecting the escape of her infant royal charge; and now, in his old age, thus addressed the lovely Henrietta:—

That sun of beauty did among us rise,
England first saw the light of your sweet eyes;
In England, too, your early wit was shown,
Favour that language which was then your own.
When, though a child, through guards you made your way,
What fleet or army could an angel stay?
Thrice happy Britain if she could maintain
Whom she first bred within her ambient main.

* 'Vie de Louise de Querouaille,' p. 73.

† Ibid.

Our late burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you ;
But we must see our glory snatched away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea.
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell,
Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell !

Henrietta embarked on the 12th of June with a breaking heart for the shores of France. Concealing her distress under the mask of assumed vivacity, she continued to fascinate all who approached her by her wit and affability. The King and the Duke of York, attended her on board ship, and sailed some little distance with her. When they bade her adieu, she was bathed in tears, and sadly looked back on the white cliffs of her native land, little suspecting she was to see them no more, or that her brief lease of life, was so near its close. How many of the envied children of royalty would start back affrighted if the close-veiled pages of the future, were suddenly disclosed to their eyes.

Henrietta was received at Calais, with a royal salute of cannon, and was conducted by the magistrates and civic authorities, to the house of the governor, where she was to pass the night ; first, however, attending vespers at the church of the Minimes, to return thanks for her safe passage over the sea. She was at the celebration of early mass, the next morning, at that of the Capuchins, and then set out for Boulogne, where she was received with almost an ovation. At Montrieul she was met and nobly entertained, by the Duc d'Elbeuf, who attended her to Abbeville, where she was met by an escort of royal troops. The English ambassador, Sir Ralph Montague, welcomed her at Beauvais,* and endeavoured to acquire from her the secrets of her recent negociation between the King, her

* 'London Gazette' and 'Gazette de France.'

brother, and the King of France, which she was, of course, bound for the present, to conceal from him, as well as from all the world.

She was deeply hurt that her sullen consort had refused to repair to Calais, to meet her on her landing; and the King considered it more prudent to omit paying her that compliment, as ill-natured observations would, he was well aware, have been made, if he had gone and her consort stayed at home.

Monsieur, however, went a few miles out of St. Germain's to receive his wife, but without any demonstrations of tenderness.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRIETTA was most affectionately received, both by the King and Queen of France, and with every mark of esteem by the latter.

Her consort was full of ill feeling, and annoyed at the warmth of her welcome, announced his intention of removing with her, the next day, to St. Cloud. Henrietta could not refrain from tears at this declaration, but he determined to have his own way. They arrived in Paris on the 20th of June, and it pleased Monsieur to remain there till the 24th. An opera was performed at the Palais Royal, while they were there, in which the author took the opportunity of lavishing some elaborate compliments on Madame, and enumerating her resistless influence over the King, and his Britannic majesty her brother.

The foreign ambassadors and their ladies, and all the noblesse in Paris, came to pay their homage to Henrietta,* who was looking more beautiful and animated than before her voyage to England. Her consort, jealous of her popularity, which he was fully aware he never could hope to rival, hurried her down to St. Cloud, where he began to torment her on the subject of his imprisoned favourite, the Chevalier de Lorraine, assuring her he knew that his

* Vernon's Despatches, State Paper MS.

imprisonment was of her procuring, that she could obtain his release if she thought proper; and that he never could be reconciled to her unless she endeavoured to oblige him, by bringing back the man in whose society he took so much delight. Henrietta paid no regard either to Monsieur's entreaties or his threats on that subject, but they painfully worried her.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier came to visit her while in this state of matrimonial infelicity, at St. Cloud, and says: "She bitterly lamented the loss of her mother, the late Queen-dowager of England; she said how dearly she loved her, and that she constantly missed her mediation, in making up the quarrels between her and Monsieur, with whom she had from the first always lived uneasily. I had felt much concerned for the death of the Queen, my aunt," continues Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "and now I saw that Madame was in tears, though trying to repress them, when mentioning her. At last, notwithstanding all her efforts to restrain them, they burst out, and flowed abundantly and passionately."

Monsieur had taken it into his sapient head, it seems, that the object of Madame's mysterious visit to England, was to facilitate her royal brother's divorce from his consort, Catherine of Braganza, and to make up a match between him and Mademoiselle de Montpensier. It is interesting to read the very kind mention of that Queen by Mademoiselle. "Queen Catherine," said Mademoiselle, "is a very worthy woman, not handsome, but so pious and affable, that she gains the friendship of all. The English court," proceeded she, "was still in mourning for the late Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria. On alluding to this event, the tears of Madame flowed afresh."*

Madame accompanied her consort, Monsieur, to Versailles

* 'Mémoires de Montpensier.'

on the 26th of June; the ill humour of Monsieur, was powerfully excited, by surprising the King in earnest conversation with Madame, which suddenly ceased on his entrance. On his demanding the purport of their discourse, they imprudently replied, it was not fit for him to know. In an irrepressible fit of rage, he commanded his wife to leave Versailles with him, immediately, and took her back to St. Cloud bathed in tears. Yet her temper was so sweet, that overlooking all provocations, she set about conciliating her waspish, unkind husband, by every means in her power, and persuaded him to invite all the company he liked to the brilliant soirées at St. Cloud, arranged by her to celebrate her return from England. She made no objection to some of his female friends, though not of a class or character with whom it was quite proper for her to associate. This mightily dulcified his manners, though he was still discontented with her refusal to confide to him the particulars of her secret mission to England, and her positive determination not to procure the pardon and recal of the Chevalier de Lorraine.

Her health had become uncertain, and she appeared more thoughtful than she had ever been, since her marriage, on matters of religion. She lamented to Bossuet, when he came to see her, her past carelessness and neglect of her duties towards God; and that she had been too much taken up with the pleasures of the world, and the things of time, to think of those of eternity; and begged him to come more frequently to see her, and converse with her in private, on subjects connected with the salvation of her soul, on which she had long since desired to be instructed.

Her friend and biographer, Madame de la Fayette, for whom she had sent on her return to St. Cloud, on her arrival after supper, found Madame walking in the gardens,

where she joined her, and they walked together in the moonlight till past midnight.

Her physicians had warned Madame against these evening walks, and bathing, after sunset, in the cold clear waters of the Seine, which flowed through the grounds of St. Cloud, but these cautions she utterly disregarded. She complained to Madame de la Fayette of the oppression she suffered, and attributed it to the sultriness of the weather. "If," said she, "I had you always to talk with, I should be happier; but I am so weary of the people who are about me here, that I can scarcely endure them."

On the morning of the 29th of June, she spent some time in the apartment of her eldest daughter, Maria Louisa, whose portrait she designed to send to her brother, the King of England. When she left her she proceeded to her husband, Monsieur, with whom she remained some time, chatting on indifferent subjects, with her usual grace and liveliness. As it was Sunday, both Monsieur and Madame went to mass. During their absence the Marquis d'Effiat, first equerry to Monsieur, took the opportunity of opening the armoire in the anteroom, where he knew her plate and medicine were kept, and taking out the goblet from which she was accustomed to drink, rubbed it in the inside with a paper. While he was thus occupied, an officer of her household entered and said, "Sir, what are you doing at our armoire? and why do you touch Madame's goblet."

"I was parched with thirst," he replied, and knowing that a jug of water was kept here, I came to have a drink. Perceiving the cup was dusty, I have cleaned it with this paper."* The official observed that no one was permitted to drink out of Madame's cup, and D'Effiat departed in a huff.

Henrietta dined cheerfully, and then repaired to her husband's apartments, where he was sitting to the same

* Memoirs of Elizabeth Charlotte, Monsieur's second wife.

artist for his portrait, on which she gave her opinion, and appeared interested in watching the progress of the painting. Madame de la Fayette says, that Madame fell asleep on a divan by her side, and that she had an unpleasant countenance, both while sleeping and after she awoke, which was unusual to her, "that Monsieur was surprised, and remarked it," says Madame de la Fayette, "to me." She afterwards went into the drawing-room, where she conversed for some time with M. Boisfranc, Monsieur's treasurer, and complained many times while talking to him, of the pain in her side.

"Monsieur," continues Madame de la Fayette, "went down stairs to leave for Paris, but returned with Madame Mecklenbourg, whom he met on the landing Madame de Gamache brought for Madame, as well as for me, a glass of chicory-water, for which Madame had asked some time before. Madame de Gourdon, her tirewoman, presented the water to her. She drank it, and replacing the cup on the salver, with one hand, she pressed her side with the other, exclaiming, 'Oh! what a stitch in my side! oh, what pain! I cannot bear it.'" She flushed while pronouncing these words, and the moment after changed to a livid paleness, which surprised us all. She continued to cry out, and asked to be carried away, as she could not support herself. We took hold of her under her arms," continues Madame de la Fayette, "for she walked with difficulty, and was much bent. She was undressed immediately. I supported her whilst she was unlaced. She still complained, and I noticed that her eyes were filled with tears. I was astonished, for I knew she was the most patient creature in the world. I said to her, while kissing the arm which I supported, that I feared she suffered greatly. She answered, 'Inconceivably.'

"As soon as she was laid down in bed, she screamed more

than ever, and rolled from side to side, like a person in dreadful agony. Her first physician, M. Esprit, was sent for. He came, and said it was colic, and ordered the usual remedies for that malady. Madame said that her pain was worse than we could imagine, that she was dying, and that a confessor must be sent for. Monsieur was by her bedside. She kissed him, and said, with such a sweetness of manner as might break the hardest heart: ‘Alas, Monsieur, you have long ceased to love me; but that is unjust; I have never been untrue to you.’ Monsieur appeared greatly moved, as were all in the room, so that nothing was heard but the sound of weeping. All this passed in less than half an hour. Madame still cried out that she had terrible pain in the pit of her stomach. All at once she told some one to examine the water she had drunk, and said it was poison; that perhaps one bottle had been mistaken for another; that she was sure she was poisoned, and would take a counter-poison.

“I was in the *ruelle* near Monsieur,” continues Madame de la Fayette, and although I believed him quite incapable of such a crime, the curiosity natural to human nature made me observe him attentively. He was neither moved nor embarrassed by Madame’s opinion; he said some of the water must be given to a dog; he agreed with Madame that oil and counter-poison, should be brought, that she might be freed from so sad a thought. Madame Desbordes, her first woman of the bedchamber, who was entirely in her interest, told her that she had prepared the water, and she drank some of it; but Madame still continued to ask for oil and counter-poison. Both were given her.

“Sainte Foy, Monsieur’s valet, brought her powder of viper. She said ‘she took it from his hand, because she had confidence in him.’ Many drugs were given her, with this idea of poison, perhaps, more likely to make her ill than to

relieve her. What she took made her vomit. She had already been disposed to this many times before she took anything, but her vomitings were only slight. It appeared to her that she was about to die, and with great calmness she prepared herself for it.

“Monsieur told Madame de Gamache to feel her pulse, as the physicians had not done so. She left the *ruelle* in agitation, saying ‘she could not feel any pulse, and that Madame’s extremities were cold.’ This frightened us, and Monsieur seemed alarmed. M. Esprit said ‘that was an ordinary occurrence in colic, and that he would answer for Madame’s life.’

“Monsieur, angrily reminded the luckless physician, that so had he answered for that of his son, the Duke de Valois, who had notwithstanding died; and so he believed would Madame, as he presumed to answer for her life.

“Meanwhile,” continues Madame de la Fayette, “the Curé of St. Cloud, who had been sent for, arrived. Monsieur, did me the honour to ask me, if this confessor should be employed. I replied, that a confession, made at the prospect of death, must be beneficial. Monsieur told me to go to Madame, and inform her that the Curé of St. Cloud, was come. I begged him to excuse me, and said that as she had, herself, asked for him, he might at once enter her room.

“Monsieur went to her bedside, and of her own accord she again asked for a confessor. One of her first women of the bedchamber, was standing at her bolster, supporting her. Madame wished her to remain, and confessed before her. When the confessor retired, Monsieur went to her bedside. She spoke to him in a sweet, affectionate tone, but so low, that we could not hear her words.

“It had been suggested that she should be bled. She wished it should be in the foot; M. Esprit preferred the arm, and there at last it was decided it should be done.

Monsieur spoke to Madame, fearing there would be difficulty in persuading her to consent ; but she said ‘ she was willing for them to do anything they desired, for she was sure her recovery was impossible.’ Only three hours had elapsed, since the commencement of her illness. Guesclin, who had been summoned from Paris, arrived with M. Valot, the king’s physician, from Versailles. As soon as Madame saw Guesclin, in whom she had great confidence, she told him ‘ that she was poisoned, and he must treat her accordingly.’ He consulted with M. Valot and M. Esprit, and after a long conference they came to Monsieur and assured him on their lives there was no danger. Monsieur repeated this to Madame. She said ‘ she knew her case was hopeless.’”

The King had sent several times to inquire after her, and she had always replied that she was dying. Those who had seen her, told him that she was very ill. M. de Crequy, who had called at St. Cloud, on his way to Versailles, told the King that he considered her in great danger.

The Queen, to whom a hasty statement of the alarming illness of Madame had, at the same time, been communicated, sent one of the gentlemen of her privy chamber to St. Cloud, for further tidings. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, from whom we must now quote, as a most important witness, tells us that the Queen’s messenger returned very soon. “ He said he had seen Madame, and that she had begged him to tell her majesty that she was dying, and if the Queen wished to see her alive, her humble request was, that her majesty would hasten.

“ The King, himself, was indisposed, and gone out for an airing. The Maréchal de Bellefonds strongly advised the Queen, not to go to Madame. The Queen was undecided, and when I entreated her to allow me to proceed thither, she made some objection,” continues Mademoiselle de

Montpensier; "but the King arrived at that very moment, and said to her majesty, 'If you wish to go, here is my coach, and we can all go together;' and that decided the matter.

"The Countess of Soissons went with us. The Queen of France, compassionated her sister-in-law, exceedingly, and spoke in severe terms of the uneasiness her husband had given her. Her majesty declared she was in tears when last they parted, and that she (Madame) seemed to forebode some fatal event."

The royal cortège, on the road to St. Cloud encountered Dr. Valot, returning from his patient, and drew up to hear his opinion: Mademoiselle de Montpensier, is the only person, by whom it has been recorded.

"Oh," said Dr. Valot, "Madame will soon be well; it is only *une colique*."

That there were many symptoms indicating *cholera morbus*, in the mortal illness, that the court physician treated so lightly, no one can deny. Dr. Valot's *dictum* was doubtless the cause of the careless demeanour of the poor sufferer's attendants at St. Cloud, of which those who loved Henrietta, bitterly complain.

"When we arrived at St. Cloud," pursues Mademoiselle, "no one appeared distressed; only Monsieur seemed much astonished. We found Madame, on a little bed, made up for her in a recess. Her hair was hanging loose, for she had not had one moment's respite from agonising pain, to permit her attendants arranging it for the night. Her chemise was untied at the neck and arms, her face wan, her nose drawn in, and her whole countenance that of a dying person. She said to us, 'See to what a state I am reduced;' and we all began to weep. Violent but ineffectual fits of retching came on. Monsieur said to her, 'Madame, do your best to vomit, that this bile may

not choke you.' She observed with sorrow, how indifferent everybody about her was, though her condition was such as ought to have excited great compassion. Madame de Montespan and La Valliere approached her.

"She spoke to the King, a few moments, in a low voice. I took her hand; she pressed mine affectionately, saying, 'You are losing a friend, who had begun to truly know and love you.' I could only reply by my tears.

"After more struggles to vomit, she entreated for emetics to be given to her; but the physicians said they were useless, because *coliques* of this kind continued sometimes for eight or ten hours, but never lasted more than twenty-four. The King tried to reason with them, exclaiming warmly, 'Surely you will not allow a woman to die thus, without assistance?'

"The doctors looked at him, but answered not a word. The attendants showed little feeling; laughing and chattering went on through the room, as if their mistress had nothing the matter with her. These medical men, with the first physician, Dr. Valot, at their head, had pronounced the case trifling.

"I now took Madame d'Epernon on one side, for she at least, appeared sensibly afflicted at the sad spectacle before us. I asked if she were not surprised that no one spoke of the consolations of religion, to Madame. She replied that Madame, herself, had called for spiritual aid, but that only the *Curé* of St. Cloud had come, as her own priest was from home. The *Curé* of St. Cloud was a stranger to Madame, and had not spent more than a minute in confessing her. Monsieur then approached, and I asked him 'whether Madame ought not to be permitted to commune with her God?'

"Monsieur answered that 'I was right, but that her own confessor was a Capuchin, good for nothing but to do

her honour, by appearing publicly in her coach, that people might see that she had one, and that a different sort of man was needed to speak to her of death. Whom could we get,' continued he, 'that would sound well to put in the Gazette, as having assisted Madame?' I answered," said Mademoiselle, "'that at such a time the best quality a confessor could have was to be a pious man.' He replied, 'Ah, I have hit upon it—the Abbé Bossuet, who is nominated to the bishopric of Condom. Madame has talked to him sometimes, so it will do very well.'

"We went to propose it to the King, who told Monsieur he ought to have thought of it sooner, and had the sacraments administered to her before this. He replied, 'I was waiting till you were gone, because, if you were here, we should have to go and reconduct the host to the church, and it is a long way off.'

"M. Feuillet, a monk of St. Cloud, a Jansenist celebrated for great piety, was sent for before the arrival of Bossuet.* He came to her bedside, and spoke in very strong terms to her as a sinner, asking her if she had confessed. 'Yes,' she replied. 'I suppose, then,' said he, 'that you have confessed having many times violated your baptismal vows?' 'No,' she replied, 'I have never been told that was an offence against God.' 'How, Madame?' said he. 'If you had made an engagement with a private person, and had not kept it in one clause, would you not have thought you had done ill?' 'Alas, I should,' said she. 'Madame, you have never known the Christian religion,' observed he; 'your whole life has been spent in sin. You must employ in repentance the little time you have left.' 'Tell me only what I must do. Confess me, I entreat you,' she said. He assented to her desire, prefacing the rite with these words, 'Humble

* 'Mort Chrétienne de Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans,' par Feuillet.

yourself, Madame; behold all your pompous greatness, buried under the powerful hand of God. You are but a miserable sinner, a worm of earth, which shall soon fall and be dashed to atoms, and of all your greatness not a trace will remain.' 'It is true, my God!' she sighed. 'Madame,' resumed Feuillet, 'it is true you have sinned a thousand times, but think of the thousandfold mercies of God. The thief on the cross has risen to heaven.' These words filled her heart with consolation and joy. She received the holy eucharist, and was much comforted."*

Soon after, Sir Ralph Montague, the British ambassador, who had been summoned to St. Cloud, entered her apartment. As soon as he approached the dying Princess, she said, as recorded by himself, in his letter to the King, his master :†

"'You see the sad condition I am in—I am going to die. How I pity the King, my brother, for I am sure he loses the person who loves him the best in the world.'" She was then, for a few minutes, unable to proceed, and he, of course, withdrew. "After a little while," proceeds his excellency, "she called for me again, bidding me 'be sure to say all the kind things in the world, from her, to the King, her brother, and thank him for all his kindness and care.' Then she asked me 'if I remembered what she had said to me the night before, of your majesty's intention to join France against Holland?' I told her 'Yes.' 'Tell my brother, then,' said she, 'I never persuaded him to it out of my own interest, or to be more considered in this country; but because I thought it to his honour and advantage, for I always loved him above all things in the world, and have no regret to leave it but because I leave him.'"

* 'Mort Chrétienne de Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans,' par Feuillet.

† Arlington's letters during his embassy to France. Green's 'Princesses,' vol. ii.

It is remarkable that no word of her children passed her lips; but it may be that the ambassador did not consider it necessary to repeat her natural maternal tenderness, to her royal brother, in his narrative of her death.

“I asked her,” continues his excellency, “if she believed herself poisoned. Her confessor, who was by, said, ‘Madam, you must accuse nobody, but offer up your death to God, as a sacrifice.’ So she would never answer me to that question, though I asked her several times, but would only shrink up her shoulders. I asked her for her casket, where all her letters were, to send them to your majesty. She bade me take it from Madame Desbordes, but she was swooning and dying, to see her mistress in that condition, and before she came to herself, Monsieur had seized on them. She recommended you to help all her poor servants as much as you could.”

She sent most tender messages of affection, to both her brothers, and drawing off a ring, bade Montague present it to King Charles, as a last memorial of her love. She regretted not having been able to do anything for the ambassador, for whom she professed great regard; but she told him he might have the 6000 pistoles, which the King, her brother, had presented to her when she left England. Montague excused himself from accepting this large gift, lest he should hereafter be accused of bribery. She then begged him to divide it among her personal attendants, whose names she recounted to him.

Bossuet, the celebrated preacher, now entered, and was affectionately welcomed by Madame. He prayed with her, and she appeared to receive much comfort from his ministry. According to his statement, she took a most passionately tender farewell of her consort.

“Call to mind,” exclaims Bossuet, in his *Oraison funebre*, “what she said to Monsieur. What power,

what tenderness! Oh, words poured forth from a heart, now lifted above all mundane things, will you not live for ever, in the hearers' memory, especially in the heart of that great Prince, whose tears and anguish were so violent and importunate," continues this irreproachable witness of the same, "that she was compelled to entreat him to withdraw, before she expired, or she would not be able to fix her thoughts entirely on God and prayer."

"It was in vain" continues Bossuet, "that the husband, and even the King himself, clasped the Princess in their circling arms: they could not preserve her from the approach of death, whose power was far mightier than their royal hands."

The King and Queen of France, took their last leave of her, at half-past two in the morning of June the 30th, the King assuring her, she was not in so much danger as she believed, and spoke to her, for a few moments, of another world, and said he had been talking to the physicians, who thought it would be necessary to wait, with patience, for the effect of the last remedy they had tried."

"I suppose," she said, "I must die according to the set forms."

The King burst into tears in bidding her farewell. She "begged him not to weep, as his tears excited her; that he would lose in her the truest servant he ever had; and that the tidings of her death would be the first news that would greet him in the morning."

After the King had left the room, she was put into her large bed. The hiccough seized her, and she told M. Esprit "that it was the death hiccough."*

Bossuet was kneeling by her bedside, and offering up a fervent prayer on her behalf, into which she entered fervently; but suddenly turning to one of her ladies, she

* De la Fayette.

spoke to her in English, which the Bishop did not understand, to tell her, when she should have entered into her rest, to give Bossuet the emerald ring which she had ordered to be made for him as a memorial of her. Perceiving that he had ceased speaking, she told him "she had not ceased to listen, though she had turned away."

Shortly after she felt drowsy, and thought she might sleep. Bossuet rose and went into the garden for a little fresh air, but Feuillet still lingered by her pillow. Suddenly turning to him, she said, "M. Feuillet, it is all over with me."

"Well, Madame," said he, "are you not very fortunate in having accomplished your course in so short a time?"

"At what o'clock did Jesus Christ die?" she asked. "Do not mind that, Madame," he replied; "you must endure life, and wait for death with patience." She asked for the cross, her mother-in-law had used on her death-bed. She took it in her hand, and kissed it fervently. Bossuet returned into the room, both priests knelt by her bedside, and the prayers for the dying were repeated. She pressed the cross once more to her lips. It fell from her relaxing grasp, and after two or three convulsive movements she expired, about three in the morning of the 30th of June.* Although her consort, Monsieur, had wept and shown much tender feeling for her during her agonising sufferings, the breath was scarcely out of her body before he seized all her papers, letters, jewels, and the money she had requested Sir Ralph Montague to divide among her attendants. It was only by the secretary of the British legation, assuring him the money was his, having been borrowed by him for her use, that he could succeed in extracting half of it for the use to which it had been bequeathed by the deceased.†

* Madame de la Fayette.

† Arlington's 'State Papers.'

It is recorded by the same member of the English corps diplomatique, that the death of Madame, which he witnessed, was most edifying; that she retained her senses to the last, and he never saw so much piety and courage, as she displayed on that awful occasion.

"The Queen," says Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "when I bade her good night (which was on the morning of the fatal 30th of June), bade me prepare for a journey to Paris, next morning, and to visit Madame on the way. But, alas! she died at three that morning, of which the news came in to the King, at six o'clock."

The melancholy tidings reached Versailles about six on the morning of the 30th of June. The King was ill, and in his *robe de chambre*. He shed tears on receiving the sad, but not unexpected announcement. The Queen and Mademoiselle de Montpensier went to mass that morning. "On our return," says Mademoiselle, "he spoke of the death of Madame. Bossuet now came in with information concerning the particulars of her demise, telling us, that by divine grace, she had departed in a truly Christian manner. Bossuet declared, that for some time past she had often spoken to him with religious feeling, requesting him to come and discuss with her the right way to salvation, which she said she had neglected too long. 'Yet,' added Bossuet, 'I have every reason to be satisfied with the state of mind in which she died.'"

"After the King had dined, he withdrew to the Queen's apartments, where he again wept. When he recovered, he said to me, 'Come with me, *ma cousine*, that we may settle what ought to be done for poor Madame, so that I may give orders to Saintot, who is awaiting them.' This was respecting funeral honours and observances. I next attended the Queen in her usual exercise of walking. Nothing there was spoken of but Madame's death. The

suspicion that she had been poisoned, prevailed throughout the Queen's household. Whispers as to whether her husband would marry again, went through the court, and I saw that every eye was fixed upon me.

"Subsequently there was a meeting of the court physicians, those of the Ambassador of England, and the ablest surgeons in France. The body of Madame was opened, and the cause of death pronounced to be an overflow of bile, called, I think, by them, *cholera morbus*."*

Greatly troubled by this tragical event, and the positive declarations of the hapless sufferer that she was poisoned, the King could not sleep next night, though he had been up till daylight on the evil 30th of June. At last he rose from his restless pillow, and ordered Brissac, the captain of his guard, to take six trusty men and ride off to St. Cloud, and there arrest the late Madame's maitre d'hôtel, Purnou, and conduct him to his bedchamber by a private way. Before morning this was done, and the King giving Brissac and his valet a signal to retire, was left alone with the terrified maitre d'hôtel of his late sister. After surveying him sternly from head to foot, the King said, in a voice that made him tremble, "If you confess the truth concerning what I am about to ask you, I will grant you a pardon, whatever you may have done; but if you hide the least thing from me, you are a dead man. Was Madame poisoned?"

"Yes, sire," stammered Purnou.

"By whom was it done? and how was the crime effected," demanded the King.

"The poison was sent by the Chevalier de Lorraine to the Marquis d'Effiat, sire," replied Purnou; "and he rubbed it in the goblet from which Madame always drank."

* 'Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.'

In deep agitation the King asked, "Was Monsieur aware of the design?" "No, sire," replied Purnou; "none of us dared to tell him; he never can keep a secret, and would have ruined us all." Inexpressibly relieved by this contemptuous exoneration of his brother, the King called Brissac and made him liberate the affrighted culprit. He then sat down and wrote the following letter of condolence to Charles II., in which, it will be perceived, he makes no allusion to the manner of Henrietta's death, unless the convenient term "accident" is meant to convey some idea of its disastrous nature.

"Versailles, the 30th of June, 1670.

"SIR, MY BROTHER,

"The tender friendship I cherished for my sister, is too well known to you, to require from me the pain of expressing the state to which I am reduced by her death. In this overwhelming grief, I can say that the share I take in your sorrow, for the loss of one who was so dear to us both, adds to the excess of my affliction. The only comfort I can receive is the confidence I feel that this accident will not alter our affection for each other, and that you will preserve yours as entire for me as I shall mine for you. I leave the rest to Colbert, my Ambassador."*

The fatal tidings had already been communicated to King Charles II. by Sir Thomas Armstrong, who had visited St. Cloud, the same 30th of June. The King received the suspicious train of circumstances, with a passionate burst of tears, and an execration against her husband, whom he suspected of being the author of the death of his lovely consort. But after a few minutes he

* Macpherson's 'State Papers.'

recovered his self-possession, and requested Sir Thomas to say nothing about it.

The following notice of the sad event appears in the Duke of York's Journal:—"The news arrived of the Duchess of Orleans' death. It was suspected that poisons were given her, but when she was opened, in the presence of the English ambassador, the Earl of Ailesbury, and an English physician and surgeon, there appeared no grounds of suspicion for any foul play. Yet 'Bucks'* talked openly, that she was poisoned, and was so violent as to propose to make war with France."

Mareschal Bellefonds was sent, immediately afterwards, to London, with more elaborate letters of condolence from the King of France, to Charles II., the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of York, with authentic accounts of the post-mortem examination of Madame's body. But the Duke of Buckingham, as stated by the Duke of York, was much irritated, and the rabble called "Down with the French," and threatened to attack the French ambassador, and assault his house; but they were pacified by the pains taken by the King to assure the world that his sister's death was from natural causes.

It did not suit Charles to break with France, and soon after Lord Arlington wrote thus to the British ambassador in Paris, on the "sad loss of Madame, which hath infinitely," he says, "afflicted the King, and particularly all those who had the honour to know her at Dover. The embroilments that were in her domestics, and the suddenness of her death, made the opinion easily take place, with us, that she was poisoned, but the knowledge we have had, since, of the care taken to examine her body, and the persuasion we understand his most Christian majesty is in, whom it behoves to know this matter to the bottom, that she did

* Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

not die a violent death, hath taken off the greatest part of our suspicions ; and Mareschal de Bellefonds, who I hear is arrived this evening, and is charged with giving the King a more particular account of this unhappy accident, and brings a complete narrative, underwritten by the ablest physicians and surgeons in Paris, of her death, and the dissection of her body, will, we suppose, entirely convince us that we have nothing to lament herein but the loss of this amiable Princess, without any odious circumstances to make our grief more insupportable.”*

Mademoiselle de Montpensier says : “On the third day Lauzun assumed the bâton, and attended the King and Queen, to St. Cloud, where they alighted and performed the asperge, by sprinkling the corpse of Madame with holy water, as she lay in state, with her face uncovered, with four-and-twenty wax tapers burning round it, while solemn masses were chanted, at altars erected in the apartment. The body had been embalmed, and placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, worked with her arms ; it had been removed to the chamber where she died, under a pall of cloth of gold, and placed on a platform covered with black velvet, embroidered with silver, under a canopy of the same. The chamber was hung with black, and the bier surrounded by heralds and officers of state.”†

After the King and Queen had performed the accustomed ceremony, they visited Mademoiselle, the eldest daughter of Monsieur and Madame, a beautiful and precocious child of eight years old, at the time she had been rendered motherless. The terrible shock of this frightful event affected her so much, that it was considered necessary to summon medical aid, but she positively refused to

* ‘Letters of the Earl of Arlington,’ vol. i. p. 437.

† ‘Mémoires de Montpensier.’ ‘Gazette de France.’

swallow the physic prescribed, "lest she too should be poisoned," she said.

She had a little companion, whose name is familiar enough to our readers, even Anne, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, subsequently our Queen Anne, who had been sent over from England, to Queen Henrietta Maria, to be treated by the French physicians, for a complaint in her eyes. On the death of her royal grandmother, she had been received by her aunt, Madame, Duchess of Orleans, whose death had again deprived the future Queen of Great Britain, of her royal protectress, in the foreign realm of France; "and," continues Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "I found the Princess of England with Mademoiselle d'Orleans. They were both very little; the eldest not more than eight years old. Yet Monsieur, who delighted in ceremonial etiquette, had caused them to be dressed in the usual French mourning mantles and veils that trailed upon the ground. When I paid my visit of ceremony to the King and Queen, clad in the same ridiculous mourning trappings, I told his majesty of the visit I had just made at the Palais Royal, and described the trailing mantles and veils worn by the children, Mademoiselle and the Princess Anne of England."

"Take care," replied Louis XIV.; "if you ridicule his taste in costume, my brother will never forgive you!"*

"The same day," continues Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "I saw Monsieur. He seemed very little afflicted. The day after I paid my visit to Mademoiselle, his eldest daughter, in my mourning veil and mantle. The desolate little Princess, had been brought to Paris from St. Cloud; she was then the second lady in the land, the Mademoiselle of France.

The heart of the deceased Madame, in a rich silver urn,

* 'Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.'

was carried in state, to the Val de Grace, by a numerous train of ladies, headed by the Princess de Condé; and her bowels to the Celestines. Her body was removed to St. Denis, on the 4th of July, by a long and stately procession, headed by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the Princess de Condé, the Duchesses de Longueville, Angoulême, Nemours, Arguillen, and Mesleraye, all the ladies and officers of the household of the late Madame, and numerous other personages of importance, by moonlight; they proceeded through the avenues of St. Cloud, and passing through the Bois de Boulogne, and the moonlit streets of Paris, arrived at St. Denis, about two in the morning. There they solemnly consigned the coffin, containing the remains of Henrietta, to the care of the monks of St. Denis, by whom it was reverentially received, and placed on a platform covered with black velvet, under a spacious canopy covered and draped with the same; and after the service for the dead, had been chanted by the chapter, was left by the mourners, till the day of the grand funeral solemnity, watched by a troop of Monsieur's guards.

It was upwards of seven weeks after the decease of Henrietta, before her interment was solemnized in the abbey church of St. Denis, on the 21st of August. Saintot, the grand master of the royal ceremonies of France, on the 19th, paraded the streets of Paris, preceded by heralds, and followed by twenty criers, bearing on their tabards the escutcheons of the late Madame, marched to the doors of the parliament chamber, the King's palace, and other places of public resort, where, the bells being rung, the criers proclaimed the birth, titles, and marriage of the most excellent Princess, Henrietta Anne, daughter of King Charles I., King of Great Britain, and his Queen, Henrietta Maria, daughter of France, the place of her death, and that the King had ordered her funeral service

to be celebrated on the next Wednesday, in the church of St. Denis, and requested them all to pray for the rest of her soul.

The old abbey of St. Denis, was, meantime, decorated with unprecedented funereal splendour. The whole interior of the church was festooned with black, fringed with silver, and sprinkled with silver tears, interspersed with escutcheons of Madame's arms. Skeletons of plaster, seven feet in height, imitating white marble, supported the sable draperies in the nave. White wax torches, four feet high, were placed in the frieze running round the choir, only one foot apart. In the centre was the mausoleum, on a large scaffold ascended by eight steps, at each corner of which was an octagonal antique altar, surmounted by a large urn burning perfumes: just over it was a silver vase and lamp. At the sides of the two altars, facing the gates of the choir, were four figures in imitation of white marble, six feet high, seated and leaning on the altars, representing Nobility, Youth, Poetry, and Music. Upon the platform was a tomb, in imitation of black marble, supported by four large leopards in bronze, above which was the coffin containing the body of the late Madame, covered with a magnificent pall of cloth of gold bordered with ermine: her arms were embroidered in bullion in the four corners. On it were placed the ducal crown and mantle, covered with crape. On the steps of this tomb were three hundred torches of white wax. The whole was surmounted by a canopy of black velvet, twelve feet square, on which her arms were embroidered in gold, adorned with scarfs of white drapery in festoons, with silver fringe.*

The company began to arrive on the 21st of August, by ten o'clock in the morning. The Queen, was present incognita, with the King of Poland, the Duke of Buck-

* Funérailles de Madame Henriette Anne, Archives du Royaume, Paris.

ingham, and the British ambassador, seated in one of the tribunes.

The chief mourners and assistants at the solemnity, were all placed according to their rank, by the Marquis of Rhodes, grand master of the ceremonies. The chief mourners were the Princess of Condé, the Duchess de Longueville, and the Princess de Carignan, led by the Prince de Condé, the Duke d'Enghien, and the Prince de Conti, preceded by one hundred of the poor, clothed in grey, each bearing a torch of white wax, and followed by all the officers of the late Madame's household. When all the seats were taken, in an instant all the flambeaux and wax tapers were lighted, and the urns, which had hitherto only poured forth clouds of incense, burst forth into flames, rendering the whole of the decorations distinctly visible. The prelates solemnized the mass for the dead, and the Princesses made the offerings, after which Bossuet pronounced the *Oraison Funèbre*.

The following is a very closely abridged abstract of that memorable discourse:—

“I am decreed,” he said, “to render this funereal duty to the very high and puissant Princess, Henrietta of England, Duchess d’Orleans. She whom I saw so devoutly attentive, whilst I performed the like mournful office to the memory of the Queen, her mother, to become so soon the subject of a similar discourse! And my sad voice is reserved for this woeful ministry. Oh vanity! Oh nothingness of mortals ignorant of their destiny! Can it be but ten months, since you beheld her tears flow so copiously here? Could you have deemed that so short a time would elapse, before you would be reassembled to weep for herself? Oh, Princess! was it not enough that England so lately wept your absence, without having so soon to weep your death? Oh night disastrous! night

terrific ! when resounded on all sides, like a peal of thunder, the astounding outcries, 'Madame is dying, Madame will die !' At the first burst of this sad announcement, every one ran to St. Cloud, finding there all in consternation, except the Princess herself. Grief and despair prevailed with the King, the Queen, Monsieur, and all the court. But in vain the husband, and even the King himself, clasped and held the Princess, in their circling arms. They could not keep her from death. Death, mightier than either, coming on, rent her from their royal hands.

"To most of the human species the change comes on by slow degrees, and death gradually prepares them for his last stroke. But our Princess, passed the morning of that fatal day like the flower of the fields. She was blooming, with what grace and loveliness, well do ye all know. The eventide saw her withered ; and those striking expressions whereby Holy Scripture exemplifies the circumstances of all things human were to her literally fulfilled."

It was no trope of eloquence, therefore, that prompted Bossuet's allusion to the interest taken by Henrietta, in the warlike fame of her lord.

"The passion she felt for the glory of her husband was boundless. When this great Prince, following the steps of his royal brother, seconded with such valour and success his grand designs in the last Flanders campaign, the joy of his Princess was overflowing. . . . But when the hour came that was to turn all her hopes for long and brilliant life, into painful yet admirable death, far more eager was she to seek spiritual than medical aid. She asked for the crucifix which she had seen her royal mother-in-law use in the hour of her departure, as if to welcome, with it, the impressions of piety and constancy, which that truly Christian soul had breathed with her last sigh. When

the Princess received that cross, look not for any discourse studied and magnificent. A holy simplicity made all the grandeur of her words. ‘Oh my God!’ she cried, ‘why have I not always put my whole trust in Thee?’ Humbly she confessed, with profound sorrow, that she had never known God as she knew Him at that hour. She demanded the last sacraments of the church, and received the holy Eucharist with awe and trustfulness.”

Bossuet declares, “that she was quite sensible when she received the rite of extreme unction; that during those fervent prayers for the dying, the pains of death gradually lulled, and she expired calmly.”

Monsieur survived his lovely English consort more than thirty years. He married for his second the cousin of his first wife, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, the eldest son of Elizabeth Stuart, titular Queen of Bohemia. He recounted to Elizabeth Charlotte, the events of the life of his first consort, Henrietta Anne of England, and assured her, “that he was fully persuaded of Henrietta’s innocence, for after she had received the last solemn rites of the church, she besought his pardon for all the uneasiness she had ever caused him, and protested, by all her hopes of heaven, that she had never violated her nuptial vows.”*

* Mademoiselle de Chausseraye, a lady who was in the confidence of Madame de Maintenon, and assisted her in her cares for the health of the king, relates that one day, news having arrived of the disastrous events of the Marlborough wars, Madame de Maintenon was forced, as the King was ill, to give some audience, and she was left alone with his majesty. He sighed, and lamented his misfortunes. Mademoiselle de Chausseraye naturally supposed that the King grieved for the sad contrast which his declining age offered to his brilliant youth. She offered words of consolation with that idea. “No,” replied the King, “my earlier career was not so exempt from grief and misfortune as you may suppose. It was in the midst of my greatest successes that I proved the most terrible misfortune;” and he cited the dreadful death

A few days after her marriage with his brother, Louis XIV. took Elizabeth Charlotte on one side, and told her of the suspicious death of her predecessor; but assured her Monsieur was innocent of the crime, and that if he had not had convincing evidence that he was wholly ignorant of it, he would not have permitted him to marry a second time. In one of her letters, she uses these emphatic words: "It is too true that the first Madame died of poison, but it was without the slightest participation of Monsieur. One of the accomplices desired the others not to confide their guilty design to him by saying to them, 'No; he would have us hanged were it ten years after.' They made Monsieur believe that the Hollanders had given Madame a slow poison, and that the poison did not operate till she came here: for as to the poison it was impossible to deny it. She had three holes in her stomach."

The Countess de la Fayette, we may here observe, insists on the fact of the poisoning. The English ambassador insinuates his conviction of it. "The wretch who administered it," says La Fayette, "and who had been in mean circumstances, retired to Normandy, where he purchased an estate." La Fayette was a witness of Henrietta's agonizing death.

of his sister-in-law, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. "Ah, Mademoiselle de Chausseraye," continued the King, "it was not so much the death, in itself, as the frightful circumstances attending it, which I must ever bewail;" and then he remained silent. Soon after Madame de Maintenon re-entered. When some time had elapsed, the King approached Mademoiselle de Chausseraye, and said to her, "I have been indiscreet, for the manner in which I have spoken might give you suspicions of my brother, which would be most unjust. I feel I cannot dissipate them excepting by an entire confidence." His majesty then related the examination of Purnou, who was maître d'hôtel to Madame.—
'Recueil de Pièces, Collection de M. Duclos, 1781.'

There is a very fine portrait of Henrietta in the Guildhall, Exeter, by Sir Peter Lely : it was presented to that loyal city by King Charles II., when he visited Exeter, after her death. Her dress is rich white satin ; her right hand supports a harp ; the left gathers lightly the skirt of her robes. Her hair is parted in the centre of the forehead, and falls in rich ringlets on either side of the face.

Another very beautiful painting of this Princess, by Mignard, with her two little daughters, is in the collection of her majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle. She is seated on a fauteuil, and wears a mantle ornamented with fleurs de lys. Her dress, which is low in front, has a white tucker and white under-sleeves, and is bordered with a chain of pearls. Her hair is in ringlets, parted in the middle of the forehead, and descending on either side the face. A vase of flowers is near her, from which she gathers a spray. A cushion, with a book and sword, lies at her feet. Her eldest daughter stands by her side, and points with her hand to the book and sword ; the younger daughter leans playfully on her mother's lap, and is taking up a rose, which has apparently dropped on it. Both the children wear long aprons, elaborately trimmed with lace, and have square bodices and white under sleeves. The dress of the eldest touches the floor. Henrietta wears shoes pointed at the toes, and richly embroidered.

After the death of the fair and fascinating mother, the eldest daughter, Maria Louisa, was adopted by the kind consort of Louis XIV., till her father married again. There was so much affection between the Dauphin and Maria Louisa, that it was generally supposed she would be his wife, but it suited the policy of Louis XIV. to marry her to Charles II. of Spain.

When the royal pleasure was announced by her father,

Philippe of Orleans, Maria Louisa fainted, and was carried to her bed in a state of insensibility. It was necessary for Bossuet to preach her into submission to her hard fate.

When her uncle, Louis XIV., was enlarging on the magnificent alliance he had provided for her, he summed up all by exclaiming, "What more could I have done for my daughter?"

"Ah, Sire," replied the reluctant bride, "you might have done better for your niece."

The King of Spain was married to the lovely Maria Louisa by proxy, at Fontainebleau, in August, 1679, the Prince of Conti representing the royal bridegroom, and the bridal was carried into effect at the village of Quintinapolla, when the King of Spain was so enchanted at the sight of the beautiful Maria Louisa, that he violated all the formality of Spanish etiquette by catching her in his arms, before she could throw herself at his feet, passionately exclaiming, "My Queen! my Queen!"

The jealousy of some of his favourites persecuted the young and lovely Maria Louisa, and she was finally poisoned in the tenth year of her marriage.

Anna Maria, the second daughter of Henrietta of England and Monsieur Philippe, Duke of Orleans, was too young, at the death of her mother, to be aware of her sad bereavement. She was educated by her step-mother, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of the Elector Palatine, and became in 1685 the consort of Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, by whom she was the mother of Adelaide, Duchess of Burgundy, subsequently Dauphiness of France, and Maria Louisa, consort of Philip V. of Spain. From the male issue of Anna Maria of Orleans descend the legitimate representatives of Charles I. of England, and the line of the royal Stuarts.

THE PRINCESS LOUISA MARY.



CHAPTER I.

THE last Princess of the elder line of the royal house of Stuart was Louisa Mary, the youngest child of King James II. and his consort, Mary Beatrice of Modena.

Early in the year 1692 King James addressed circular letters to his daughter, Queen Mary, and all the peers and peeresses of Great Britain, announcing his expectations of further issue, and inviting them to be present at the birth of the child, promising that the King of France would grant safe conduct for the voyage and return, to all who chose to come.

Fresh hostilities between the realms broke out, before the time named, and James's preparations for landing in England, to contest the crown with William, rendered it impossible for any one to obey the summons. Meanwhile, the French armament at La Hogue was defeated and destroyed by the English fleet under Russell. James, who had been a witness of the extinction of his last hopes, continued to linger in hopeless gloom on the spot, instead of returning to support and cheer his sorrowful and desponding consort with his presence.

At length, roused by her piteous letters, he returned to St. Germain, and the Queen, on the 28th of June, gave birth to a daughter, in the presence of the Chan-

cellor of France, the President of the Parliament of Paris, the Archbishop of Paris, the Danish ambassador's wife, all the French Princesses of the blood, as well as the noble English ladies of the court of St. Germain's.

The morbid melancholy which had oppressed King James's mind yielded to paternal rapture at the sight of the infant Princess. He had confidently expected a son, but he received his new-born daughter with the tenderest caresses and a burst of joy. When she was dressed, he presented her to the Queen with these words: "See what Heaven has sent us to be our comforter in the land of exile."

She was baptized with great pomp in the chapel royal of St. Germain's. Louis XIV. returned from the siege of Mons, in time to act in person, as her sponsor. He and his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, held her at the baptismal font, and gave her the names of Louisa Mary.

The French ladies were astonished at seeing the little Princess, who was then only a month old, dressed in robes of state, and with shoes and stockings on her tiny feet.

Her brother had only completed his fourth year, eighteen days previous to her birth, and they became fondly attached to each other. As soon as they were old enough to understand the sufferings of the Jacobite families, who had sacrificed their lands and livings, for the sake of King James, they devoted all their pocket-money to their relief. The Princess paid, from a very tender age, for the education of several of the daughters of the British emigrants, Protestants as well as Catholics. Nothing could induce her to diminish her little funds by the purchase of toys for herself. Her natural vivacity was softened and subdued by the scenes of sorrow and distress, amidst which she was reared; and while yet a child

in age, she acquired the sensibility and tenderness of womanhood. She had quick talents and ready wit. Her state governess was the Countess of Middleton, to whom she was much attached; but her love for her parents and brother, was of the most intense nature. Both in person and disposition, there was great resemblance between her and her mother, but she was of a much more energetic character.

King James, in a letter to the Earl of Perth, the governor to the Prince, his son, dated Fontainebleau, September 28, 1699," says, "This morning I had yours of the 26th, in which you give me a very good account of my son. 'Tis a great satisfaction to me to hear he behaves himself so well. I am sure it would not be your fault should he do otherways. This is the last letter I design to write from hence. The Queen and I wrote, last night, both of us to our children; the Queen to my son, and I to my girl, and now she is writing to my daughter."*

Here King James, who was doubtless writing in haste, speaks of his darling Louisa in the same sentence both as "my girl" and "my daughter." I do not remember another of his letters in which he mentions her, although so passionately fond of her, and with reason. Her chief ambition, in her early years, was to please him and the Queen, her mother.

Her great natural vivacity, was succeeded by a composed and reflective manner, from her fourth year. She was early placed under the care of Father Constable, a very learned ecclesiastic, who united to great talents sweet and polished manners, and a beautiful spirit. He instructed his young royal pupil from Scripture histories,

* From the Family Archives of the late Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby.

which he made her read, and especially directed her attention to those which were types of our blessed Saviour, and made her draw suitable morals to her own state. He taught her Latin and history, at the same time, and she acquired simultaneously those of England and France. She made reflections on all she heard and read which astonished her accomplished preceptor.

The following letter, written in her eighth year, to the Queen, her mother, during a temporary absence of her majesty from St. Germain, written in a large text hand between ruled lines, is preserved in the Chaillot collection. It shows precocity of intellect for a child of her age. We gather from it that she had accompanied her royal mother on some journey, probably to Chaillot, and returned alone to St. Germain. King James had taken a farther journey, perhaps to La Trappe, and was still absent.

“MADAME,

“I hope that this letter will find your majesty in as good health, as when I left you. I am at present quite well, but I was very tired after my journey. I am very glad to hear from my brother, that you are well. I desire extremely your majesty’s return, which I hope will be to-morrow evening between seven and eight o’clock. M. Caryl begs me to enquire of you, if I ought to sign my letter to the nuncio, Louise Marie P. I am impatient to learn if you have had any tidings of the King.

“I am, Madame,

“Your majesty’s very humble and obedient daughter,

“LOUISE MARIE.

“*St. G., this 20th of May, 1700.*”

CHAPTER II.

THE following year, while King James and his consort were attending vespers, on Friday, March 4th, in the chapel royal, St. Germain, the anthem from the first and second verses of the last chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider, and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens," was chanted by the choir, and touched too painful a chord in the heart of the fallen monarch.

His enfeebled frame was unable to support the agonising associations these words recalled. A torrent of blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils; he fainted, and was carried out of the chapel. Medical care restored him for a while, and he was ordered to the baths of Bourbon. He and the Queen, bade a tearful farewell to their children, on the 7th of April, and after a short stay at Paris, proceeded on their long journey to Bourbon, where King James, after an attack of rheumatic gout, recovered sufficiently to allow him and the Queen to return to St. Germain, in June, to his anxious children, who had remained under the care of the Duke of Perth and the Countess of Middleton. Very constant had both the Prince and Princess been in their correspondence with their absent parents during this long separation.

The young Prince completed his thirteenth year on

the 10th of that June, and the Princess her ninth on the 28th.

Medical skill, and the tender care and nursing of his fond and faithful consort, appeared to recal King James from the grave. He rallied, and was ordered by the physicians to the baths of Bourbon. Louis XIV. sent his own physician to accompany and attend on his unfortunate kinsman. The King and Queen took a sorrowful leave of their children on the 5th of April, and commenced their long journey. The Princess Louisa and her brother remained at St. Germain, under the care of the Duke of Perth and the Countess of Middleton, the Princess's governess. The royal children wrote dutifully every day, who from time to time, sent to their absent parents, messengers to inquire after these precious objects of their love, and affectionately responded to their letters.

The waters and baths of Bourbon were so beneficial to King James, that, contrary to all expectation, he was able to commence his journey back to St. Germain, with the Queen, on the 4th of June. They arrived there, in time to be present at the birthday *fêtes* of the Prince and Princess. The Prince completed his thirteenth year on the tenth of June, and the Princess her ninth on the 28th of the same month. A *fête* for the children of the Jacobite exiles, took place on each of these anniversaries. The King, though still very weak, was present on both occasions, supported by the arm of the Queen, who began to flatter herself with hopes that he might eventually rally; but on Friday, September 2nd, while he was at mass in the chapel royal, the same anthem was sung by the choir, which had produced so fatal an effect on the preceding 4th of March.

He fainted, and was carried from the chapel in a state of insensibility. Every one thought he was dead; but his

teeth being forced open, a frightful hæmorrhage of blood took place, and nature rallied once more. He desired to receive the last rites of his church, and to see his children.

After a most touching interview with his son, had taken place, the little Princess Louisa, was brought to the bedside of her dying father, bathed in tears, to receive in her turn, all that Heaven had left it in the power of the unfortunate James to bestow, his paternal blessing and advice. It was, perhaps, a harder trial for James to part with this daughter than with his son. She was the child of his old age, the joy of his dark and wintry years. He had named her *La Consolatrice*, when he first looked upon her, and she had, even in her nurse's arms, manifested an extraordinary affection for him. She was one of the most beautiful children in the world, and her abilities were of a much higher order than those of her brother. Reflective and intelligent beyond her tender years, her passionate sorrow showed how much she felt the sad state in which she saw her royal father, and that she comprehended, only too well, the calamity that impended over her.

"Adieu, my dear child," said James, after he had embraced and blessed her. "Adieu. Serve your Creator in the days of your youth. Consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the great pattern of it, your mother, who has been, no less than myself, overclouded with calumny; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."

King James departed this life, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of September, 1701. His son was, the same hour, proclaimed at the gates of the royal Chateau de St. Germain, James III., King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, and received the homage of the Queen, his mother, his sister, the young Princess

Louisa, the Duke of Berwick, and all the ministers and council of the deceased King.

The widowed Queen left St. Germain's for the convent of Chaillot, the same hour. Louisa and her brother, were conducted to Passy, where they remained under the cherishing care of the Duke and Duchess de Lauzun, attended by the Duke of Perth, the governor of the Prince, and the Princess's governess, the Countess of Middleton, till they were summoned to rejoin their afflicted mother, at St. Germain's, on her return from Chaillot, September 19th.

Louis XIV., his son, the Dauphin, with the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, paid a state visit of condolence to the bereaved consort of James II., her son, the titular King of England, and the Princess Louisa, on the morrow, and this was returned by James at Versailles, on the following day.

The death of William III. occurred six months after that of James II. His last deed was to pass an act of attainder, against the disinherited and exiled Prince of Wales, in which the name of the widowed Queen, his mother, was introduced in parenthesis as "Mary, late wife of the late King James." It passed in the House of Lords, but the Commons threw the bill contemptuously under their table, without taking a single vote on the question. The act of abjuration against the young Prince passed, and was stamped by the order of the dying King William in his presence, for he was unable to sign. His death took place the next day, March 8th, 1702.

Louisa's name was not mentioned in any of these proceedings, and had her brother died at that time, she would, undoubtedly, have succeeded her sister Anne, as the lawful heiress of the throne of the Britannic Empire. The Queen, her mother, overwhelmed with the difficulties and per-

plexities of her position, and the feverish excitement of the crisis, was attacked with a dangerous illness, just before the death of William. Her life depended on her being kept quiet, and long before her recovery, Queen Anne, was peacefully settled on the throne. But, as Anne was now childless, it was naturally supposed, in consequence of her penitentiary professions, in her letters to her late father, that she would endeavour to make amends to her brother for the injury she had done him.

The health of the Prince, continued to be most precarious, for five years after the death of King James, and it was confidently expected that he would, ere long, leave his title to his sister, who, in that case, would probably have been recalled to England, with her mother, and treated as presumptive heiress to the crown.

The unexpected recovery of her brother, in the year 1705, prevented the realization of this flattering perspective. The Princess Louisa, who had inherited all her mother's beauty, was now regularly introduced at the French court.

The following particulars of a grand ball at Marli, in July, 1705, at which the royal exiles of St. Germain were present, will show the respectful consideration with which they were treated by Louis XIV. At the upper end of the long spacious saloon, in which the ball took place, were three fauteuils, occupied by the King of France, the widowed Queen of England, and her son. Mary Beatrice, as in the lifetime of her royal consort, occupied the middle seat. Opposite to them were benches for the dancers. The Princess Louisa sat by the Duchess of Burgundy, above the French Princesses, who were only entitled to folding chairs, called pliants.

Louisa's brother, who bore the title of James III., King of England, opened the ball with her. The King of

France, stood all the time they were dancing. This he would have done every time the young royal pair danced together, if the Queen their mother had not entreated him to be seated; but it was not till he had paid them this mark of respect, twice or thrice, that he would consent to sit down.*

The Prince's confessor, Father Saunders, says of Louisa in a letter to his friend, Father Meredith: "The Princess is one of the most complete young ladies of her age, very witty and handsome." That child of exile and adversity, whom heaven had so lavishly endowed with charms of mind and person, as if to fit her for a high and glorious destiny, had grown up to early womanhood, under the care of her royal mother, whose beauty, mingled with the touching expression of a true Stuart, she had inherited. She was the admired of every eye in the glittering court of Versailles, where she had just been introduced, the darling of all hearts, in the little English world of St. Germain, where tears were succeeded by smiles at her appearance. Her natural vivacity and high spirit, had been softened and subdued by her early acquaintance with sorrow, and from her tenderest years she had made it her choice to deprive herself of all personal indulgences, for the purpose of devoting her allowance to the relief and education of the daughters of the British emigrants, and she had always sweet and gracious words, to bestow on their sorrowful parents, when she encountered them in her walks.

* 'Mémoires de St. Simon,' vol. iv. pp. 395-6.

CHAPTER III.

THE public promenade, was always one of the recreations of the court of St. Germain, even in the sorrowful days of King James II.; but it became much more attractive, after the decease of that unfortunate King, when his son and daughter, with their youthful attendants and companions, the children of the Jacobite aristocracy, English, Scotch, and Irish, who had followed their majesties into exile, grew up, and the vivacity of French habits and associations, in some degree counterbalanced the depression caused by ruined prospects and penury.

The lively letters and doggrel lyrics of Count Anthony Hamilton, the self-appointed and unsalaried poet-laureate of the exiled Stuarts, at St. Germain, prove that after time had a little assuaged the grief of the widowed Queen, and her children, a good deal of frolic and fun, occasionally went on in the old palace, and its purlieus.

In one of his letters to his friend the Duke of Berwick, Count Hamilton says:* “The King, our young lord, increases every day in wit, and the Princess, his sister, becomes more and more charming. Heaven preserve her being stolen from us, for her lady governess seems to have no other fear than that. These two are always near their

* ‘Œuvres de Count Hamilton.’

august mother, to whom they pay the most tender and dutiful attention. To these precious ones of hers, who are adorned with the virtues of their father, it is her care to inculcate sentiments of gratitude towards the illustrious protector, who in a foreign land, by a thousand friendly cares, mitigates the hardships of their adverse destiny. We will now," continues the sprightly old wit, "speak of our beauties, those stars of St. Germain's who are always cruel and disdainful. Winter is drawing to an end, and they are beginning to prepare their nets against the spring. They have repaired, washed, and spread out all the delicate laces of which their cornettes are composed, to bleach in your garden. All the bushes there are covered with them, like so many spiders' webs. They are putting all their *fallals* in order, and in the mean time, plunged in sweet reveries, they permit the designs to sleep on their tapestry frames."

Hamilton describes the royal brother and sister, as possessing great personal attractions. "The figure of our young King," pursues he, "might be chosen by a painter for the model of the god of love, if such a deity dared be represented in the saintly court of St. Germain's. As for the Princess, her hair is very beautiful, and of the loveliest tint of brown. Her complexion reminds us of the most delicate tints of the fairest flowers of spring; she has her brother's features in a softer mould, and her mother's eyes." In another description of her, he says of the Princess: "She has the plumpness one adores in a divinity of sixteen, with the freshness of an Aurora; and if anything more can be said, it is on the roundness and whiteness of her arms."

The portrait of a beautiful nameless Princess, in the costume of the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the guard chamber at Hampton Court, will readily be

identified by the glowing descriptions of the honorary poet-laureate of St. Germain, as that of the youngest daughter of James II. How it came there is the mystery, but there can be little doubt of its having been sent to her sister, Queen Anne, either directly or indirectly, by the proud mother of this exquisite creature.

Notwithstanding the cares and pecuniary difficulties, which at times oppressed the exiled Queen, her family, and faithful followers, they led a pleasant life in summer. Sometimes the Prince and his sister, conducted the young court into the depths of the adjacent forest, to gather flowers and wild strawberries. Sometimes they embarked on the calm waters of the Seine, in their barge, which, if not very splendidly decorated or of the newest fashion, was large enough to accommodate a joyous party.

Pontalie, the haven to which the voyagers were usually bound, was a rural chateau on the Seine, within less than a league from the palace of St. Germain. It was the residence of the Countess de Gramont, formerly known among the beauties of the second Charles's court, as La Belle Hamilton. She was now a rich and prosperous lady, able and willing to contribute to the happiness of the young royal Stuarts, in many ways; and anxious to prove that her affection had augmented, instead of diminishing, when the cloud of adversity distanced many of the creatures of the late King's bounty. It was her delight to provide banquets and entertainments, of all descriptions, for the royal brother and sister, whom she had seen grow up from infants.*

She had obtained a lease or grant, of the old mill-house of St. Germain, and its adjoining meadows, for the sake, perhaps, of being near the English colony, and had employed some of her wealth in turning it into a Grecian

* 'Œuvres de Count Antoine Hamilton.'

villa. Her brother, Count Anthony Hamilton, had changed its homely name, Moulineau, into the more euphonious appellation of Pontalie, and there she frequently had the honour of receiving the royal British exiles of St. Germain, during the summer.

The Princess Louisa and her brother, were perhaps much happier in their free, natural way of life, than if established in regal splendour at Windsor or Whitehall. They delighted in performing mimic pilgrimages, with their young companions, to the churches and chapels, within a walk of the palace. On these occasions they carried a light refection of fruit, cakes, and wine, with them, and made their repast in some pleasant forest bower, on their return. Count Hamilton writes to his friend, the Duke of Berwick, a piquant description, partly in prose and partly in untranslatable doggerel rhyme, of one of these expeditions, which was undertaken by the Princess Louisa, with her ladies, attended by some of the officials of the court, and matronized by the Duchess of Berwick, and the Countess of Middleton, her governess.

“Towards the centre of the forest,” he says, “there is a chapel dedicated to St. Thibaut,* and this St. Thibaut cures the ague. Now there is a worthy man at St. Germain, named Dikesson, who has had several fits of the ague. You know our ladies are always charitable to their neighbours, so they all set off in company, to recommend the invalid to Monsieur St. Thibaut. The fair Nanette (the Duchess of Berwick), as she knew the least about him, chose to beguile her pilgrimage by looking for strawberries, by the way. I will tell you the names of some of the fair pilgrims, who went with her royal highness, to make intercessions for the Lord Dikesson.” This gentleman’s name, which the Queen does not always spell correctly,

* ‘Œuvres de Count Antoine Hamilton.’

though he was one of her private secretaries, and the comptroller of her household, was Dickenson. Hamilton tells his friend, "that the charming Miss Plowden was there, and those two divinities, the ladies Dillon and Mareschal, but none was more agreeable than the Duchess of Berwick, unless it were the Princess. They all went in procession, singing, and saying offices for the sick, in the ritual from early matins, for the sake of their amiable friend Dikesson.

"When they had performed all their charitable devotions at the chapel of St. Thibaut, they sat down to take a sylvan repast, making the green grass their table; but a French gentleman of the household, the Chevalier de Salle, was forbidden by the Princess to join the circle,* because he had not conducted himself with becoming piety on the occasion. She ordered him, by way of penance, instead of sharing the repast, to go and kneel at the chapel door, and offer up prayers for the recovery of Mr. Dickenson, while they dined. The Chevalier very humbly recommended himself to mercy, alleging in excuse, that he had forgotten his breviary, and did not know a single prayer by heart; so the Princess, in consideration of his penitence, gave him something to eat, but made him sit at the foot of a tree, at a respectful distance from her and the rest of the pilgrims, and rinse all their glasses, for them, while the forest glades rang with their laughter; for these fair devotees could laugh as heartily as pray, on these occasions. In the midst of their mirth, the invalid in whose behalf the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thibaut had been undertaken, made his appearance unexpectedly before the festive circle. They greeted him with shouts of 'A miracle! a miracle!' and demanded of him the precise hour, and minute, when the fever left him. And, according to his account, it was, as they all agreed,

* 'Œuvres de Count Antoine Hamilton.'

just as they had addressed the last prayer to St. Thibaut, in his behalf. The repast did not conclude the more gravely on this account, nor was the homeward walk the less agreeable."

The shepherds, shepherdesses, and wood-cutters, came to have a look at the courtly pilgrims, and admired their hilarity and good humour.

Sometimes the royal sister and brother, and their noble attendants, acted the characters of shepherds and shepherdesses themselves, and never allowed the merry month of June to pass, without having one day's frolic among the haymakers, on the banks of the Seine. The Princess and her governess, Lady Middleton, always boasted that the haycock which they constructed, was more worthy of admiration than those raised by the Duchess of Berwick and her compeers.

Winter had its pleasures for the British exiles, as well as summer. The widowed Queen, then gave her balls, and receptions, in the royal chateau, and the members of her court and family were always bidden to the Christmas and New Year's festivities at Versailles.

Count Hamilton gives a lively description of the Shrovetide masquerade, at St. Germain, to which the whole town was invited; the barriers being thrown open by the orders of the English Queen, in order that English and French, high and low, young and old, might join in the carnival. Etiquette forbade the royal brother and sister from wearing masks, or assuming any characters on these occasions.

In one of his bantering letters to an old veteran in the Court of St. Germain, then absent on diplomatic business, Count Hamilton insinuates that the young Princess was inclined to smile on a handsome black eyed-youth, who had been brought up in the nursery of her royal brother.

"I know not," says Hamilton, "whether she has bestowed a single thought on you, since your departure, but I know, even if she did, that a certain little son of my Lady Strickland, that widow uppermost, would cut the grass from under your feet, at a fine rate. Although he is neither so high in rank, nor so fine in his array as yourself, neither has he won such great renown by military exploits, yet he is very much the fashion in this court, whatever he be. I have two words of advice to give you, in order to enable you to retain her highness's favour. One is that you get rid of your nickname, Brochet, or the pike, for she has no taste for that fish; the other, that immediately you return, you set about learning a dance, which she has composed, called *les quatre faces*. It is a dance which seems to have been made on purpose for you, for you must hold yourself as straight as a pike, make nine pirouettes to the right, and eight to the left, without taking breath, and then you will have to leap fifteen times, five feet only from the ground. This is how I have seen him dance to her royal highness, when in the midst of her young nymphs."

Whether Count Hamilton was in jest, or earnest, touching the partiality of the Princess for her early play-fellow, it is not easy to decide; but it is certain that the handsome Roger Strickland, was prudently removed soon after, from the perilous honour of being selected by her royal highness for her partner, in practising the steps and movements in the figure dances invented by her for the Shrovetide fêtes.

* He was appointed page of honour to the Prince of Condé, on that prince endeavouring to be elected King of Poland, and died at Warsaw in the flower of his age.

CHAPTER IV.

THE gay doings at St. Germain were succeeded by anxious days of fear and suspense. Louis XIV. suddenly fitted out a fleet and armament, for the purpose of landing the titular King James III. on the coast of Scotland. The premeditated expedition was kept a secret, till the Prince was summoned, hastily, to join the expedition at Dunkirk. He had scarcely reached the coast, when he was attacked with the measles. He would have embarked at all hazards, but his attendants would not allow him to risk his life by doing so, till the crisis turned. The wind changed in the mean time, and the English fleet, under Sir George Byng, were on the look out.

The Princess Louisa and their royal mother were, mean time, in great anxiety, and hastened to the convent of Chaillot, to offer up incessant prayers for his safety and success. It was confidently reported, in Paris, that the landing in Scotland had been successful, and the Prince had been well received. The next morning, the Queen told the nuns that she dreamed a little old woman came and said to her, "No, he will not land this time." Now although the Queen's nerves had been unbraced by sickness, anxiety, and fasting, the vision of the oracular little old woman, made a great impression both on the community

and her ladies, and they all began to relate stories of signs and omens.

“I well remember,” said the Princess Louisa, “though I was not quite four years old, at the time, that when the late King, my father, left St. Germain, to join the armament at Calais, expecting to embark for England, I dreamed that I saw him return in a blue cloak, instead of the scarlet coat he wore when he went away; and that he said to me, ‘This place must be my England.’”

It was not the first time the dream of the youngest daughter of King James, had been related in that circle; for when in her infancy, it had been recorded as a solemn revelation, that the exiled monarch was to behold his native land no more, but to die at St. Germain.

It has been said that the unfortunate Chevalier de St. George, was captured on board the Salisbury, and that Byng released him, on condition of his returning quietly to France.

After rejoining his mother and sister, at St. Germain, the son of James II. determined to serve as a volunteer in the French army, which he accordingly did, under the title of the Chevalier de St. George, claiming no higher rank than that which the star and ribbon of the Garter, with which he had been invested in his childhood, by the late sovereign of the order, his royal father, gave him. The adoption of a title, so noble in its simplicity, and purely national withal, was a happy thought for a Prince so unfortunately circumstanced, that it was accounted treason in England for his friends to call him by any name that did not imply a paltry libel on his birth. Many there were in England, honest and conscientious gentlemen, who, although they considered it proper to exclude a Roman Catholic Prince from the regal office, would have scorned the baseness of speaking of the representative of

their ancient monarchs, in his misfortunes, by an opprobrious epithet. He distinguished himself at the battle of Malplaquet, by charging twelve times at the head of the household troops of France; and though wounded in the right arm, kept the ground manfully, under a continuous fire from the British infantry.

The Queen, his mother, who had been residing for many weeks with her daughter, the Princess Louisa, in complete retirement at Chaillot, came to welcome the Chevalier on his return to St. Germain, where they kept court till May 17th, when he departed to serve a third campaign in the Low Countries.

The poor Queen, mean time, to spare herself the painful attempt of keeping up a court, had withdrawn with her daughter, the Princess Louisa, to her apartments in the convent of Chaillot, where they lived in the deepest retirement.

They were formally invited to the marriage of the Dauphin's third son, the Duke de Berri, with Mademoiselle d'Orleans; but they were too much oppressed with grief to sadden the nuptial rite with their presence. The King of France, knowing how unhappy they were, accepted their excuses and visit of congratulation at Marli, the following day.

The mingled French and English education of the Princess Louisa, under the careful superintendence of a mother, who considered the love of God, and obedience to His commands, of more importance than the riches and glories of this transitory life, had given a charm to her mind and manners, which enhanced the rare endowments lavished upon her by nature, and rendered her the darling of every heart at St. Germain. Her four months' absence, had thrown additional sadness over the unfortunate British colony there, as we gather from Count Hamilton's

lively letters, written while she was at Chaillot. The following query he pretends is asked of him by Apollo. "By what strange enchantment is it that the house of old Bassompierre, that man formerly so celebrated for his gallantries, is turned into a convent, which now holds those who are the most worthy and illustrious of this earth? the charming mother of our King, him whom I have seen amidst the perils of the war, calm and undismayed; and also his sister, that new-born star, who will, one day, be the glory of rebellious England."

The Chevalier de St. George had returned from the army at the end of the campaign, ill and out of spirits. He came to his mother and sister at Chaillot, by whom he was tenderly welcomed, and all three assisted at the commemorative services of the church on the 16th of September, the anniversary of James II.'s death. The next day the Princess Louisa, was escorted back to St. Germain, by her beloved brother. The Queen, their mother, who always passed several days at that mournful season, in fasting, prayer, and absolute retirement, remained at the convent for that purpose. She was also suffering from personal indisposition, as we find from the observation of the Princess Louisa, in the following affectionate billet, which she wrote to her royal mother before she went to bed that night.

"MADAME,

"I cannot refrain from writing to your majesty this evening, not being able to wait till to-morrow, as the groom does not go till after dinner. I am here only in person, for my heart and soul are still at Chaillot, at your feet, too happy if I could flatter myself that your majesty has thought, one moment, this evening, on your poor daughter, who can think of nothing but you.

"We arrived here just as it was striking nine. The King, thank God, is very little fatigued, and has eaten a good supper. You will have the goodness to pardon this sad scrawl, but having only just arrived, my writing table is in great disorder.

"I hope this will find your majesty much better than we left you, after a good night's rest.

"I am, with more respect than ever, your majesty's

"Most humble and obedient daughter,

"LOUISE MARIE.

*"At St. Germain's, this 17th September, in the evening."**

The Queen, made her daughter very happy by writing to her, by the Chevalier's physician, Dr. Wood; and her royal highness responds the next day, with all the warmth of a young affectionate heart.

"MADAM,†

"Mr. Wood gave me, yesterday, the letter your majesty has done me the honour of writing to me. I received it with inexpressible joy; for nothing can equal the pleasure I feel in hearing from you, when I have the misfortune to be absent from you. I am delighted that you are improved in health, and hope you will be sufficiently recovered, to-morrow, to undertake the journey with safety. I cannot tell you how impatient I am to kiss your majesty's hand, and tell you by word of mouth, that I can see nothing nor attend to anything when I am away from you. The last few days I have passed have been weary, for I care for nothing without you.

"Yesterday and to-day, have seemed to me like two ages. Yesterday I had not even the King, my brother

* Chaillot MSS., Hôtel du Royaume.

† Ibid.

for you know he was the whole day at Versailles. I could do nothing but pace up and down the balcony, and I am sorry to say only went to the *récollets*," one of the short services in the Franciscan convent. She, however, goes on to confess to the absent Queen, her mother, that she provided herself with better amusement in the sequel, for in conclusion she says:—

"In the evening; finding a good many of the young people had assembled themselves together below, I sent in quest of a violin, and we danced country dances, till the King returned, which was not till supper time."

It is a positive refreshment to meet with such an incident in a royal letter, enough to warm every kindly heart, the retrospect of that unpremeditated evening dance, in the bowery park of St. Germain, led by the fair daughter of a British King, a scene of frequent occurrence in the starving British colony at St. Germain. Ever melancholy St. Germain, do they call it? Nay, but it must have been merry, in spite of care and poverty, a realization of Arcadia, when such reunions took place among high and low, of the exiles from England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the single fiddler came at the requisition of her royal highness, and struck up some ranting Jacobite air, which set them all dancing, and made them forget their troubles and the broad lands some of the party had once called their own.

But the Princess Louisa thus proceeds in her letter to her absent mother.

"I could write till to-morrow, without being able to express half the veneration and respect I owe to your majesty, and if I might presume to add the tenderness I cherish for you; if you will permit that term to the daughter of the best of mothers, and who will venture to add, that her inclination—even more than her duty—

compels her to respect and honour your majesty, more than it is possible either to imagine or express, and which her heart alone can feel.”*

* From the original French of the autograph letter of the youngest daughter of James II. and Mary Beatrice of Modena. Chaillot Collection, Hôtel de Soubise.

CHAPTER V.

CHARLES XII. of Sweden was proposed for a consort to the Princess Louisa. His romantic inclination for her brother's cause was a recommendation; but the maternal tenderness of Mary Beatrice revolted from sacrificing her accomplished daughter to so formidable a spouse. At all events, the negotiations came to nothing. The difference in their creeds, in all probability, presented an insuperable obstacle.

The passionate love of the Princess Louisa for the Queen, her mother, rendered her indifferent to forming an establishment.

"While the Queen lives," said she, to the old ecclesiastic who enjoyed her confidence, "I am too happy to be near her, I cannot support the thought of our separation."

"She was more satisfied with the marks of love, she received from the Queen, than all the world could offer her of the great and the agreeable. Next to the Queen, her royal brother held the first place in her heart. She regarded him as her sovereign, and she loved and spoke of him as the best of brothers.*

"In all the trials that befel her, and those who were dear to her, she was accustomed to repeat the words of the King, her father, 'All that God does is well done, and we must submit ourselves to His will.' God spake powerfully

* Chaillot MS.

to her heart, and made her feel that He only was her master.

“‘My God, thou art mine; my God, my lot is in thy hands,’ she would say. If she won anything at cards or other games, she always gave it to the poor.”*

The adoring love cherished by Louisa for her royal mother, is touchingly expressed in the following pretty letter, which is preserved among the Chaillot collection, and is blistered and almost obliterated by the tears of the bereaved Queen.

“MADAM,

“It would distress me too much to go to bed without writing to your majesty, for it is my only consolation, while I have the pain of being away from you; but I am too much pleased to complain, since you have had the goodness to write to me that you have missed me, at the recreations and at meals, and that you have thought a little of me during my absence. I cannot think, without tears, that I am unworthy of all the goodness you have shown me. I will try to render myself more worthy of it, not forgetting ever the good I have learned at Chaillot, and endeavouring to imitate the great example you have given me. I confine my ambition to pleasing you, and I make that my principal study after that of pleasing God, which amounts to much the same thing, for I know well I could not please you unless by endeavouring to please Him.

“We arrived here at half-past eight. They told the King, that Madame, the Duchess of Orleans, had been here this afternoon. I found the Countess of Middleton up and dressed this evening; her indisposition is gone, and she would wait at supper.

* Letter from a priest at Chaillot, to the superior of his order, giving some particulars of this Princess.

"If your majesty has the goodness to reply to my letter, I beg you will employ Madame Catherine as your secretary, for I shall be in despair if I were the cause of fatiguing you for a moment. I am too happy at your receiving my letters with the goodness you do, and also of receiving answers to them. I fear I am tedious, but it must be pardoned, for, when once I begin to write to your majesty, I know not how to finish.

"I pray God that you may improve in strength, and be in perfect health on Monday.

"I am, Madame, your majesty's

"Very humble and obedient

"Daughter and servant,

"LOUISE MARIE.

*"From St. Germain's, this 19th of September, 1710."**

In the summer of 1711, the widowed Queen, Mary Beatrice, to avoid the expense of keeping up her melancholy imitation of queenly state at St. Germain's, in the absence of her son, who was then making an incognito tour through some of the French provinces, withdrew with her daughter, the Princess Louisa, to the convent of Chaillot. They arrived on the 20th of July, and were received by the abbess and nuns with the usual marks of respect.

The next day, they received letters from the Chevalier St. George, giving an account of some of the most interesting objects he had noticed during his travels. Among other things, he mentioned having visited the silk factories at Lyons, and how he had been struck with surprise at seeing two thousand reels worked by one wheel. Observations, from which we learn that France was much in advance of England, in machinery, in the beginning of the last century; and that looms worked by water, per-

* Chaillot Collection.

formed on a small scale, at Lyons, some of the wonders we see achieved by the power of steam, at Manchester and Glasgow, in our own days.

Like all the royal Stuarts, the son of James II. took a lively interest in the arts of peaceful life, and the progress of domestic civilisation. His letters to his royal mother, during this tour, abounded with just and lively remarks on these subjects. She expressed great satisfaction to her friends at Chaillot, and her daughter, at the good sense which led him to acquaint himself with matters likely to conduce to the happiness of his people, in case it should be the will of God to call him to the throne of England.*

The nuns were much more charmed at the Prince telling his royal mother, that he had been desirous of purchasing for the Princess, his sister, one of the most beautiful specimens of the silks manufactured at Lyons, for a petticoat; but they had not shown him any that he considered good enough. He had, at last, however, summoned female taste to his aid, by begging Madame l'Intendante, to make the choice for him; and she had written to him that she believed she had succeeded, so he hoped his sister would have a petticoat, of the richest and most splendid brocade, that could be procured, to wear in the winter, when she left off her mourning, which she still wore for the Dauphin.

The genuine affection for his sister, indicated by this little trait, may well atone for its simplicity. The Queen, their mother, having no allowance, of any kind, for her daughter; was precluded by her poverty, from indulging her maternal pride by decking her in rich array.

The Chevalier de St. George, who had enough of the Frenchman in him to attach some importance to the subject of dress, was perhaps aware of the deficiencies in the wardrobe of his fair sister, when he took so much pains to

* Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives du Royaume of France.

procure for her a dress calculated to give her, on her re-appearance at the French court, the *éclat* of a splendid toilette to set off her natural charms.

The pure, unsullied affection, which united the disinherited son and daughter of James II. and Mary Beatrice, in exile and poverty, affords a remarkable contrast to the jealousies and angry passions, which inflamed the sisters, Mary and Anne, against each other, when they had succeeded in dethroning their father, and supplanting their brother, in the regal succession. The widowed consort of James II. always trembled lest her daughter, the Princess Louisa, should be induced to listen to the flattering insinuations of persons in her court, who were accustomed to say that nature had fitted her better for a throne, than her brother. The Duke of Perth, when governor to the Prince, had always entreated him to imitate the gracious and popular manners of his sister, telling him that he ought to make it his study to acquire that, which was with her free and spontaneous.

During the sojourn of the Princess and the Queen, her mother, at Chaillot, the Prince, her brother, wrote* to inform Louisa, that he had been incognito to Valence, and from Valence to visit the camp in Dauphiny, where the Duke of Berwick was the commander. "We amuse ourselves here very well," says he, "in spite of the rain with which we have been deluged. I have been feasting with Mr. Edeton, an Irish lieutenant-general, and with our general." In a tone of playful irony, he adds, in allusion to the disinclination of the belligerent forces to fight:—"Our cousin, the Duke of Savoy, loves better to take the waters than to come and visit us; and we, for our parts, remain in our own camp out of modesty, where we are so full of glory in our own eyes, that we have no occasion to go in quest

* Chaillot MSS.

of more." He goes on to relate an adventure that had happened in the camp. "An Irishman seeing a guard du corps, who was intoxicated, beating and ill-treating his wife, interfered to take her part, on which the other drew his sword and ran him through the body. When the garde du corps came to himself, he was struck with horror at what he had done, and begged the Irishman's pardon, who, with great magnanimity, returned him his sword, saying, 'I pardon thee, and restore thee thy sword, although thou art unworthy of wearing it.'

"The brave Irishman was, however, so dangerously wounded, that he was desirous of making his confession, and receiving the last sacraments of his church, for he was a Roman Catholic; but was in some trouble about it, for he did not understand French, and there was no priest, in the camp, who could speak English." The Chevalier St. George, regarding this hero in humble life as his natural subject, sent a messenger to St. Germain to procure a Jesuit priest, with whom he might be able to hold intelligible communication. The Dauphin, hearing of the gallant and generous conduct of the Irishman, sent him pecuniary relief. When he made his confession, he said, "he forgave the man his death with all his heart." Contrary to all expectations, however, he recovered, and wished to be removed to Fontainebleau. Mary Beatrice immediately sent money for his relief, and cheerfully contributed to his support.

Once, when the prospects of the restoration of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain were discussed, the Princess Louisa said that "she was best pleased to remain in ignorance of the future."

"It is one of the greatest mercies of God that it is hidden from our sight," observed the Queen, her mother. "When I first passed over to France, if any one had told me I should

have to remain here two years, I should have been in despair; and I have been upwards of two-and-twenty—God, who is the ruler of our destinies, having so decreed.”

“It seems to me, Madam,” said the Princess, “that persons who, like myself, have been born in adversity, are less to be pitied than those who have suffered a reverse; for never having tasted prosperity, they are not so sensible of their calamities; besides, they have always hope to encourage them. Were it not for that,” continued she, “it would be very melancholy to pass the fair season of youth in a life so full of sadness.”

Sister Catherine Angelique told her royal highness that her grandmother, Queen Henrietta, was accustomed to thank God, that he had made her a Queen, and an unfortunate Queen. “Thus, Madam,” continued the old religieuse, “it is, in reality, a great blessing that your royal highness, has not found yourself in a position to enjoy the pleasures and distinctions pertaining to your sex and age.”

“Truly,” said the Queen, turning to her daughter, “I regard it in the same light, and have often been thankful, both on your account and that of my son, that you are both, at present, even as you are. The inclination you both have for pleasure, might otherwise have carried you beyond due bounds.”

During one of these conversations, the name of the late Queen-dowager, Catherine of Braganza, was brought up, and the Princess Louisa asked the Queen, her mother, “if there were any grounds for the reported partiality of that Queen, for the Earl of Faversham?”*

“No,” replied Mary Beatrice, “not the slightest.”

“It is very strange,” observed the Princess, thoughtfully, “how such rumours get into circulation; but,” con-

* Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in Archives du Royaume, Hôtel de Soubise.

tinued she, "the prudence of your majesty's conduct has been such as to defy scandal itself, which has never dared to attack your name."

"You are too young to know anything about such matters, my child," replied the Queen, gravely.

"Pardon me, Madam," replied the Princess, "these things are always known; for as one of the ancient poets has said of princes, 'Their faults write themselves in the public records of their times.'"

Refined and feminine as the Princess Louisa, was, in all other respects, she was a true Stuart in her passion for hunting. One day, when she and her royal brother, with the rest of the young court of St. Germain's, were in hot pursuit of a hare, she was thrown from her horse with great violence. Her equerry raised her from the ground in some alarm, for she had bruised her mouth and nose, and her dress was covered with dirt and blood; but instead of uttering any complaints, or even replying to his inquiries if she had received any serious injury, as soon as she could get breath to speak, she cried out, "Is the hare taken?"

"I believe," said she, when she related this anecdote to the nuns of Chaillot, "my equerry was a little surprised, that my tumble had not given me a disgust to the sport; but the King, my brother, was shocked when he heard of what had happened, and requested that I would never attempt to follow the chase on horseback again, saying it was not proper for ladies to do so; and, in submission to his judgment, I have not mounted since."

"Nor are you likely to have any temptation of the kind," said the Queen, who was present, "for you; have neither a horse fit for you to mount, nor even a suitable riding dress."

Her majesty then related the particulars of her accident in Scotland, and said "she had kept the promise her mother had extorted from her, never to ride on horseback

again, though she had been much persuaded by the Duchess of Orleans, when she first came to France, to follow the chase with her and her ladies, in the equestrian fashion which was then much practised in that court; but she had contented herself with going in a coach, and her example was generally followed."

Not long after these equestrian accidents had been recounted by their royal visitors to the nuns of Chaillot, the Queen was surprised, on a rainy day at the close of September, to see one of the pages of the Dauphiness, Adelaide of Savoy, ride into the court of the convent. He came to announce that her royal highness the Dauphiness, intended to pay her majesty the Queen, and the Princess of England, a visit after dinner.

The Dauphiness arrived with her retinue at four o'clock, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the Duchess de Berri. The abbess received them at the gate, and the Princess Louisa came to meet them in the cloister leading to the Queen's suite of apartments. As soon as the Dauphiness saw Louisa, who was her cousin, she signified to her trainbearer, that she did not require him to attend her farther. She disencumbered herself of her train, at the same time, for our circumstantial chronicler says she went to the Princess of England, *en corpo*, which means, without the royal manteau of state, which was made to be thrown off or assumed at pleasure.*

The Princess Louisa, conducted the royal guests into the presence of the Queen, her mother, who, being indisposed, was on her bed. She greeted the kind Adelaide in these words: "What has induced you, my dear Dauphiness, to come and dig out the poor old woman in her cell?"† The Dauphiness made an affectionate reply,

* MS. memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives du Royaume de France.

† Ibid.

and conversed with the Queen very tenderly apart, while the Princess entertained the Duchess de Berri. After some time, her majesty told her daughter to show the Duchess de Berri the house, and the Dauphiness remained alone with her.

When the Princess and the Duchess returned, the Dauphiness begged the Queen to allow the Princess to take a walk with her; to which a willing assent having been given, they went out together. The heavy rain having rendered the gardens unfit for the promenade, the royal friends returned into the house, and the Princess took the Dauphiness to see the work, with which she seemed much pleased. They afterwards rejoined the Queen in her apartment. As it was Saturday, and past four o'clock, continues our authority,* her majesty did not offer a collation to the Dauphiness and her sister-in-law, the Duchess de Berri, but only fish and bread, and a flask of Muscat.

The Dauphiness, the same day, gave orders to the Duchess de Lauzun, that there should be a party made for the chase in the Bois de Boulogne, on purpose for the Princess of England, and a supper prepared for her at the house of the Duchess, at Passy. There were two great obstacles in the way of the Princess enjoying this pleasure, —obstacles which the poverty of her royal mother apparently rendered insurmountable. She had neither a horse proper for her to mount, nor a riding dress, fit for her to appear in before the gay and gallant court of France.

Bitter mortifications these for a youthful beauty, and she the daughter of a king! The Dauphiness, however, who had either guessed or been informed of these deficiencies in her less fortunate cousin's stud and wardrobe, wrote to the widowed Queen, "entreating her to permit the Princess Louisa to join the hunting party at the Bois

* Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Hôtel de Soubise.

de Boulogne, that day, and that she had sent for her use one of the horses she had been herself accustomed to ride ;” adding, “that she hoped her majesty would excuse the liberty she had ventured to take, in presenting also one of her own hunting dresses to her royal highness, the time being too short to allow of her having one made on purpose for the occasion.”

The French court being still in mourning for the late Dauphin, the great ladies of France, were dressed in black and grey riding habits, with black buttons ; but that which the Dauphiness had sent for her royal English cousin, the Princess Louisa, was of fine scarlet cloth, laced and trimmed with gold—a dress well suited to set off the beauty off her complexion and the brilliancy of her lovely dark eyes.

In order to mark her respectful consideration for the royal rank of her unfortunate kinswoman, knowing that the widowed Queen, Mary Beatrice, could not accompany her to the chase, the Dauphiness sent two ladies of the highest rank in her household, the Duchesses of Lauzun and De Duras, to attend her to the place of rendezvous.

Mean time the equerry and the groom having brought the beautiful, well-trained palfrey into the convent garden, the Princess mounted there and took a few turns, and though she had not been in the saddle for upwards of two years, felt perfectly fearless and self-possessed.*

All Paris ran to the Bois de Boulogne, to look at the English Princess, whose romantic situation, and singular grace and beauty, rendered her an object of the greatest interest in France. She had not been seen in public for more than a year, and had spent that time in the deep seclusion of a convent ; yet she was distinguished above all the French princesses, by the unaffected ease and

* Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Hôtel de Soubise.

dignity of her deportment, and won all hearts by the sweetness of her manners. She enjoyed the chase with all her heart, and was in at the death of the stag.

The Duchess de Lauzun gave an evening banquet to the Dauphiness and the royal and distinguished party, in which the Princess Louisa, her governess, the Countess of Middleton, and her ladies of honour, were included. She was in blooming health and gay spirits that day, yet she made a point of leaving the banquet so early, with her governess and little train, that she returned to Chaillot, to gladden the heart of her anxious mother, at a quarter to nine o'clock in the evening.*

On the Tuesday following the Queen took her young, bright Louisa, to Versailles, to pay their compliments to the King, and thank the Dauphiness for the pleasure she had given her daughter. They then paid a round of state visits to all the members of the royal family of France, the Queen in her close widow's mourning, and the Princess in full court costume.

Though Paris was full of the infection of the small-pox, Louisa accompanied the Queen, her mother, with Lady Middleton and the Duchess of Perth, to visit the church of the English Benedictines, where the remains of King James still remained unburied, in the aisle of St. Jacques, under a black velvet canopy, surmounted by the crown of England. To avoid the appearance of display, or attracting public attention, they went in a hired coach. On one or two occasions the coach of the unfortunate Queen of James, had been recognized, and followed by crowds of persons of all degrees, who, in their eagerness to gaze on the royal widow and her young lovely daughter, had distressed them by the vehemence of their sympathy. Popular superstition had invested the deceased king with the name

* Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Hôtel de Soubise.

of a saint, and attributed to his mortal remains the power of curing diseases. His bier was visited by pilgrims from all parts of France, and on this occasion his faithful widow and daughter, shrouded in their mourning cloaks and veils, passed unnoticed among the less interesting enthusiasts, who came to offer up vows and prayers in the aisle of St. Jacques. Some persons outside, asked the coachman whom he had driven there. The man, not being at all aware of the high rank of the party, replied that "he had brought two old gentlewomen, one middle-aged, and a young lady."

This uncereemonious description beguiled the fallen Queen of England of a smile, perhaps from the very revulsion of feeling caused by its contrast to the reverential titles with which royal personages are accustomed to hear themselves styled.

Soon after, as the Queen and her daughter were about to enter the choir of the convent, to perform their devotions, a letter from the Duke de Lauzun, was delivered to the Queen, informing her that negociations for a peace between England and France had commenced, which must involve the repudiation of her son's title by Louis XIV.

The Queen read the letter through, without betraying the slightest emotion, then showed it to her daughter, who wept passionately. The Queen turned into the aisle of St. Joseph, where, finding one of the nuns, whom she sometimes employed as her private secretary, she requested her to write in her name to the Duke de Lauzun, thanking him for his kind attention in apprizing her of what she had not heard before, and begging him to give her information of any further particulars, that might come to his knowledge. She then entered the church, and attended the service, without allowing any one to read in her countenance any confirmation of the ill news which the tearful

eyes of the Princess showed that letter had communicated. The preliminaries of the peace of Utrecht, were soon circulated in Paris, and filled the hearts of the mother and sister of the Stuart claimant of the throne of Great Britain with grief, for the approaching separation, which they found would be inevitable.

“The Princess Louisa,” records a nun of Chaillot, “had given us a fine medal of her brother in the summer, and also to the Duchess de Lauzun, who, in return, presented her, through sister Louise de l’Orge, a nun in the convent, one of her relations, a miniature of the Queen, magnificently set with diamonds, in a very pretty shagreen case. The Princess testified great joy at this present, but the Queen appeared thoughtful and sad. At last she said, “I have several times been tempted to send it back. I see I am still very proud, for I cannot bear that any one should make presents to my daughter, when she is not able to make a suitable return.” She was, however, induced to allow the Princess to retain the gift, which had been so kindly presented to her, by the wife of her old faithful friend, De Lauzun.

There is a very fine three-quarter length original portrait of the Princess Louisa Mary Stuart, in the collection of Walter Strickland, Esq., at Sizergh Castle, in Westmoreland.* Louisa, is there represented in the full perfection of her charms, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Nothing can be more noble than her figure, or more graceful than her attitude. She is gathering orange blossoms in the gardens of St. Germain. This occupation, and the royal mantle of scarlet velvet, furred with ermine, which she wears over a white satin dress, trimmed with gold, have caused her to be mistaken for the bride of the Chevalier de St. George, but she is easily identified as his

* The gift of Queen Mary Beatrice to Lady Strickland.

sister, by her likeness to him, and to her other portraits and medals. In fact, the picture may be known, at a glance, for a royal Stuart, and the daughter of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, although her complexion is much fairer and brighter. Her eyes and hair also are of a lively nut-brown tint, instead of black, which gives her more of the English and less of the Italian character of beauty. She bears a slight family likeness, only with a much greater degree of elegance and delicacy of outline, to the early portraits of her half-sister, Queen Mary II.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Princess Louisa and the Queen, her mother, lingered at Chaillot, till the beginning of November, when they were agreeably surprised by the appearance of the Chevalier de St. George, who had left Grenoble, in consequence of the negotiations for the peace of Utrecht, and travelling post, slept at Chartres, and arrived at Chaillot by nine in the morning, having travelled on before his attendants.

He entered alone, to greet his royal mother and sister. They both manifested excessive joy at seeing him. He dined with them, in her majesty's apartment, and the abbess waited on them at dinner. After dinner permission was asked of the Queen, for the community to have the honour of coming in to see the King, as they called the Chevalier de St. George. Leave being granted, the nuns entered, seated themselves on the ground, and listened with great interest, to the Chevalier's conversation, which consisted chiefly of remarks on the places he had visited during his late tour.

The nuns were charmed with his courtesy, and the elegant French, in which he spoke, and thought him very handsome. The Queen announced her intention of

returning with her son and daughter, to St. Germain's that evening.

The Princess Louisa, although much delighted at her reunion with her beloved brother, was greatly moved at this sudden separation from the friendly community of nuns, by whom she was almost adored.

When she parted from her favourite friend, Lady Henrietta Douglas, who had taken the veil as a nun at Chaillot, she could not refrain from tears. The Princess returned to St. Germain's with her royal mother, her brother, the Chevalier de St. George, and the ladies-of-honour by whom they had been attended during their sojourn at Chaillot. These were the Duchess of Perth, the Countess of Middleton, and Lady Strickland. The *femmes-de-chambres* followed in a hired carriage.*

The distress of the exiled families at St. Germain's, was greatly increased that winter, by the high price of provisions, while the conditions of the peace of Utrecht, convinced the tenderly united family of the royal Stuarts, that the sore trial of separation was at hand. Yet the finessing policy of the Duke of Marlborough, and some others of the trimming politicians of the period, together with the declining health of Queen Anne, flattered the widow and children of James II. with deceitful hopes for the future.

The Dauphin, as much deceived, in the aspect of public affairs, as his luckless English cousins, paid them a visit at St. Germain's, to congratulate them on their prospects.

Great reliance was placed by the widowed Queen and her son and daughter, on the friendship of this amiable, unworldly Prince, and his consort, but "the arm of flesh" was not to profit them. The Dauphiness was attacked

* Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives du Royaume.

with malignant purple fever, on the 6th of February, and expired on the 11th. Her afflicted husband only survived her six days.

The fast waning sands of Louis XIV. were rudely shaken by this calamity, which was immediately followed by the death of the eldest son, of the young royal pair. The Princess, Louisa Stuart, was deeply touched with these sad events, which she regarded as an impressive lesson on the vanity of earthly grandeur and earthly joys.

The dismal winter of 1711-12 wore away. Louisa accompanied the Queen, her mother, on a last visit to Chaillet, on the 29th of March, to see Angelique Prioli, who was in sinking health.

The Princess bestowed great tokens of regard on her favourite friends, among the nuns, and expressed much pleasure at the thought of spending the ensuing summer with the Queen at the convent, for she was aware her brother would be compelled to leave St. Germain. She was then in blooming health and equitable spirits, though she spoke much of her deceased relatives and friends, the Dauphin and Dauphiness, and their little son.

She and her royal mother stayed till the next day. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Chevalier de St. George, who had been hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, joined his royal mother and sister, in the convent. He behaved with much courtesy and respect to the abbess, "thanked her for all the prayers she had made for him, at various times, and for the care she had taken of the Queen, his mother, and the consolation she had been to her." He appeared a little indisposed that day, but returned to St. Germain that evening with the Queen and Louisa.*

Two days afterwards, he was attacked with the small-

* Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives du Royaume.

pox, to the infinite distress of his royal mother, who knew how fatal that dreadful malady had, in many cases, proved to the royal family of Stuart.

The Princess Louisa was greatly troubled at the thoughts of her brother's danger. She expressed a solicitude for him in a letter to her friend, Lady Henrietta Douglas, sister Margaret Henrietta. The Abbess of Chaillot, wrote to her, in consequence, to encourage her. It does not appear that Louisa had the slightest fear of taking the infection herself; all her anxiety was on her brother's account. But on the 10th of April, the malady appeared visibly on her, as she was performing her toilette. The symptoms were at first favourable, so that hopes were entertained that not only her life, but her beauty, would be spared. Unfortunately, the practice of bleeding in the foot, was resorted to in her case, and the effects were fatal.

After the duties of their church for the sick had been performed, the afflicted Queen, Mary Beatrice, came to her dying child, and asked her how she felt.

"Madam," replied the Princess, "you see before you the happiest person in the world. I have just made my general confession, and I have done my best to do it so, that if they were to tell me that I should die now, I should have nothing more to do. I resign myself into the hands of God. I ask not of Him life, but that His will may be accomplished in me."

"My daughter," replied the Queen, "I do not think I can say as much. I declare that I entreat of God to prolong your life, that you may be able to serve Him and to love Him better than you have yet done."

"If I desire to live, it is for that alone," responded the dying Princess, fervently; "and because I think I might be of some comfort to you."

This was on the Sunday night, April 17th. The Princess slept some hours, but awoke in the agonies of death. At five in the morning of Monday, 18th, they informed the Queen of the extremity of her beloved daughter, and prevented her, by force, from rising and hastening to her.

The Princess expired at nine, and the heavy tidings of this, the greatest affliction that had ever befallen her, were announced to her afflicted mother at ten.

The heart of the Princess Louisa Stuart was enshrined in a silver urn, and presented, with an elegant Latin oration, to the Abbess and community of St. Mary de Chaillot. They received it with great solemnity, and placed it, according to the desire of the deceased Princess, in the tribune, beside those of her royal father, King James II., and her grandmother, Queen Henrietta Maria.

The remains of the Princess, were attended to the church of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, by her governess, Catherine, Countess of Middleton, and all her ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour. The Duke of Berwick, son of James II. by Arabella Churchill, sister to the Duke of Marlborough, acted as chief mourner, assisted by his son, the Earl of Tynemouth, the Earl of Middleton, the officers of the exiled Queen's household, and all the English residents at St. Germain. The funeral procession was also attended by the French officers of state, in the palace and the town of St. Germain.

The remains of the Princess, were deposited in the aisle of St. Jacques, beside those of the King, her father; there to remain like his, unburied, till the restoration of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain.

The simple nun of Chaillot, to whose quaintly circumstantial diary, of the sayings and doings of the consort of James II., during her occasional visits to the convent, we

have been so much obliged, does not forget to relate the following particulars of the costly brocade petticoat, or court train, which the Chevalier de St. George had presented to his sister. It had never been worn by her for whom it had been purchased; the mourning for the elder Dauphin not having expired, when both courts were plunged into grief and gloom by the unexpected deaths of the Duke of Burgundy, and his consort Adelaide of Savoy, and their eldest son, followed only two months afterwards by that of the young, lovely flower of St. Germain. The *belle jupe* after the decease of the Princess, became the perquisite of her governess, the Countess of Middleton; but the royal mother, regarding it as a memorial of the affection of her son for her beloved daughter, did not wish it to be worn by any other person than her, for whom it had been intended, or put to a meaner use than the decoration of the church, where her daughter's heart was deposited. On her return to St. Germain she asked Lady Middleton what she intended to do with it.

"To present it to the conventual church of Chaillot, out of respect to my lamented royal pupil," replied Lady Middleton. The Queen told her, that having a wish to present it herself, she would buy it of her; and Lady Middleton, to humour her royal mistress, consented to receive a small sum for it, that it might be called the Queen of England's gift.

The remains of the last princess of the royal house of Stuart remained unburied in the aisle of St. Jacques beside those of the king her father, for upwards of a century.

The storm of the first revolution had burst over Paris, and the last male heir of the royal house of Stuart had

passed away before she was consigned to the silent grave. Her life has never before been written, but the bitter waves of party animosity have ceased to contend with truth, and now no reason exists to silence the records of this blameless daughter of the elder line of Alfred, whom I have pleasure in uniting to her kindred princesses of the Royal House of Stuart.

THE END.



